Encounter

April 1968 5s

The Philby Affair

Espionage
Treason
& Secret
Services

by Hugh Trevor-Roper

Letter from Athens

Leslie Fiedler

Rethinking Progress

Ignazio Silone

John Holloway
Kai Hermann
Philip Mason
George Mikes
Vernon Scannell

Robert Lowell
Germany's Young Left
White & Black Racism
Letter from Fiji
Two Poems

Edited by Melvin J. Lasky & Nigel Dennis

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOAC WINS BY A TAIL.

You might say that puts us a full length ahead. Which isn't really an exaggeration. No other airline flies the magnificent rear-engined VCIO to North America. You can stretch back and relax because the engines at the tail leave the noise behind. You can stretch out and relax because the leg room is longer. The economy class seats are the most comfortable ever designed. And if you fly to America on a BOAC 707 you may notice the engines at the front are Rolls-Royce engines. So BOAC wins by a nose as well.

And remember, you can fly for a deposit of only 10% and pay the rest over a period of 24 months.

BOAC

TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Encounter

April 1968
VOL. XXX NO. 4

Edited by MELVIN J. LASKY *and* NIGEL DENNIS

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: *John Mander, Anthony Hartley, Goronwy Rees, John Weightman.*
ASSISTANT EDITOR: *Margot Walmsley.* EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: *Bryan Healing.*
GENERAL MANAGER: *Anthony Robinson.* ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER: *John Hall.*

Published monthly at 25 Haymarket London SW1. Per copy: UK 5s.: USA & Canada $1: India Rs. 3.25. Back numbers: 6s. ($1). Annual sub.: UK 57s. 6d.: USA & Canada $10 (by air $11.50): India Rs. 36: Elsewhere 60s. Trade/Subscriptions: The Continental Publishers & Distributors Ltd. 25 Worship Street London EC2 (NAT 0854). US & Canadian subscriptions: British Publications Inc. 30 East 60th Street New York, N.Y. 10022. US newsstand distribution by Gordon & Gotch (USA) Inc. 485 Fifth Avenue New York 10017 (MU 7–2645). Authorised as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for the payment of postage in cash. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. © *1968 by Encounter Ltd.*

THE PHILBY AFFAIR	3	*Hugh Trevor-Roper*
RETHINKING PROGRESS (II)	27	*Ignazio Silone*
GREEK MYTHOLOGIES	41	*Leslie Fiedler*
"... BUT O! MY SOUL IS WHITE"	57	*Philip Mason*
COLUMN	62	*R*

POETRY

POEM	55	*Nicholas Snowden Willey*
MASTERING THE CRAFT	56	*Vernon Scannell*
LINES ON AN ATROCITY PICTURE	66	*Nigel Dennis*

NOTES & TOPICS

GERMANY'S YOUNG LEFT	67	*Kai Hermann*

BOOKS

ROBERT LOWELL	73	*John Holloway*
PRICE OF EMPIRE	79	*Alastair Buchan*

POINTS OF THE COMPASS

LETTER FROM FIJI	84	*George Mikes*

LETTERS 91

AUTHORS 96

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHILBY

The Spy Who Betrayed A Generation

Bruce Page, David Leitch and Phillip Knightley

Introduction by John le Carré

'A brilliant introduction . . . a first-class piece of detection.' *Cyril Connolly, Sunday Times*
'Interesting and perceptive . . . makes compulsive reading.' *The Earl of Birkenhead, Daily Telegraph*
'This book gives, brilliantly, the essence of the Philby story.' *Donald McLachlan, Evening Standard*
16 pp illustrations 2nd Imp. 30s

Edmundo Desnoes

Inconsolable Memories

'The *Dr Zhivago* of Cuba.' *Stanley Reynolds, New Statesman*
'A small masterpiece. . . . Beneath the apparently casual, almost languid surface lurk an intelligent rage and a rare artistic strength.' *Henry Tube, Spectator*

Jean Rhys

Tigers are Better Looking

Stories old and new, evocative and haunting, from one of the most subtle and delicate masters of the form. The collection includes a selection from *The Left Bank*, first published in 1927, and stories written since Miss Rhys' disappearance in 1936. 25s

Sweet Smell of Mangoes

Sigfrid Södergren

A very personal and beautifully described impression of the French Congo, revisited after an interval of many years by a Swedish painter who spent the early years of his childhood there.
8 pp illustrations 30s

Hong Kong: Borrowed Place - Borrowed Time

Richard Hughes

The Far East correspondent of the Sunday Times has written a much-needed and long-overdue account of the problems inherent in this tense confrontation between East and West, communism and capitalism.
8 pp illustrations 18s

André Deutsch

Destiny His Choice: The Loyalism of Andrew Marvell

JOHN M. WALLACE

Like Dryden, Andrew Marvell has often been called turncoat. By setting Marvell's political poetry and prose in their immediate historical and political context Professor Wallace shows that the charge is based on a misunderstanding of the religious and political assumptions of the time. The book has historical as well as literary significance—Professor Wallace provides much information about that central group of moderates who were willing to justify a change of allegiance from King to Commonwealth after the execution of Charles I and back to the monarch at the Restoration. 45*s. net*

The Dramatist and the Received Idea

Studies in the Plays of Marlowe and Shakespeare

WILBUR SANDERS

Is the writer a kind of ventriloquist's doll for the 'spirit of the age'? In an original contribution to this perennial debate about the relationship of the writer to his time Dr Sanders examines seven plays by Marlowe and Shakespeare in which 'cultural background' influenced the authors' creative activity, and evaluates the relevance of 'background' material to the study of literature. 55*s. net*

Cambridge Studies in the History and Theory of Politics

The Conscience of the State in North America

E. R. NORMAN

In this comparative study Dr Norman traces the movements towards the formal separation of Church and state since the mid-eighteenth century in Britain, Canada and the United States. 37*s.* 6*d. net*

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hugh Trevor-Roper

The Philby Affair

Espionage, Treason, and Secret Services

"KIM" PHILBY is familiar to all of us now. His name has become a household word. Certainly he was one of the most remarkable double-agents who has been exposed in our time. For ten years, from 1941 to 1951, he was a universally trusted member of the British Secret Service. During those years he had access to some of its most jealously guarded secrets, and rose to a key position in it. For the same ten years, and longer, he was a Russian spy, having been a secret communist since 1933. In those ten years he preserved this double position with remarkable poise. He never incurred the suspicion of his superiors. He won the devotion of his subordinates. During the war he was regarded as one of the most efficient of counter-espionage officers, controlling our operations in the Iberian Peninsula. At the outbreak of peace, when the other war-time "amateurs" left the service, he was one of the few who were pressed to stay in it: and he stayed in it in a vital position, first as head of the section dealing with communist affairs, then as liaison officer with the American Intelligence Services in Washington. If he was extruded from the Service in 1951, this was not through any suspicion of his true role. It was another's treachery, not his own, whose exposure forced his resignation, and the Service released him apologetically, with golden hand-shakes. Even five years later, when suspicion was closing upon him, he was publicly vindicated by the Foreign Minister in the House of Commons, and thereafter crept back into the outer fringe of the Service. To the end he preserved his remarkable self-confidence. He never doubted his own capacity to cover his traces. Only the defection of a fellow-communist finally exposed him and drove him, in 1963, to take refuge in Moscow—to go, as he expressed it, "home."

Such a career of duplicity inevitably raises general questions. First there is the personal question. How was it possible for such a man—favoured by society, liberally educated, regarded by all who knew him as intelligent, sensitive, and transparently "sincere"—to become not only a traitor but a traitor of a particular despicable kind, lying, deceiving, breaking oaths, abusing confidence and destroying friends in the service not of a natural patriotism or even of a consistent ideological doctrine but of a particularly revolting tyranny? For Philby's treachery cannot be excused by a transcendent faith in Marxist doctrine. He was not a disinterested or conscientious idealist. Idealists proclaim their faith and guard its purity, even if they must suffer for it. They are sensitive of its betrayal by the egotism and expediency of politicians. They end, too often, as martyrs: martyred not by the open enemies but by the official patrons of their doctrines. The history of communism is rich in such martyrs, and no tyrant slaughtered so many of the faithful on the altar of his own outrageous vanity and cynical political expediency as Joseph Stalin. But Philby never suffered any intellectual discomfort on that account. From the moment when he decided to serve the Russian communist party, his critical spirit, his intellectual purity, his moral conscience, were dead—sacrificed not to faith or truth but to Stalin's politics.

Undoubtedly he chose a lonely and a difficult path, and some respect is always due to those who, through conviction, choose to live dangerously. But if we respect the act of worship we cannot overlook the god who is worshipped.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Philby may protest about his "humane" convictions, but in fact he laid his offerings of broken trust, a deadened mind and poisoned human relations, on the altar of a cannibal god. It was in the very years of Philby's most active service—from 1933 to 1951—that Stalin's reason of state was most odious. Those were the years in which he was carrying out the great purges in Russia, was murdering his anarchist allies in Spain, was making his cynical pact with Hitler, was sending assassins to destroy Trotsky in Mexico, was liquidating Poles and Balts, was finally carrying his wholesale purges into the heart of Europe. For a highly intelligent man to be able to make such a sacrifice demands, in the first instance, a religious conviction of blinding force. To continue to make it for thirty years without apparent disillusion suggests an arrest of the mind barely compatible with day-to-day intelligence. And to combine such active devotion to one cause, for ten years, with the equally active performance of opposite duties, without ever showing a sign of strain, argues an almost inhuman self-control. Behind the unruffled mask which he showed to the world, Philby's personality was obviously of complexity impenetrable by ordinary men. It was also of unbreakable strength. The source of that strength, the structure of that complexity, is a psychological problem beyond easy resolution.

Secondly, there is the institutional problem. How did Philby, having once decided on his destructive mission, contrive to enter into the most closely guarded citadel of the British bureaucracy, and to stay in it, and to rise within it, undetected and unsuspected, for ten years? For it must be emphasised that in one respect at least Philby should not have been able to deceive the official world. That he had been a communist in the 1930s was well known—or at least easily ascertainable—in 1941, when he was accepted into the British Secret Service. Such an allegiance would normally have debarred any man even for consideration for such employment. But not only was Philby not debarred by it: he rose, in spite of it, and was afterwards placed in the very position in which an active communist could do incalculable damage to the country which employed and trusted him. In order to face this problem it is not enough to consider Philby's personality, or his skill in deception. We must consider the personality of his whole generation, the generation which was young in the 1930s, and the social attitudes which, at that time, were preserved in the protective, air-tight bottle of the British Secret Service.

Thirdly, there is the purely factual problem. What did this remarkable agent actually do? His personality and achievement have recently enjoyed a great deal of publicity and excited a great deal of interest and speculation. But we must control our speculation. Philby's career was undoubtedly spectacular by virtue of the official post that he held and the higher posts to which he might well have risen. But what did he, as a traitor, achieve? How materially did he help the Russians, whom he served, or hinder the British, whose money he took? And what were the long-term effects of his career on the Service which his treachery had corroded? Did he fatally damage a working institution? Or did he perhaps only hasten the salutary destruction of an infected organ, and thereby, unintentionally, allow, thereafter, a return of health?

Finally, we cannot avoid a more topical question. In recent weeks Philby has reappeared before the public. Having disappeared, in 1963, under the waters of the Eastern Mediterranean, he has now come to the surface, and spouted vigorously, in his safe northern harbour. Encouraged by the publicity which he has enjoyed, he has announced the completion of his memoirs, and has offered to withdraw this allegedly explosive document in return for a treaty of exchange which the Russian government has, for years, been vainly seeking to extort by other means. The idea of such a bargain, he naïvely says, is his own. But of course no one is deceived. Every detail of Philby's re-emergence, every interview that he gives, every statement that he makes, is nicely calculated in advance by his masters in the K.G.B. Nothing that he says is to be accepted on trust. We must always look behind it for the purpose; and that purpose is not personal, it is political. Our final question therefore is, what Russian policy is served by this new emphasis on Philby, this deliberate attempt to build up a now exploded agent as the super-spy of the century?

None of these questions admits of brief or easy answers. Psychological interpretation is always speculative and the operations of a secret service are necessarily secret. Never-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

theless, the attempt should perhaps be made, especially now that Philby has become a public figure, and is in danger of becoming a legend. Already three books have been published about him, and a fourth, we hear, is on its way. The work of Messrs. Page, Leitch and Knightley is certain of a great sale. It has been selected by the Book Society in England and the Book of the Month Club in America. It is a piece of high-class reporting by the "Insight" team of the *Sunday Times*. Mr. E. H. Cookridge has written a book which is in some ways better, in some ways worse. It is better because the author has made good use of external documentary sources, and so places his subject in the wider context of Russian espionage, whereas the "Insight" writers, though generally accurate in detail, isolate Philby and his friends too completely from their background.[1] Mr. Cookridge also has the advantage of personal involvement: he was brought up in Austria, became a socialist in Vienna, and as a journalist for a social-democratic paper witnessed, from within, the *Putsch* of February 1934 by which Dollfuss suppressed the Austrian Social Democrats. Since Philby was also active in Vienna at that time, and since his conversion to communism was evidently sealed by the experience of that *Putsch*, Mr. Cookridge's personal experiences of that episode, and his meetings with Philby at that time, are of great importance. On the other hand Mr. Cookridge's knowledge is very uneven although his confidence in stating facts is uniform; and like the "Insight" team, he has evidently worked in haste. He is careless in detail, and his longer expertise cannot always compete with their greater resources.

The third published book, by Mrs. Eleanor Philby, Philby's third wife, is a purely personal account of his movements and personal characteristics in the brief period of their marriage. It is nevertheless valuable. This is partly because the period itself was so important, covering as it did Philby's exposure, defection and settlement in Russia, whither his wife afterwards followed him till she found that she preferred the West and he preferred Mrs. Maclean. But the book is also valuable for the light which it sheds on Philby's character: on the unquestioning, all-absorbing egotism which guided him in all his actions, even in the most intimate relations. This egotism would be incredible did we not know of even more extreme instances in that narrow, ruthless, power-hungry world of communist conspirators in which wives have sent their husbands and children their parents, unhesitatingly, even smugly, to the prison, the torture-room and the gallows. The fourth book on Philby, which is still to come, is by Mr. Patrick Seale, one of Philby's colleagues on the staff of the London *Observer*.

Inevitably, these published books[2]—all hastily compiled—differ in detail. Some of them differ materially. Was Burgess an important spy in his own right, whose disappearance was judged necessary by Philby, and planned by him and the Russians, no less than that of Maclean? This is the view of Mr. Cookridge, who can appeal to the evidence of the Russian Filip Kislitsin as reported by the Russian K.G.B.-defector Vladimir Petrov. Or was he, as the "Insight" writers prefer, fundamentally unimportant and only accidentally, impulsively, and at the last minute, involved in Maclean's flight? Who was the communist defector whose evidence finally clinched the case against Philby? Was it, as the "Insight" team suggest, Colonel Michael Goleniewski, a high official in Polish Intelligence, who defected in Berlin in 1961? Or was it, as Mr. Cookridge says, the Russian K.G.B. officer Anatoli Alexeyevich Dolnytsin, who defected in Berlin in 1962? Or was it even neither of these but some third person, still unnamed? And how did Philby travel from Beirut to Moscow? By Eastern Turkey and Soviet Armenia, as the "Insight" writers suggest; by foot over the Lebanese border and by air from Syria, as Mrs. Philby more plausibly supposes; or more comfortably, by sea from Beirut to Odessa in the Polish cargo-ship *Dalmatova* (*sic*), as Mr. Cookridge confidently states? I do not pretend to resolve these differences, which are useful reminders of the fallibility of instant history, especially in secret fields. I have no doubt that I too may be found, in this essay, to be sometimes in error, treading after them over the buried glow of treacherous embers.

[1] Who would think, reading the "Insight" book, that Philby was but one passenger in a two-way traffic, and that while he was working for the Russians in Britain, some thirty Russian employees of the K.G.B. defected, with their secrets, to the West?

[2] *Philby: The Spy who Betrayed a Generation*. By Bruce Page, David Leitch and Phillip Knightley. André Deutsch, 30s.; *The Third Man*. By E. H. Cookridge. Arthur Barker, 30s.; *Kim Philby: The Spy I Loved*. By Eleanor Philby. Hamish Hamilton, 30s., Pan, 5s.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As my own qualification for taking the same risk, I am tempted to say that I knew Philby personally. For five years I was a member of the British Secret Intelligence Service and found myself living, in time of war, in that strange, twilit world. Inevitably, during those five years, I saw much of Philby. But did I "know" him? How can anyone claim to have known him, since he deceived us all? Even his third wife, to whom he seemed so devoted—she writes, even now, of "a divine husband" and "a perfect marriage"—admits that she can never have known him; for even in his most intimate relations he always wore a mask. The most I can say, therefore, is that I was familiar with his outer form, that I enjoyed its company and the conversation which issued, with apparent sincerity, through the friendly mask. I enjoyed it the more because, in that curious, artificial vivarium of the wartime Secret Service, he seemed an exceptional person: exceptional by his virtues, for he seemed intelligent, sophisticated, even real. In retrospect I see that he was far more exceptional, and far less virtuous, than I had supposed; and that I never penetrated to his reality. I therefore think it more prudent to write simply as an external observer who has had the opportunity to study, with a certain involvement, and yet also a certain detachment, both Philby himself and the world of British Intelligence within which, for a short time, he operated and which he sought to destroy.

The New Machiavel

I FIRST MET Philby in 1941, when he arrived in the same branch of M.I.6 (*alias* S.I.S. or the Secret Service) to which I had preceded him by a few months. My own recruitment to that body had been an accident. I had been incidentally included in a package-deal whereby a section of M.I.8, having made some important discoveries, was transferred, in order to control those discoveries, to the Counter-Espionage section (Section V) of M.I.6. Philby's recruitment was more deliberate: indeed, well before his arrival, I had heard of him in expectation, for he had been cried up in advance as the man who would bring order into the chaos of the Iberian department of the same Section V. I had looked forward to his arrival, partly because I too wished to see order in that department, and partly out of curiosity: for his name had long been familiar to us. As an undergraduate at Oxford I had heard admiring accounts of him from a friend who often travelled with him in vacations. And sure enough, while we were still waiting for Philby, my old Oxford friend himself appeared in Section V as a herald of the coming hero, a John the Baptist to the new Messiah.

No one spoke more hopefully of this Messiah than the head of Section V, Major Cowgill, a conscientious but worried official who sorely needed an efficient deputy. It soon became clear that Major Cowgill based his hopes not on personal knowledge but on the enthusiasm of his own immediate superior in the mandarinate. This superior officer was Colonel Vivian, who now, having outmanoeuvred his rival Colonel Dansey, sat at the right hand of "*C*" himself, with the glorious title of *VCSS* and the right to sign his ideogram in red ink. At that time, Colonel Vivian took a good deal of credit for discovering Philby, who was the son of an old friend; a clever young man, he said, an intellectual—but not one of those unsound, irreverent intellectuals who gave so much trouble. . . . So he had recommended his employment; and "*C*" had duly endorsed the recommendation of *VCSS* in his own ritual ink, which was green.

I admit that Philby's appointment astonished me at the time, for my old Oxford friend had told me, years before, that his travelling companion was a communist. By now, of course, I assumed that he was an ex-communist; but even so I was surprised, for no one was more fanatically anti-communist, at that time, than the regular members of the two security services, M.I.6 and M.I.5. It was quite inconceivable, in ordinary circumstances, that M.I.6 would want to employ anyone who had ever been a communist, or that the department of M.I.5 which supplied the "trace" (*i.e.* checked the back history of every new employee) would clear him for such employment. And of all the anti-communists, none seemed more resolute than the ex-Indian policemen, like Colonel Vivian and Major Cowgill, whose earlier years had been spent in waging war on "subversion" in the irritant climate of the east. That these men should have suspended their deepest convictions in favour of the ex-communist Philby was indeed remarkable. Since it never occurred to me that they could be ignorant of the facts, I assumed that Philby had particular virtues which made him, in their eyes, indispensable.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I hasten to add that although I myself knew of Philby's communist past, it would never have occurred to me, at that time, to hold it against him. Indeed, I was rather cheered than depressed by this unusual recruitment. My own view, like that of most of my contemporaries, was that our superiors were lunatic in their anti-communism. Many of our friends had been, or had thought themselves, communists in the 1930s; and we were shocked that such persons should be debarred from public service on account of mere juvenile illusions which anyway they had now shed: for such illusions could not survive the shattering impact of Stalin's Pact with Hitler in 1939. We were therefore pleased that at least one ex-communist should have broken through the net and that the social prejudices of our superiors had, on this one occasion, triumphed over their political prejudices. For of course we were quite satisfied that it was social prejudice, not political enlightenment, that had brought Philby to us. Was not his father—Colonel Vivian's friend, the Arabian explorer H. St. John Philby—an ex-Indian Civil Servant of impeccable right-wing (not to say, fascist) views, who had just spent a brief time in Brixton Prison under Regulation 18B? I did not know, at that time, that Kim Philby himself had outwardly atoned for his former communist views by overt "fascist" activities: by membership of the Anglo-German Society and by service as a war-correspondent with General Franco's army in the Spanish Civil War.

One part of our reasoning, I now believe, was wrong. We misunderstood the true character of communism. In particular, we did not appreciate the concealed but impassable gulf which separates it from the next most radical doctrine in the political spectrum. This was a common liberal illusion of that time—the time of the Spanish Civil War and the Popular Front against the mounting aggression of Hitler and Mussolini. In those days many of us believed that the communists were merely the most radical of our allies against fascism, the militants on the extreme left of an equal coalition in which men agreed to differ with mutual respect. Some of them doubtless were—naïve idealists who would afterwards return to the liberal fold. But we failed to realise that others were not.

For if communism may be a political nuance to some, to others it is a religion—perhaps the only religion which can still totally paralyse the mental and moral faculties of its converts and cause them to commit any turpitude, and to suffer any indignity, for its sake. For the communist fanatic has not always been a fanatic. Like the inquisitors and martyrs of the ages of warring religion, he has often begun as a sensitive, intelligent, cultivated man. But conversion ends all that. For ideological conversion is often a form of intellectual cautery: the intensity of the experience burns out part of the mind so that it can never be restored. So the culture, the urbanity, the sophistication of such men may remain untouched elsewhere: but where the faith is involved they are moral and mental automata. The 16th-century Jesuit, ex-humanist and new machiavel, poet and assassin, equivocator and saint, has his successors in a new age of ideological strife. Since the war, we have become familiar with this phenomenon; but before the war it was new to us, and we did not appreciate it. We recognised that communism could seduce liberal men, but we supposed that all such converts, once disillusioned, could recover their past liberalism. We did not realise that some conversions change not only the direction but the quality of the mind. Our more conservative colleagues erred in the other direction. They saw communism as mere "subversion," the doctrine of subject classes and peoples. They underestimated its power to convert English gentlemen. They also believed that there was no way back for any convert. We thought that there were no Philbies; they insisted that all who had tasted communism were Philbies—except Philby himself. We believed that communist doctrine could not prevail over humanity. They believed that it could not prevail over class. We were all wrong.

That Philby was a communist of this kind I do not doubt. When I first knew him I was perplexed by his character. He was, I believed, an intellectual; and yet he never seemed willing to discuss any intellectual subject. How one longed, in those drab, mechanical days, to escape from routine work and routine postures and to discuss ideas! And yet Philby, who seemed so intellectual, so sophisticated in his outlook, who was so different from most of our colleagues, and whose casual, convivial conversation I found so congenial, never allowed himself to be engaged. In the end, I sometimes wondered whether he was really an intellectual after all. Did he really read books, or think, or talk freely

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in any circle? Never having been in his house or seen his book-shelves, I could not answer this question. But today I feel that I can. The problem that perplexed me has been illuminated for me not only by his own past history, since revealed, but also by that of other communist intellectuals whom I have known. From the moment of their self-immolation, of that *sacrificio dell' intelletto* which was made by the Jesuits of the 16th century, the subtlety of their minds does not entirely evaporate, but it is withdrawn from the world of ideas. It is exercised only at surface-level, on trivialities, outside the area of real thought. At the heart, in the mind, on all real topics, it is closed for ever: frozen, sterilised, sealed up.

THIS CONTRAST between the death of the mind, where real problems are concerned, and its continuing activity, even subtlety, in trivial, peripheral areas, often leads to bizarre results. Nothing has seemed to me so grotesque, in Philby's Moscow utterances, as his presumption in judging the modern world whose real nature, for the last thirty years, he has not even noticed. How can any observant adult, after thirty-five years, rage at the "betrayal of socialism" by Ramsay MacDonald and yet bow, in mute adoration, before Stalin? Nor is it only the modern world to which Philby is so smugly impervious. He expresses views on history too. "I regard myself," he told a Moscow correspondent of the *Daily Express*, "as wholly and irreversibly English and England as having been perhaps the most fertile patch of earth in the whole history of human ideas." His "humane contempt," he says, is reserved not for the essential England but for certain "temporary phenomena" which prevent England from being itself. The fatuity of these remarks, the suggestion that all English intellectual history directs "humane" men onwards and upwards to the ideals of the K.G.B., leaves the reader aghast. I am reminded of a remark by George Savile, Marquis of Halifax: "The impudence of a bawd is modesty compared with that of a convert."

And then there is that other, more positive force which is so often the real motive of the communist intellectual: love of power. However such a man may have come into the party, it is love of power that keeps him in. Once again we are reminded of the Church, in the age of faith—and not only the Catholic Church, for many a petty Calvin has trod the same narrowing, upward, beckoning path. The communists who joined the Party in Spain, or for Spain, no doubt began as idealists. They believed that, by joining the Party, they would fight the battle of the poor and the oppressed. But they soon decided that their own battles were more urgent and more exciting. The poor and oppressed must be saved from other, rival, heretical leaders before they could be led, united, against their enemies. Social democrats, anarchists, Trotskyists must be destroyed, for it is better for the poor and oppressed to sink under new fascist oppressors than to find salvation outside the true Church. Mr. Cookridge's book has shown how quickly Philby reached this second stage of conversion. Within a few days of supporting the "popular front" of the Viennese workers against the artillery of Dr. Dollfuss, he was appearing as a communist agent, trying to destroy the Social Democratic organisation. For the rest of his life he sought not so much a new society (to which there are many alternative avenues) as the exquisite relish of ruthless, treacherous, private power.

Power for what? Perhaps the question is irrelevant. Power, or the sense of it, is an end in itself. But for Philby, it seems, power was not constructive. He may speak of building a communist state, but the terms of approval which he uses today are but empty, canting generalities while the hatred he expresses is concrete and real. All through his career he touched nothing which he did not destroy—from within—while Russia, which he served, he did not touch. It remained a remote, unknown abstraction. While the policy which he served veered and shifted, his destructive zeal remained constant. Institutions, persons, friendships, marriage, all crumbled around him. His career illustrates yet another aspect of that intellectual nihilism which seems to be a feature of this century, which was prominent in Nazism as well as in Communism, and which, detached from all ideology, is with us still.

PHILBY'S SECRET HISTORY, and the secret quality of his mind, were unknown to me when I first knew him in 1941. More surprising, it was evidently unknown to M.I.5 and M.I.6 too. But in retrospect I am satisfied that such was Philby's character when we met in S.I.S. Our careers in that organisation ran almost parallel, but with

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

differences. I was, I fear, distrusted by our superiors, who suspected me, with some justice, of irreverent thoughts and dangerous contacts. I was secretly denounced as being probably in touch with the Germans, and more openly—and more justly—accused of consorting with the more immediate enemy, M.I.5. I was once summoned to be dismissed. How well I recall that "trial"—*in camera*, of course—with Colonel Vivian as prosecutor and *"C"* as judge! It was a narrow squeak. I have always felt grateful to *"C"*—Sir Stewart Menzies—for his ultimate rejection, on that occasion, of the argument of *VCSS*, who maintained with increasing urgency, and in lamentable tones, that whatever the merits of the case it was quite impossible, after this, for me to remain in the organisation. However, thanks to "*C*" I did remain: indeed, the organisation was afterwards adjusted to separate me from Section V in which I had been an indigestible particle. This separation certainly made things much easier all round.

My own passage in the Secret Service being so stormy, I could not but admire the calm and steady course of my friend, and, in a certain sense, my rival, Kim Philby. Of course I was quite sure that he, being an intelligent man, was no less critical of the organisation than I was. But he never uttered his criticism. It was always unspoken, implicit only in his benign, distant, Aesopian irony. Consequently, he prospered. No one ever suggested that he was in touch with any enemy. No one suggested that it was impossible for him to stay in the organisation. On the contrary, it seemed inconceivable that he would ever be allowed to leave. Colonel Vivian doted on him; Major Cowgill clung to him. He was the blue-eyed boy of the establishment, the one "amateur" who was appreciated by the "professionals," the only one to receive, at the end of the war, a decoration.

For all through the war, among the numerous internal tensions of S.I.S., a natural distrust divided these two groups: a distrust partly to be explained by the different social and educational background from which they came. The amateurs regarded the Service as existing to help to win the war. It was this need alone which had brought them into it, and naturally they did not look beyond that immediate aim. Consequently, they were impatient of the mandarins with their complacent airs and their sacred "procedure." The professionals, on the others hand, preened themselves on their "long-term views." They looked beyond the war. Indeed, it seemed to us, they sometimes regarded the war as a dangerous interruption of the Service; and they sighed for the time when they would get rid of those irreverent amateurs with their disruptive "short-term" views, their carelessness of the delicate health of a venerable system. No doubt, in the end, the Service would have to absorb some of these immigrants; but it was clear that it would absorb only those who would sustain, not imperil, the old fabric. Often, as peace loomed ahead, we asked ourselves who, among the amateurs, would be absorbed. Our answer was always clear. We never doubted that there would be a great sigh of relief as the rest of us were released to civilian life. Equally, we never doubted that Philby—that tireless, uncomplaining prop of an exhausted establishment —would be pressed to stay.

He duly was. Indeed, even before the end of the war, the decision was taken. In the summer of 1944, when the Allies landed in Normandy, the end of the war against Germany was already in sight. From that moment Kim and I went different ways. I moved gradually, through Germany, to civilian life. He became head of the new anti-communist section of S.I.S. and so established himself at the very centre of the Service on the eve of the new struggle which was already threatening to break out, the Cold War.

In secret, how he must have relished that triumph! It was the ironic climax of his career. His Russian masters, too, must have smirked, a complacent, machiavellian smirk, as they saw their chosen agent moving into this central post. Once again, it was the innocent Colonel Vivian who had engineered the appointment. Major Cowgill, it seemed, had opposed it—Philby was too valuable to spare, he said—but he had been over-ruled and hatcheted for his pains. Philby and Vivian agreed between them to dispose of him. "And to think, Kim," said the Colonel, as he signed the death-warrant, "that only yesterday I was recommending him for the C.B.E.!"

I never had an opportunity of discussing Philby's new work with him. Indeed, for a long time I did not see him again. But from the moment when the unfortunate Major Cowgill was "released," I never doubted that, within the Service, Philby was the man of the future. Nor did I doubt what his future would be. I was convinced (and still am) that he was destined—indeed that he was being groomed—

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to head the Service: that he would have been, in the 1950s, the new "*C*."

Sir Stewart Menzies, I know, has denied this, maintaining that Philby held only minor posts. But I am afraid that I regard this as a routine denial, such as any official must sometimes make. And anyway, Philby's posts were not minor: far from it. I based my conviction on several grounds. First, Philby was undeniably competent: the most competent and industrious man in that generally lax organisation. Secondly, though conspicuously abler than they, he never showed any trace of impatience or disrespect towards the established leaders. Consequently, he was regarded by them as the hope of the future. Thirdly, his successive posts in the Service gave him, as no one else, a direct understanding of all the branches of it and thus fitted him to command it all. Finally, who else, of his generation, was there? The importation of an outsider into that carefully guarded preserve seemed unlikely. How could anyone who had not been bred in the Service understand its labyrinthine "procedure"? But within it, who could possibly compete with Philby, trusted by all, favoured by his superiors, experienced in both war and peace, in counter-espionage against both Germany and Russia, tested in both the office and the field, strong in his contact with the American secret services? I looked around the world I had left, at the part-time stockbrokers and retired Indian policemen, the agreeable epicureans from the bars of White's and Boodle's, the jolly, conventional ex-naval officers and the robust adventurers from the bucket-shop; and then I looked at Philby. I was reminded of Tiresias among the ghosts of Hades. He alone was real: they flitted like shadows in their crowded *coulisses*.

Besides, Philby seemed to have acquired so completely the protective colouring of the office. That air of weary cynicism, that pose of the unhurried, sophisticated, worldly politician

> *Who sees through all things with his half-closed eyes,*

had become, as it seemed, entirely natural to him, as if he too had drunk from the drugged chalice of that secret church. I remember the comment of a friend who had visited him in Istanbul after the war. Kim, I was told, had now been entirely corrupted. He lived an agreeable, self-indulgent life, in a pleasant villa on the Bosporus, with a private lobster-harbour, in lotus-eating ease. All passion, it seemed, was spent. He had become a *routinier* and a voluptuary—but still an efficient *routinier* and an agreeable voluptuary. He would ensure professional standards; but he would not disturb the ancient habits of the professionals. He was both efficient and safe. What more could be asked of the head of S.I.S.?

This last quality, this love of comfort, of epicurean *douceur de vivre*, has often struck me when I have reflected on Philby's career. He himself has never denied it. Indeed, in his Moscow interviews, he has dwelt with some relish on his taste for oysters and caviare, his capacity "to enjoy life to the full whenever duty permitted." To the full? Most people will find the phrase, in his circumstances, rather odd. For after all, even for the epicure, oysters and caviare are not a self-contained and complete form of pleasure. Their savour depends, for its fullness, on less material circumstances: on peace of mind, good company, free conversation, unreserved friendship; which, for a secret traitor, are not. Did Judas enjoy the Last Supper? I rather doubt it. And if even the epicure is thus limited in his pleasures, how much more the pretended stoic, the iron-willed, austere devotee of a distant, immutable virtue? However, as I have said, I cannot accept Philby's pretence of idealism. Idealism may have governed him in the moment of surrender. I readily believe that it did. But his surrender, once made, was not to an ideal, it was to a discipline; and whether that discipline served a constant, impersonal purpose or merely a changing, cynical reason of state he no longer asked, or could ask, for his critical faculty had long ago perished. To me, therefore, this epicureanism, so far from being the enviable relaxation of conscious virtue, as he now maintains, seems rather the mere physical escape from the strain of discipline: a relaxation no less mechanical and mindless than the obedience to that discipline. Such relaxation is no doubt doubly necessary to Philby in his present uncomfortable predicament in Moscow where, protest he never so loud, a declared foreign traitor from the days of Stalinist terror can hardly be respected, even by the officials who publicly flatter him. He would have relaxed more comfortably, as well as with greater inward relish, as the crypto-communist head of the S.I.S.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THAT PHILBY might have held such a post, that the head of the fabulous British Secret Service might have been, perhaps for twenty years (for once there, who could have exposed him?), a secret Russian spy, is a bizarre possibility. The mind boggles at the thought. No writer of fiction would venture such a fantasy. Fortunately, it remains a fantasy. But it might easily, I believe, have been a fact. What finally prevented it was not any built-in corrective mechanism in our system, nor any effective personal suspicion, but simply an accident: the unexpected bolt to Russia, in 1951, not merely of Donald Maclean, whose imminent arrest might well have incriminated Philby, but of Philby's hitherto unsuspected drinking-companion, Guy Burgess. It was Philby's "indiscretion" in associating with Burgess, not his crime in secretly directing Maclean, that led to his extrusion from the Secret Service; and he was extruded not as a suspect but as a victim of his own good nature. His honourable refusal to break with an old friend, it was said, had unhappily discredited him, not, of course, with his English colleagues, who understood the variety of human nature, but with the illiberal American McCarthyites of the C.I.A. For it should not be forgotten that the year 1951 saw Senator McCarthy already at the height of his malevolent power, and liberal men might be forgiven for an inclination to err in the other direction.

Philby's boldness in so openly associating with Burgess in America, and thus involving himself in the predictable consequences of Burgess' unpredictable character, has always surprised me. That Burgess, by 1950, was of any real use to the Russians seems highly doubtful. However he may have served them in the past, he was now totally irresponsible, and his presence in Philby's house must have been a permanent danger to his host. Perhaps Philby thought that, by protecting him, he could control him. To a friend who exclaimed in horror at the threatened arrival in Washington of this scandalous character, Philby replied, "He is my best friend. I will have him to stay with me and he will be all right." Or perhaps, here as elsewhere, Philby enjoyed walking with assurance, even defiance, along the perilous knife-edge of treachery. Just as, afterwards, when first suspected, he did not bolt to safety but calmly continued on his way —yielding ground here, regaining it there— until the last minute, so now he may have relished the fine flavour of a double danger, confident in his own skill and the steadiness of his nerves. This, after all, is the necessary quality of the high-class spy, the quality on which he piques himself, and to prove which, at least to himself, he enters upon his solitary, outlawed profession.

However that may be, the danger in fact overtook him; but still his nerve did not fail. He fell; but his fall was dignified, and not too painful. A considerate department placed a cushion to receive him, and he was comforted by the sympathy of his liberal friends. Nevertheless, the episode which caused it had been a terrible shock. Inevitably, the spectacular flight of two supposedly respectable British diplomats raised far-reaching questions and disturbed the illusions of the last twenty years. Already, in America, the case of Alger Hiss had suggested a possibility which British officialdom had hitherto refused to consider: the possibility that the intellectual communism of the 1930s had thrust deeper roots into wider classes than had once seemed possible. Now the same uneasy thoughts troubled Britain too.

For until 1951, the British Establishment had seen communism in two alternative forms. The more conservative, like the rulers of S.I.S., saw it as an appeal to class-war which, by definition, could find no response in the favoured classes of society. This, no doubt, rather than mere snobbism, was the reason for their preference for "gentlemen," untainted by the solvent force of a university education. (Colonel Dansey, we are told, once declared that "he would never knowingly recruit a university man" for S.I.S.). The more liberal looked on it indulgently as a romantic liberal deviation which could not survive the chilling experience of Stalinist cynicism. Now at last both these illusions were shattered. If Maclean, the favoured *protégé* of the Foreign Office, could have preserved his secret communism all through those disillusioning years, others could have done so too; and if Philby, in spite of his professional respectability, could retain an indiscreet association with his old communist friends, what other dangers might lurk in the obstinate cohesion of that furtive Cambridge fraternity? In the hour of shock, Philby's own communist past was at last remembered, and the question was naturally asked, why had he been so easily admitted into S.I.S. in 1941? Why had a damaging trace been so blithely overlooked or ignored Above all, why

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had it not been remembered in 1945 when he had passed the great barrier between amateur and professional status and switched from anti-German to anti-Russian work? These thoughts naturally disturbed S.I.S. And what was perhaps even more disturbing was the fact that any investigation could not be altogether confined to the department. The checking of British subjects, even if they worked in M.I.6, was bound to involve the old "enemy," M.I.5.

Moreover, once general suspicion was aroused, a particular cause for it could not be overlooked. Ever since 1946 Philby's "mishandling" of a certain important case had disquieted all who knew the details of it. This was the now well-known affair of the Russian secret intelligence officer, Konstantin Volkov. In 1946 Volkov, then vice-consul in Istanbul, had defected to the British and offered, against substantial payment, a complete list of Russian agents working in Britain. Such a list, if genuine, would of course have exposed Philby himself. But in fact it had never been delivered. After strange procrastinations, the head of the anti-communist section of the British Secret Service had himself taken over the case, had personally flown to Turkey, and had so handled the business that Volkov was never in a position to complete the bargain. Instead, he was suddenly seized in Istanbul and bundled, unconscious, on to a Russian plane. He has never been heard of since. Philby's handling of this matter —his combination of deliberate personal responsibility and almost criminal *insouciance*— long rankled with those who had hoped, through it, to make a notable contribution to counter-espionage; and after 1951 their voice was heard. The memory of the mysterious Volkov affair concentrated a suspicion which, otherwise, was diffuse: it formed the central and most persuasive change in the dossier which was now compiled, in M.I.5, for the interrogation of Philby.

The Way Home

In the autumn of 1951, in consequence of his association with Burgess, Philby was dismissed from the Secret Service. Dismissal was concealed under the polite form of resignation. A few months later he was interrogated by M.I.5 to see if a positive charge could be brought against him. A good deal has been written about this episode. It has been described as a "scandalous mock trial," and built up, by imagination, into a kind of illegal but amateur inquisition. In fact, Philby was simply questioned by a distinguished lawyer and the results of this interrogation were considered in M.I.5. They were inconclusive, for the victim, it seems, had more self-control than his interrogator. But the cicumstantial evidence was persuasive, and at the end of the day the lawyer himself, and others who read the record and whose judgment I respect, were morally convinced of Philby's guilt. Only his old friends in M.I.6 seem to have been unimpressed by it. But even they did not seek to restore him. In their eyes he had paid the price not of treachery but of indiscretion, and they left him in the cold. After that, Sir Stewart Menzies retired from the Service. The dismissal of Philby had been almost the last act of his reign.

Unfortunately, that was not quite the end. Four years after Philby's dismissal it was revived, in curious circumstances. Primed by an eager journalist, a Labour member of Parliament, Colonel Marcus Lipton, put a point-blank question to the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Harold Macmillan, in the House of Commons. Was it true, he asked, that Philby had been "the third man" who had warned Maclean and Burgess of their danger? A precise question requires a precise answer; and to a question whether a man is innocent or guilty of a particular act there can be no third answer. Unless guilt can be proved, he must be declared innocent: justice does not allow that a minister, covered by the privilege of Parliament, should ruin a man's character or prospect of employment by declaring suspicion or insinuating charges which cannot be proved. The Foreign Minister was therefore, I believe, right to reply that there was no evidence against Philby. This denial was no doubt based, as to fact, on the evidence of the Foreign Office; and the Foreign Office in turn, no doubt, relied on the too favourable conclusions of S.I.S. But I do not believe that the Minister could have answered otherwise even if he had read all the evidence and had himself been morally convinced of Philby's guilt. Moral conviction required that Philby should be excluded from any position in which he could do further damage. It did not justify public denunciation or interference with private employment. Philby himself has recently admitted that Colonel Lipton's question was "a gift" to him: "He really could not have done me a better turn if he had wanted

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to. By naming me he virtually forced Harold Macmillan to clear me. . . ."

Mr. Macmillan's clearance of Philby was unfortunate in itself: its consequence was even more unfortunate. The new head of M.I.6, Sir John Sinclair, it seems, had never been convinced of Philby's guilt. In 1952 he had seen an able member of his organisation, on mere suspicion, dismissed from his post and reduced to a life of apparent poverty. Now, after three years, he had seen the victim publicly cleared. Sir John Sinclair evidently considered that some reparation was due. He therefore readmitted Philby to the pay-roll—but not to the centre or the secrets—of S.I.S. and proposed that he should be sent out of harm's way, to Beirut. But before the arrangement could be completed, a new episode occurred which precipitated a new chapter in the history both of Philby and of S.I.S.

This episode was the affair of the frogman, Commander Crabb. In 1956 Messrs. Bulganin and Khrushchev came to Britain on a state visit. They came in the Russian cruiser *Ordzhonikidze*. While the cruiser lay in harbour at Portsmouth, S.I.S. sent Commander Crabb on a secret mission to inspect its hull. The inspection was not a success. The frogman was observed by the Russians and never returned from his mission. How he perished is unknown: all that was known was the reaction of the Russians. In cold, injured tones, they protested against the indignity which they had suffered. The British Government was gravely embarrassed, and the Prime Minister, who knew nothing of this unauthorised espionage against his guests, was naturally furious. His feelings were shared by other members of the government. Soon they expressed themselves in a remarkable change in the headship of S.I.S.

In 1956 Sir John Sinclair was due shortly to retire. Like his predecessor, he had the misfortune to retire in the wake of a painful incident. For Menzies, the incident had been the flight of Burgess and Maclean; for Sinclair it was the affair of the frogman. But this time the Prime Minister was not prepared to regard the episode as a mere accident. He decided that the Secret Service itself needed a violent change. So, to succeed Sinclair, he did not accept the pre-appointed heir-apparent within the Service. Instead, he broke all its time-honoured rules. First, in defiance of a hitherto unbroken tradition, he appointed a civilian. Secondly, as if to affront the shade of Colonel Dansey, he appointed a university man. And finally, as if to insult the whole mandarinate, he appointed a man whom many of them had regarded as the brain, and who was in fact now the head, of the "enemy" organisation, M.I.5. Good judges had long ago hoped that Sir Dick White would ultimately hold this position, but against the solid opposition of the old mandarinate it had seemed impossible. To the end, the mandarins fought against the proposed appointment. When it was finally made they were aghast. As one of them ruefully observed, "if Colonel Dansey were not already dead, he would drop dead now."

FOR THE MANDARINATE the new appointment was certainly a terrible defeat. It caused deep resentment and at least one resignation. For Philby it was a double disaster. First, this was the moment at which, according to every former calculation, he himself should have succeeded to *"C"*'s throne. That hope, admittedly, had now gone: it had been dashed six years ago. But now his position was far worse. For the new *"C"* was not only an able man and an outsider, unentangled in the glutinous web of old internal loyalties: he was also personally convinced of Philby's guilt. In all his recent utterances—and reticences—Philby has shown his personal hatred and jealousy of the man whom, more than any other, he recognises as the author of his ruin and on whom he would fain be revenged. Sometimes he has paid him a reluctant, unintended tribute. "Certainly the British Government have great difficulties in finding the right men to run their Intelligence Services," he told the correspondent of the *Daily Express* between his glasses of Georgian champagne; and he added significantly, "military men have never really shone in this field."

The new civilian *"C,"* on taking over his position, was perhaps somewhat disconcerted to find that Philby had crept back on to the strength. However, he evidently decided not to disturb his predecessor's arrangement. Philby was already designated to Beirut. In Beirut he would at least be harmless. If he were a Russian spy—and still nothing could be proved—he had already done all the damage that he could. For four years he had been cut off from official secrets. The best course now was to cut him off from his old London contacts. So, by private agreement with the *Observer* (an agreement

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which seems afterwards to have given rise to some public dissent) he was given journalist "cover," and was appointed as correspondent of that paper in the Middle East.

IT WAS IN THE MIDDLE EAST that I last met him. In the spring of 1957, after the Suez affair, I decided to make a private visit to Iraq. There, in Baghdad, I found that a small party of journalists was about to travel round the country for "Development Week," and I applied to join them. On this expedition, I found myself constantly in company with my old friend, the new correspondent of the *Observer*. I was by now satisfied that he had been a Russian spy for over twenty years; but he did not know that I knew this, and I thought it wrong to give any indication of my knowledge. So we mixed again on the old terms; and although I inwardly shrank from him as a traitor, I must admit that I found his company as attractive as ever, his conversation as disengaged, and yet as enjoyable. He had just returned from a visit to his father in puritan Saudi Arabia, and was delighted to be back in an alcoholic country. In our conversation I naturally made no reference to recent history, but I listened carefully for any allusion that he might make. In due course he made it. He wished to date some minor episode, and he chose to date it in an oddly irrelevant way. "It was about the time," he said, "of all that absurd fuss about the 'Third Man'...." I made no comment; but I thought that he did protest a little too much.

Meanwhile, the net was closing around him. Since 1956, suspicion was anyway growing. How, for instance, had Philby financed himself since 1951? His standard of living had always been mysteriously high—as we know, he liked to "enjoy life to the full." In America his opulent way of life had already excited comment. Then, with his dismissal, his avowable income had shrunk to £600 a year. In spite of this financial decline, he had not only lived comfortably but had maintained a family of six. How, it was asked, did he do it? We now know, from his third wife, that after his flight to Moscow the Russians paid £4,000 a year, untaxable, in sterling, for the maintenance of his family in England. No doubt in the lean years before his flight they discreetly relieved the wants of so faithful an agent who could do them so much damage if he should turn sour.

But it was not only suspicion that was growing. Concrete evidence was growing also as the file on Philby thickened. It was supplied by a swelling number of defectors who now came over to Britain and America from the communist world, and from the K.G.B. itself and whom now there was no Philby to intercept. Thanks to the evidence supplied by them, another Russian agent in S.I.S., George Blake, was exposed in 1961. Blake had worked for the Russians since his return from North Korean captivity in 1953. Thereafter he had served mainly in Berlin. By 1953 Philby had anyway been extruded from S.I.S. and was under suspicion, so that their paths would seldom have crossed. But it happened that in 1961 Blake was also in Lebanon, learning Arabic at the Middle East Centre of Arabic Studies at Shemlah, near Beirut. He was summoned home, arrested, tried and sentenced. Observing this, Philby must have realised that his turn might well come next.

It duly did. In 1962, in Beirut, he was faced with the evidence. Perhaps it was thought that, in the relative freedom of Lebanon, he might surrender to it. A full confession of facts which only he could reveal might do much to undo past damage. It might also provide useful information for the future. One of the advantages of being a double-agent is that one can defect either way. When the Americans arrested the Russian spy Rudolf Ivanovich Abel in 1957, the F.B.I. thought it worth while to offer him a salary of $10,000 a year if he would co-operate. In fact he did not. Nor did Philby. He was too deeply committed to one side, or too distrustful of the other; and perhaps he reflected on the high death-rate among important defectors. After a period of severe strain, relaxed in violent drinking bouts, which his wife has described, he made his plans. On 23 January 1963 he slipped away from Beirut and, after a period of silence and a mysterious journey, reappeared, like Burgess and Maclean before him and Blake after him, in Moscow.

HIS FLIGHT WAS certainly, from the British point of view, unfortunate. If there had to be publicity, the publicity of capture and trial in England would have been preferable to the publicity of escape and emergence in Russia. To that extent, therefore, the negotiations in Beirut may be said to have proved a mistake. But there is something wonderfully unrealistic in the con-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fident, not to say jubilant, denunciations of the professional critics of all our institutions who have come out to make their hay on this occasion. Prominent among them is Mr. John Le Carré, the novelist, whose rich, flatulent puff opens the way for the more solid offerings of Messrs. Page, Leitch and Knightley. Of course, cries Mr. Le Carré, Philby should have been kidnapped, liquidated, in Beirut. It is perhaps unreasonable to expect Mr. Le Carré to consider the practical, or even the juridical consequences of the course which he so heedlessly advocates. Did the Ben Barka affair redound to anyone's credit? Was the murder of General Delgado satisfactory? But Mr. Le Carré might at least, in consistency, have applied his own general philosophy to this particular episode.

For it is Mr. Le Carré's general thesis that the Secret Service is a microcosm of society—a rotten microcosm of a rotten society—and that each can thus be used to explain the other. If this is so, then it must follow that the secret service of a liberal society cannot use the same weapons as the secret service of a totalitarian society. What the K.G.B. could do to Volkov, S.I.S. could not do to Philby; and I know of no evidence for Mr. Le Carré's statement that the Lebanese security service was willing to act as a kidnapping agent—any more than the British were willing to kidnap Gerhard Eisler for the Americans when he jumped his bail and arrived in England *en route* for Russia in 1947. On that occasion, it may be remembered, the British Left, in virtuous chorus, demanded that Eisler be allowed to continue his journey; to catch communist spies for other governments, it was then said, is a monstrous invasion of personal liberty. But then it was a question of hitting the American "establishment." Now, in order to hit the British "establishment" the argument is easily put in reverse.

However, on this subject, I think we can leave the last word to Philby. Having read Mr. Le Carré's book *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, he wrote to his wife that it was a relief to read a spy-novel that was more sophisticated than "all that James Bond idiocy," but that "the whole plot, from beginning to end, is basically implausible—at any rate to anyone who has any real knowledge of the business."

An Imperfect Organisation

WITH HIS FLIGHT to Moscow in 1963, Philby's long career of duplicity was over and we may now look back on it with detachment and try to judge its significance. He himself has also been looking back on it recently, and with some complacency. He is satisfied, he tells us. He has done his patrons some service; perhaps he may still do them some more. This may be true; but equally, he would have to say so, whatever the truth. Psychologically, he must justify his past; politically, he must obey his masters; and having been exposed as a spy he must now work for his keep as a propagandist. In order to judge his career more objectively, we must try to see it in its context; and this entails some further questions. We must ask, what is the function of secret intelligence work, and what were the opportunities which Philby found in it?

It seems doubly necessary to pose this question today, because today the case of Philby is being exploited not only in Russia, by the open enemies of the West, but also at home. Our fashionable social nihilists are using it to question not only the efficiency of the Secret Service in which Philby temporarily prospered but also the value of secret intelligence itself. Secret services, they seem to say, are an absurd archaism, a mere relic of the unenlightened past. At best, they are a form of outdoor relief, supplying employment for each other, at public expense. More often, they merely create international friction where none was before. By their irresponsible antics they disturb the natural harmony of the world in which there is no need of vigilance for the lion, unless so irritated, would lie down with the lamb. Unfortunately, this agreeable utopianism is, I believe, utopian. Both in substance and in effect, it reminds me of the Peace Pledge in the days of Hitler's rearmament. For whether directly fostered or not, this fantasy, like that, only serves the enemies of freedom.

Other critics have seen in the Philby case a means of denouncing not only the work of secret intelligence but also the social system, "the Establishment," of which, they pretend, the Secret Service is a microcosm and Philby the natural, or at least the predictable, product. This, as I have remarked, is evidently the view of Mr. Le Carré, who assures us that Philby, "spiteful, vain and murderous as he was, was the spy and catalyst whom the Establishment deserved"; for was not the Establishment "stupid, credulous, smug and torpid"? "Philby," he tells us, "is the creature of the

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

post-war depression, the swift snuffing-out of the Socialist flame, of the thousand-year sleep of Eden and Macmillan." Since Philby did all his damage during the socialist rule of Attlee and was destroyed by the reform of the Secret Service under Eden and Macmillan, while Burgess was imposed upon an indignant Foreign Office by the Socialist Minister Hector McNeil, I find these remarks odd. And in what sense can it be said that "when the security services and the Press came to suspect him for what he was, Philby was able to rally the Establishment to his side"? What "Establishment"? we naturally ask. Are not the security services part of the "Establishment"? Perhaps not, in Mr. Le Carré's shifting vocabulary, for he now refers to the "plebeians of M.I.5." (In fact, the directors of M.I.5 came from exactly the same social background as Philby himself.) Or does he mean the social Establishment, represented by Mr. Macmillan, speaking in the House of Commons in 1955? Mr. Macmillan was a minister speaking to his brief, and according to the evidence. Even Philby himself has admitted that he could do no other. Does Mr. Le Carré then suppose that in England, as in Stalinist Russia, mere suspicion should be followed by privileged, public, official denunciation? Something very like this happened in McCarthyite America; but on the whole that has not been regarded as an edifying precedent.

I do not think that much light comes from mental attitudes like this. Sociological generalisations are not safe in such amateur hands. The Philby affair undoubtedly has its lessons for us; but if we are to deduce them, we must look a little farther, and a little deeper, than our own instant prejudices and fashionable slogans. We must try to see that episode in its context. We must ask questions not merely about individual personalities, and individual responsibility, but about intelligence work in general, and the circumstances of the time.

WHAT, THEN, IS the real function of secret intelligence? I believe that it can be stated quite simply. Secret intelligence is the continuation of open intelligence by other means. So long as governments conceal a part of their activities, other governments, if they wish to base their policy on full and correct information, must seek to penetrate the veil. This inevitably entails different methods. But however the means may differ, the end must be still the same. It is to complement the results of what, for convenience, we may call "public" intelligence: the intelligence derived from rational study of public or at least avowable sources. Intelligence, in fact, is indivisible. The greater part of it must always be acquired by open or official methods. Only a relatively small area requires secret penetration, or espionage. Nevertheless, that small area may be vital. Not all official secrets need protection; but some do. The date of a surprise military operation; the details of a vital technical process, the *arcana imperii* of any political system; the identity of an agent who can supply such facts; the list of the secret codes which are read—these are all secrets which are rightly protected by one side, and rightly sought out by the other, in the contests of international power politics, which do not cease because some literary men are virtuous. This struggle for secret intelligence is the central work of any secret service, and to say that it is unnecessary is absurd—provided that its limitations are always recognised. That is, secret intelligence must always be relevant to real political or military purposes; it must always be continuous with "open" intelligence; and it must always be verifiable—for if it is not verifiable it is, in the strict sense of the word, worthless: it cannot be believed, or used.

These limitations, as it seems to me, are of cardinal importance. All of them emphasise the constant dependence of secret intelligence on public intelligence: in definition, in acquisition, in evaluation. Almost all the errors to which secret services, by their very nature, are liable can be traced to neglect of this essential condition. Instead of continuous pursuit of information from the public into the secret sector, they indulge in sporadic petty larceny within the secret sector only. They prize material because of its secrecy rather than because of its relevance or its inherent value. They test it, if at all, within their own secret world instead of within its general context, which is partly "public." A report is regarded as credible because a particular spy has been graded as "reliable" by his employers, whereas credibility really depends not on the person but on the report: on its demonstrable coherence with its known or knowable context. Finally, this very insularity, to which secret services are naturally prone, tends to lower the intellectual level within them. A secret service which sees itself as a branch of the public service pursuing, though

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by different means, the same ends will serve a useful purpose. A secret service which, merely because of its secrecy, severs itself from the public service will soon shrink into an irrelevancy. For ultimately all information, however obtained, is subject to the same tests, nor is there any substitute for understanding and intelligence. In the 1930s the minutes of Hitler's secret conferences would have been invaluable. So, today, would be the central documents of Russian policy. Failing such scoops—the scoops obtained by a Sorge or a Penkovsky—more can be deduced by an intelligent study of public sources than by any number of "reliable" but unintelligent "agents" listening at keyholes or swopping drinks at bars.

Moreover, once secret intelligence is thus divorced from public intelligence and becomes irrelevant, it tends—naturally enough—to develop a momentum of its own. Agents pursuing unimportant intelligence run into incidental difficulties. They therefore need protection. In order to protect them, further resources are mobilised, new operations are undertaken, more useless information is sought. In the end, the original purpose of such agents may be forgotten in the maze of secondary developments. Agents become fully occupied in arcane local manoeuvres totally irrelevant to their proper function, and I have known occasions on which real "hard" intelligence has been suppressed in order to protect agents who have never produced any "hard" intelligence at all.

THE BRITISH Secret Service of the 1930s exhibited many of these defects. It was not a rational extension of an efficient bureaucracy of information. Perhaps it never had been. When it was set up, before the first World War, it had not been intended as such. It had been a piece of machinery designed passively to receive, rather than actively to collect, such intelligence as the friends of Britain, in foreign countries, might wish secretly to impart. For that purpose, its funds were very limited; and although the first World War saw a great temporary expansion of its activities, its basis remained always the same. Novels of clubland heroes might have given it a factitious lustre, but essentially it remained an amateur organisation with a slender budget dependent often on voluntary assistance. As such, it no doubt performed its limited role well enough. But when it ventured outside those limits it succumbed too easily to the inherent risks of all secret societies. It became divorced from the "public" bureaucracy; being recruited by patronage, it acquired some of the character of a coterie; and it preserved, as such coteries easily do, outmoded habits of thought.

Recruitment by patronage is not in itself necessarily bad: it depends on the patrons. Nor are ancient traditions to be despised, provided they can incorporate new ideas. Unfortunately, after 1918, the patronage of S.I.S. was not very intelligent, nor were new ideas very popular in it. Moreover, it seemed to look in one direction only. The main threat to British interests, in those years of unchallenged military victory, seemed to come not from other territorial powers, which were either safely allied or safely defeated, but from the pervasive international movement of revolutionary communism. Therefore the rulers of S.I.S. seem to have concentrated their forces against this enemy—without, however, making much effort to understand its true character and ideological motivation.

The weakness of S.I.S. in the 1920s is well illustrated by what seemed at the time its most spectacular scoop: its acquisition of the famous Zinoviev Letter of 1924. This document is now recognised to have been a forgery handed to a gullible S.I.S. by White Russian *émigrés* in Berlin.[3] The whole history of this episode painfully illustrates the errors which I have listed above. Particularly pitiful is the letter which Admiral Sir Hugh Sinclair, then *"C,"* sent to Sir Eyre Crowe reporting his "check" on the authenticity of the letter.[4] It amounts simply to this: our man in Riga (which was not then in the Soviet Union) says that he knows of a conversation between Chicherin and Zinoviev which proves the letter to be genuine. That so contemptible a snippet of unverifiable gossip from an unidentified and distant source—and Riga was notoriously the factory of anti-Soviet propaganda and fiction—should have been sent, as authoritative proof of fact, by the Head of the Secret Service to the Permanent Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office, shows that S.I.S., under Admiral Sinclair, had lost all contact with rational methods. In the one field of activity on which it had concentrated its *ex-*

[3] See Lewis Chester, Stephen Fay, Hugo Young, *The Zinoviev Letter*. Heinemann (1967).

[4] This letter, which is in the Foreign Office files, was published in the *Sunday Times*, 31 Dec. 1967.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pertise, and whose importance it regarded as paramount, it was simply the willing dupe of *émigré* forgers.

The Secret Service of 1941, which I knew, seems hardly to have differed from that of 1924, whose character I deduce. It was still, basically, the service of Admiral Sinclair, who had died in 1939, and whose old subordinates now ruled it, in uneasy combination. It was still directed against international communism, which it still misunderstood. It had not yet adjusted itself to a war against fascism, which it also misunderstood. Its officers were drawn largely from two classes of men. There were the metropolitan young gentlemen whose education had been expensive rather than profound and who were recruited at the bars of White's and Boodle's by Colonel Dansey, and there were the ex-Indian policemen who were recruited, through the Central Intelligence Bureau in New Delhi, by Colonel Vivian. The former ran the espionage, the latter the counter-espionage. Neither class had much use for ideas. The former had seldom heard of them (Colonel Dansey, we have seen, did not approve of university men); the latter regarded them as subversive. In view of the rise of the new ideologies in the 1930s this was perhaps unfortunate. I doubt if there was one man among the professionals of S.I.S., at that time, who had read *Mein Kampf*, or more than one who had read any of the works of Karl Marx.

Colonel Dansey and Colonel Vivian, *DCSS* (or was it *ACSS*?) and *VCSS*—what old frustrations they recall to mind! All through the war, these were the grandees of our Service, the Aaron and Hur who, from right and left (but with eyes steadily averted from each other), held up the labouring hands of our Moses, *CSS* or *"C,"* Sir Stewart Menzies. How we used to sympathise with Menzies! He held a most invidious position, responsible to an exacting Prime Minister. And yet where could he lean for support? At the beginning of the war, Colonel Dansey's "agents" in Europe were mopped up and swept away, and in a public speech (of which the text was kept secret even within S.I.S.), Himmler named all the chief officers of S.I.S., from *"C"* downwards. As the progress of the war left it further and further behind, "*C*"'s whole empire was racked by internal tensions. The Foreign Office sought to sustain him by inserting an adviser from the rational world. The adviser—a grave Wykehamist, now an ambassador—was driven to distraction by what he found and uttered the most un-Wykehamist sentiments. When I looked coolly at the world in which I found myself, I sometimes thought that, if this was our intelligence system, we were doomed to defeat. Sometimes I encouraged myself by saying that such an organisation could not possibly survive, unchanged, the strain of war: it would have to be reformed. In fact I was wrong both times. We won the war; and S.I.S., at the end of it, remained totally unreformed.

THE REASON, I believe, is simple. S.I.S. in itself, by that time, was unimportant, an irrelevancy. But the General Code and Cypher School—G.C. & C.S.—which had been founded as an organ of the Admiralty in the First World War and was now a distinct organisation under the Foreign Office, produced invaluable results which were supplied direct to the intelligence departments of all the services. S.I.S. claimed ultimate sovereignty over this material and Section V made frequent efforts to suppress it or restrict its circulation. These efforts were irritant rather than effective. But in one respect at least the sovereignty of S.I.S. was successfully asserted. It was the head of S.I.S., *"C"* himself, who, every day, conveyed a somewhat arbitrary selection of these "most secret sources" to the Prime Minister. Thanks to the skilful exploitation of this bureaucratic accident, S.I.S. obtained the credit for the most valuable and constant intelligence material of the whole war.

Meanwhile, the other services exploited the same material. The vacuum created by the limitations of S.I.S., as a source of intelligence, was filled by other departments, making use of "most secret sources," together with all the other sources of evidence—aerial reconnaissance, interrogation of prisoners, etc., etc.—and meeting in inter-departmental committees. Of the great intelligence triumphs of the war not one was directly or exclusively due to the Secret Service proper—*i.e.*, to Colonel Dansey's agents—although almost all of them were made practical by the work of G.C. & C.S. The breaking of the "enigma" machine was made possible by the Polish Resistance and S.O.E. The highly successful deception programme was largely controlled from M.I.5. The famous episode of "The Man who Never Was" was conceived by M.I.5 and the Admiralty. Thus the war of secret intelligence was won, and S.I.S., thanks to its

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accidental property in "Most Secret Sources," survived, unreformed, to the end.

SUCH WAS the Secret Service in which Philby made his wartime career. It was not a perfect organisation. In many ways it was an archaism, artificially protected against necessary change. But to say that it was a microcosm of the Establishment, "indistinguishable" from the Establishment, and that Philby only penetrated it because he too was of the Establishment, "was of our blood and hunted with our pack," is quite absurd. S.I.S. was not a microcosm of anything; and the word "establishment," though a convenient radical term of abuse, is in this case so vague as to be meaningless.

The faults of S.I.S. were the faults of a particular organisation, conditioned by particular circumstances. They were not the faults of the bureaucracy in general, far less of society. They were the effect of secrecy, of insulation, of immunity, of immediate circumstance—and perhaps also of a popular myth. Exactly the same faults were apparent to us at the time in the German Secret Service, which sometimes seemed a mirror-image of our own. No doubt they are to be found in the American and the Russian Secret Services too. Certainly, if it is a sign of social decay to harbour traitors in secret recesses, the Russian "establishment" is as "rotten" as ours. If we had Philby and Blake, they had Volkov, Petrov, and Penkovsky. If S.I.S. took ten years to discover Philby's hidden past, the K.G.B. took twenty-three years to discover Penkovsky's suspect origins. If S.I.S. refused too long to believe in the treachery of their own member, Philby, when it was suspected by their rivals in M.I.5, the G.R.U. in Russia similarly declined to believe in the treachery of their own member, Penkovsky, when it was suspected by their "neighbours," the K.G.B. If the British Government preferred not to reveal Philby's true position in S.I.S., the Russian Government equally did not reveal Penkovsky's true position in the G.R.U.—the Chief Intelligence Directorate of the Soviet General Staff. A little less of virtuous, radical indignation and a little more of analytical comparative method would save our domestic critics from many errors.

Nor was Philby's career to be explained in terms of his own social status. He did not come from the upper class. He was not one of Colonel Dansey's metropolitan club-men. He came from the middle class and rose by his merits, as others did, and as he would have done elsewhere. Even those of us who were most critical of S.I.S. approved of his appointment; and I do not doubt that if he had been turned down as an ex-communist, and never afterwards exposed, our fashionable Left-wingers would have denounced his exclusion, just as they now denounce his appointment, as an infamous example of social and intellectual discrimination. It is true, he was defended, when he came under suspicion, by the "establishment" of S.I.S. But he was also defended by their enemies. No man has denounced the "establishment" more radically than that agile nihilist Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge. No man, say the "Insight" writers, is now a more "ferocious critic" of the wartime S.I.S. But no man was a more zealous and persistent defender of Philby against the "McCarthyite" suspicions of his critics.

Philby's appointment as head of anti-communist counter-espionage in 1944 is another matter. Clearly his communist past should then have been re-examined. Equally clearly, it was not. This was an error; but it was not "shaming." The facts, by then, were deeply buried in a pre-war past which now seemed impossibly remote; 1944 was not a leisurely time for research into that past; and those who appointed him judged him on direct experience, not ancient report. He was appointed to the new post not because his "pedigree" was superior to his "intelligence"—it was not—but because his work, in the past four years, had given satisfaction. He had not yet shown any sign of unreliability. The occasion had not arisen. No Volkov had yet appeared.

For until 1944 I do not believe that Philby had much opportunity, or much need, to do harm. His work was against the Germans, in Spain, where Russia was powerless and, by now, uninterested. He had no access to political secrets. Anyway, the interest of the Russians was, at that time, the same as ours: the defeat of Germany. No doubt he passed on to them whatever he thought of interest to them. No doubt he told them—in so far as he knew—what German cyphers we were reading. But it is improbable that he could tell them much, in secret, that was not anyway told to them through more official channels. Russian instructions to

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him would be, at that time, to go on with his work against the Germans; to inform the Russians of anything which he might learn touching their vital interests; but, above all, not to compromise himself by unnecessary communication. By hard, apparently loyal work for his British superiors, he must win their confidence and so earn continuation, even after demobilisation, as a professional in S.I.S.

DID ANY OPPORTUNITY OCCUR, in those years, to serve the vital interests of Russia? I recollect one incident which, in retrospect, may wear a new colour. Late in 1943 my office had come to certain conclusions—which time proved to be correct—about the struggle between the Nazi Party and the German General Staff, as it was being fought out in the field of secret intelligence. The German Secret Service (the *Abwehr*) and its leader, Admiral Canaris, were suspected by the Party not only of inefficiency but of disloyalty, and attempts were being made by Himmler to oust the Admiral and to take over his whole organisation. Admiral Canaris himself, at that time, was making repeated journeys to Spain. These conclusions were duly formulated and in view of the Spanish interest, were submitted for clearance to Philby. Philby absolutely forbade their circulation, insisting that they were "mere speculation." He afterwards similarly suppressed, as "unreliable," a report from an important German defector, Otto John, who informed us, in Lisbon, that a conspiracy was being hatched against Hitler and that Canaris wished to treat with us: that he would welcome a meeting with his opposite number, "*C*." This also was perfectly true. The conspiracy was the Plot of 20 July 1944, and Canaris, for his contribution to it, afterwards suffered a traitor's death in Germany.

At the time, we were baffled by Philby's intransigence, which would yield to no argument and which no argument was used to defend. From some members of Section V, mere mindless blocking of intelligence was to be expected. But Philby, we said to ourselves, was an intelligent man: how could he behave thus in a matter so important? Had he too yielded to the genius of the place? In retrospect I can see that there may have been another reason. It was not to the Russian interest that the Western Allies should exploit the political division of Germany, or support the conservative enemies of Hitler, while the Red Army was still too far away to intervene. But the only rational explanation is not necessarily the right explanation, and I am prepared to leave this matter in doubt. Even if the most sinister interpretation is correct, the effective result may have been negligible. The *Abwehr*'s approach through Dietrich Bonhöffer and the Bishop of Chichester was ignored. And when "*C*" was finally told of Canaris' feeler, he replied that he was not interested.

A Palace Revolution

AFTER 1944, of course, the position was different. From 1944 to 1946 Philby was in charge of communist affairs. From 1946 to 1949 he was in Turkey. From 1949 till his fall in 1951 he was in Washington, accredited to the American intelligence service. Those, and those only, were the years of his real activity against the West; and they were important years: the years of the struggle for Central Europe, the Berlin blockade and the Korean War. It seems to me unquestionable that, in that period, Philby could and did serve his foreign masters well. He could watch their interests from a central position. He could pass them such secret documents as came his way. He could warn them of danger. He could tell them what codes were read. Sometimes he could comment on British and American policy and intentions. And above all he could watch over, protect, and if necessary delate other Russian agents in Britain. To have a reliable, intelligent, highly-placed agent in the centre of a potentially hostile power, with access to "hard" evidence, is the dream of every intelligence service. The value of such a man does not depend merely on particular communications. Only rarely does a single revelation make a significant difference of policy, and I cannot ascribe much importance to Philby's alleged frustration of what seems anyway to have been a hare-brained C.I.A. scheme of an Albanian coup. Far more important is the intangible advantage of continuity. A well-placed agent of known fidelity and intelligence who can advise his masters, answer specific questions, comment on the disjointed texts which any Secret Service picks up, correct the illusions to which it is prone, has a value which transcends the occasional questionable scoop.

But such advantages contain their own limitation. As continuity is of such importance, so

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

discontinuity seems disastrous. Once such an agent is removed from his vantage-point, his value quickly shrivels away. This very fact leads to a kind of paralysis in the system. Since every action or communication endangers the agent who makes it, and since his survival is of more value than all but the most exceptional action or communication, action and communication are inhibited in the name of security. This is easily illustrated in Philby's case. By merely sitting in his place as head of anti-communist counter-espionage, he was able to protect the whole counter-espionage system of his employers. On two occasions that whole system was suddenly jeopardised. The first was the threatened defection of Volkov. The second was the threatened arrest of Maclean. On both occasions Philby was forced, in his own interest, to act. By his first intervention, he saved the system; by his second, he saved himself, for a time. But on each occasion he took a grave risk; and ultimately this double self-exposure would bring him down.

It happened that in the immediate post-war years Philby's survival was of particular importance to the Russians. Those were the years when Stalin was most confident. He had already occupied Eastern Europe; he now believed that he might carry the revolution, through internal subversion, to Western Europe too. For such a purpose it was far more important to have reliable creatures already placed in key positions against the hour of action than to receive routine secret information at the risk of losing those agents. And Philby, in this context, was a particularly important agent; for he was no doubt hoping and expecting to become, before very long, head of the British Secret Service. As he said in 1949, he was on the road to a knighthood. The point was afterwards confirmed by Maclean: "If they hadn't caught up with Kim," he told Mrs. Philby in 1964, "you'd be Lady Philby by now. . . ." A communist head of the British Secret Service could obviously play a vital part in a communist take-over: had not the head of the Austrian Secret Service been a Nazi agent in 1938, when Hitler took over the country so smoothly? Philby's political conversion had been sealed by the Austrian experience. It is unlikely that he overlooked the parallel, or the lesson.

Nevertheless, with all these qualifications, Philby's service to the Russians in the years 1945–51 must have been great, and it is pointless to underestimate it. All that we can say is that, fortunately, we were not at war. The contest with the Russians was one in which local battles could be lost without disaster. And ultimately the Philby case led to salutary results. The reform of the Secret Service, which we had vainly hoped from the hidden strains of active war against Germany, was finally achieved by the more public scandal of which Philby was the centre in the cold war against Russia.

Of course Philby was not the only cause of those changes. There were others. In the immediate post-war decade we all learned a great deal. It was then that we caught up with the experiences of war. During the war the techniques of information had become far more complex and sophisticated. The whole scale of information-gathering operations, too, had been enlarged. Above all, there were the lessons of politics. Hitherto we had reacted immediately, almost instinctively, to the rapid changes of politics. Now at last we were able to take stock of them and to digest their rude lessons. In this complex, chemical change the whole concept of secret intelligence was necessarily adjusted too.

For we should never underestimate the educative experience of that decade which hinges upon the year 1950. To judge the period before 1950 by the hindsight acquired after 1950 is absurdly anachronistic. In the decade 1945–1955 a whole series of illusions crumbled: illusions of the Left even more than illusions of the Right. The illusions of the Right—the illusions of the "appeasers" who thought that fascism might be tamed, that Hitler might prove an ally against communism—had been shattered in March 1939, when Hitler occupied Prague. That disillusion had been final, sealed by a second world war against German aggression. The illusions of the Left—of those who thought that Stalin could be a permanent partner in European politics—had been rudely shaken by the Nazi-Soviet Pact of August 1939 and its dreadful aftermath: the murder of the anti-fascists of the Left, the Finnish war, the holocaust of Katyn. But this latter disillusion was not final. Within two years, Britain and Russia had become allies against Hitler; the Popular Front had been restored in the Resistance Movements of Europe; and a new generation of British radicals began to behave as if the Nazi-Soviet Pact had never been signed. Then, in February 1948, came another shock.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Once again it was an occupation of Prague, this time by a communist coup; and at last even the new radicals saw the light. Stalin's imposition of communism in Poland, Hungary, Rumania had been accepted by the English Left without too much discomfort. No socialist tears had been shed for Polish colonels, Magyar landlords, or the Rumanian jackals of Hitler. But the Czechoslovak democracy of Masaryk and Beneš was different. The communist seizure of Prague, the murder of Jan Masaryk, the elimination of the Czech social democrats, disillusioned the Left again. And this time there was no reversal. The true, permanent incompatibility of communism with Western liberal or social democracy was exposed. It takes Mr. Le Carré to regard this second, long-delayed recognition of a permanent fact as "the greatest historical failure and the greatest historical reversal of all time."

AGAINST this larger background of change —change in technique, change in politics, change in philosophy—the operations of one person seem very trivial, and it would be absurd to isolate Philby as the sole cause of the institutional readjustment which was a response to them. It is no less absurd to isolate him from his class: from all the other defectors who, in those unsettled days, operated on either side of the Iron Curtain; or to magnify him at their expense—to say (with Mr. Cookridge) that he "outdid all such notorious spies as Sorge, Abel, Sobell, Lonsdale and Blake." When so much of the detail is unrevealed, these comparisons are at best pointless. Sometimes, even on present evidence, they are demonstrably absurd.

How can anyone justify the statement that Philby outdid Sorge? Richard Sorge was a German communist who, until his arrest in 1941, operated as a Russian spy in Tokyo, Thanks to his relations with the German embassy in Tokyo, he was able to forewarn the Russians of the projected German invasion of 1941. Thanks to his relations with the Japanese, he was afterwards able to report that the entire Japanese war effort would be directed southward, against Britain and America, not westward against Russia. Stalin ignored the first warning, as he ignored similar warnings by Churchill. But Sorge's second warning enabled him to denude the Pacific defences of Russia and use his eastern army as a reserve against the Germans—with portentous results. However he may boast in his memoirs, it is unlikely that Philby can show any service to compare with this.

It would be equally absurd to compare Philby with the most important of post-war spies, the Russian Oleg Penkovsky. In the seventeen months of his activity, from 1961 to 1962, Penkovsky, by Russian admission, gave to the West at least 5,000 separate photographed items of secret military, political and economic intelligence; and he gave them at a time, and in an area, in which they could be politically used—for they included evidence about the real state of Russian rocketry, and the exact position of Russian rockets, at the time when Khrushchev was threatening nuclear adventure over Berlin and Cuba. The difference between the damage done to their own governments by Penkovsky and by Philby may perhaps be gauged by the different consequences of their exposure. In Russia, after Penkovsky's execution, a Chief Marshal of the Soviet Union in command of tactical missile forces was displaced and demoted; the chief of military intelligence—that same Ivan Serov whom British public opinion prevented, as the hangman of Eastern Europe, from accompanying Khrushchev and Bulganin to Britain—was deprived of his post and publicly demoted; and some 300 Soviet intelligence officers were suddenly recalled from abroad.[5] In Britain, after the fall of Philby, the reorganisation was within S.I.S. alone. If the Russian result was a crisis of society, the British was a mere palace revolution.

IT WAS NEVERTHELESS important. Whatever its immediate cause, the palace revolution of 1956 ended, in S.I.S., the long period of insulated amateurism, of dissociation of secret from "public" or "official" intelligence, which had been the lingering legacy of its original foundation. Admittedly, the process of change had already begun: no institution is entirely static, and the method of recruitment by mere patronage had already been corrected before 1956. But 1956 remains a crucial date. It was then that a new "*C*" was imported from outside, then that the privileged enclave was at last re-joined to the "public" bureaucracy. The change was followed by an internal purge. It was after 1956

[5] See *The Penkovsky Papers*, ed. Frank Gibney. Collins (1965), p. 19.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the traitors were exposed and eliminated. Ironically, it was this sudden exposure which caused the Secret Service to be devalued in the eyes of the public. In the days of its inefficiency, while it harboured traitors, it had enjoyed a fabulous reputation. In the days of its reform, when it extruded them, its reputation suddenly fell.

Ideologies & Fossils

IT IS IN THIS CONTEXT that the answer to our last question becomes apparent. Why, we ask, are his Russian masters now exploiting the story of Philby in this extraordinary manner? Why did *Izvestia* triumphantly announce his arrival in Moscow? Why is the K.G.B. now producing him in Moscow as its propagandist, celebrating him as its hero, feeding him with praise, awarding him titles and decorations, even pushing his memoirs? Certainly they never did anything like this for Burgess and Maclean. Burgess and Maclean arrived in Moscow in the summer of 1951 but nothing was said about them by the Russians till February 1956. Then they gave a "press conference" at the Hotel National in Moscow. But it was a very unusual press conference, for neither Burgess nor Maclean answered a single question. Instead they issued, without comment, a duplicated statement written in Russian, in the third person, together with an English translation which, to judge from the style, cannot have been composed by either of them. According to this document, Burgess and Maclean had never been Russian agents: they were merely honest British officials who had despaired of guiding British policy into peaceful ways. The K.G.B. took no credit for them. After this strange, pointless conference, Burgess and Maclean returned, as far as the Russians were concerned, into their silent obscurity. Very different was the treatment accorded to Philby, whom the K.G.B. openly claims as its life-long spy and who now boasts that he is only one of many, that the Western intelligence services are full of young Philbies, known to him. This change of Russian policy since 1956 clearly requires some explanation.

Part of the explanation is no doubt personal. The public praise of Philby may be a personal reward. Philby—his third wife has told us—lives for praise from the K.G.B.: he is "pathetically pleased by the approbation of the Russians." The K.G.B. in its turn is grateful to him for his past work: "We can never repay you for the work you have done for us," his K.G.B. contact told him in Moscow. Naturally his grateful employers seek to repay him in the coin he so clearly appreciates. No doubt it is also a form of encouragement to other agents. The Russians are clearly determined to show that they look after their own. All recent episodes demonstrate their determination. They arranged the escape of Burgess and Maclean. They ransomed Colonel Abel from his American and Gordon Lonsdale from his English prison. They paid $23,500 so that Gerhard Eisler might jump his bail and escape from America. They rescued Blake from his 42-year prison sentence. Today they are making every effort to liberate the two Krogers, now in prison in England. In order to rescue them, they have used both cajolery and threats, offering to withdraw damaging publications and persecuting their unfortunate prisoner Gerald Brooke. Such assurance that Big Brother is watching over them is obviously very useful in maintaining the morale of Russian agents. But these motives, though real enough, do not seem to me sufficient explanation of the public cult of comrade Philby in Moscow. Private flattery, after all, would have sufficed for private vanity. Protection need not entail a personality cult. This public exaltation implies a public purpose: and that purpose, when the episode is placed in its context, seems clear enough.

So long as Philby sat in the British Secret Service, with hopes of promotion to the highest post within it, the Russians had no need to attack or undermine that service. Why should they? They had their own agent in it, centrally placed, watching their interests, able sometimes to inform, sometimes to control, sometimes to protect. Even when Philby was extruded from the centre, he still had his uses and his hopes. So long as he was not clearly convicted, he might return; so long as he was in London, he had his contacts. Besides, from 1953, there was Blake; and with Blake in position and Philby in the wings, other agents also might gradually be inserted. In such circumstances the directors of the K.G.B. had no need to attack S.I.S. They had penetrated it. They were satisfied with the *status quo*.

Then came the change. From 1958 onwards the Russian secret services suffered a series of setbacks. Important officers, like Goleniewski, defected. Important agents, like Blake and

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lonsdale in England, Wennerstroem in Sweden, were exposed. In 1962 the K.G.B. discovered, with a shock that reverberated through the entire system, that for the last year a far more important agent than Philby, Oleg Penkovsky, had been sending regular information to the West: information which may well have contributed to the humiliating failure of Khrushchev's brinkmanship in Cuba. In the following year they learned that Philby himself was finally exposed and, in Philby's own words, "decided to call me to the Soviet Union to ensure my safety." With Philby and afterwards Blake in Moscow, "the Centre" must have had some interesting discussions. Perhaps it was in the course of these discussions that the new policy was devised: the policy of open attack, from without, on the secret service which they could no longer undermine from within.

Certainly the change of policy in Moscow seems to have been openly applied soon after the arrival of Philby. Philby's arrival was announced in *Izvestia* on 1 July 1963. Next year came the first public sign of change. Hitherto the Russian government had adopted a policy of complete silence on the subject of their own espionage. But now it reversed its policy. On 5 November 1964, twenty years after his execution in Tokyo, the Russian people was suddenly informed of the hitherto carefully hidden exploits of Richard Sorge. The Soviet press broke into a unanimous cry of praise. Sorge was declared, posthumously, a hero of the Soviet Union. A street in Moscow was named after him. So was a Russian tanker. A 4-kopek stamp was issued to commemorate him. Hitherto, explained *Pravda*, "a number of considerations" had made it "impossible"—we would say "inopportune"—"to inform the people of this heroic intelligence officer." Only now had "favourable conditions" made it possible. We naturally ask what were these "favourable conditions"?[6]

Whatever they were, they were not confined to the case of Sorge—and for this reason I cannot accept, as a complete explanation, the suggestion of his biographers, that Sorge's rehabilitation was intended as a vindication of the Soviet High Command against the military errors of Stalin in 1941. For next year two other spies were similarly given official publicity in Russia. First came the adulatory biography of Colonel Rudolf Ivanovich Abel, the "resident," or head of the Russian spy-net in America, who had been arrested in 1957 and was exchanged, in 1961, for the American U-2 pilot, Francis Gary Powers. Then followed the "memoirs" of Colonel Konon Molody, *alias* Gordon Lonsdale, the "resident" in England, who had been arrested in 1961 and exchanged, in 1964, for Mr. Greville Wynne. It is interesting to note that the Russians apparently offered to withdraw Lonsdale's *Memoirs*, like those of Philby two years later, from the English market, in exchange for the release of the two Krogers. Thus the apotheosis and the memoirs of Philby fall into a pattern. They reflect a Russian policy which was new in 1964 but has been continuous since.

It is continuous in substance too. In 1956 Burgess and Maclean had been made (falsely) to declare that they had never been Soviet agents. But now that is all changed. Philby, we are assured, was always "an officer of the K.G.B.," performing his "duties" in England under the instructions of his Russian "superiors." But neither he, nor the "growing" army of other Russian agents whom he claims to know in Western intelligence services, are "spies." Since 1964, Russia has had no spies. The point was made firmly in the course of the apotheosis of Sorge. Sorge, it was then said, was not

> like those secret agents whom certain Western authors have created. He did not open safes in order to steal documents; the documents were shown to him by their owners. He did not fire his pistol to penetrate necessary places: the doors were graciously opened to him by the guardians of the secret.

This picture of the olympian K.G.B. agent is perhaps less easy to apply to Abel and Lonsdale, but it has been refurbished for Philby. When he was decorated with the Order of the Red Banner, the Russian Press Agency, Tass, refused to transmit to London an official picture of Philby because the caption described him as a "spy." "The West has spies," said the Tass official smugly, "but we don't. Change the caption."

Philby himself has done his best to build up this myth of the K.G.B. as an international order of chivalry. In an interview with *Izvestia* in December 1967, he paid glowing tribute to

[6] I take all my information about Sorge from F. W. Deakin and G. R. Storry, *The Case of Richard Sorge*. Chatto (1966).

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Felix Dzerzhinsky, the founder of the *Cheka*, which, after many mutations, has become the K.G.B. Philby described Dzerzhinsky as "that knight of the revolution and great humanist." This may seem to most of us an odd description of the Robespierre of 1917—the fanatical idealist who carried out the Red Terror of 1918–21 and put into Stalin's hands the machinery for his great purges. But it is in accordance with the new mythology.

Thus, since 1964 at least, the K.G.B. seems to have adopted a positive new policy. Where it had previously been close and silent, it is now vocal and loud. The Western world, it now declares, is at its mercy. The ubiquitous K.G.B. man, the dedicated servant of an international government, moves like a superior being, irresistible, among the ill-guarded, guilty secrets of the divided West. By their publications the Russians seek both to declare and, if possible, to increase that division. Lonsdale dwells on the feebleness of the British intelligence system, which however ended by unmasking him, and seeks to sow dissension between the British and American intelligence services whose co-operation, in the case of Penkovsky, was so inconvenient. Philby utters exactly the same doctrine. The Russian Secret Service, he says, is the best in the world. The Western Intelligence Services are incompetent—he himself penetrated S.I.S. with ease; and he tries to set the British against the Americans by saying that, as an officer of S.I.S. in Washington, "I was faced with the very delicate task of defending the British security service from the C.I.A., which was constantly displaying the clear intention of swallowing up its ally."[7]

WHY HAVE THE RULERS of the K.G.B. switched so emphatically to this new policy? I have already suggested one reason: their own failure in the West, or at least in certain Western countries. But perhaps there is also another, deeper reason. Recent events in Russia have revealed a situation which contrasts strikingly with the situation in the 1930s. Then the young intellectuals of the West, like Burgess, Maclean and Philby, dissatisfied with the social and moral "contradictions" of their own society, looked East and saw an idealised Russian communism as the hope of the future. Today the situation is exactly reversed. Today the young Russian intellectuals, impatient of the hypocrisy and tyranny of the Communist Party, look to the West, which they also perhaps idealise. The trial of Sinyavsky and Daniel, and its consequences, clearly show the disillusion of a generation. Perhaps even more telling, in a different way, are the papers of the man who can be described as the Russian Philby, Oleg Penkovsky.

Penkovsky's conversion was not, like Philby's, ideological. Nor was it, like his, juvenile and sudden. It was a long process which began during World War II and was completed—unlike Philby's—by experience. For whereas Philby was converted as an undergraduate and never set foot in Russia till he had been its agent for thirty years, Penkovsky did not change his allegiance till his judgment was mature and he had personal knowledge both of the Soviet *élite* and of the West. Then he made comparisons. He was disgusted by the pretence, the falsity, the blatant corruption of the Party, by the universal spying, and above all by the hypocrisy of "our rotten two-faced régime": the parade of belief in a philosophy which nobody accepted; the claims of material superiority which every action belied; the hollow pretence of liberty and justice. Penkovsky also believed that Khrushchev was gambling irresponsibly with nuclear war. So he decided, at whatever risk to himself, to warn the West and thereby to arm it in defence of international peace. "To tell the truth about this system," he wrote, "is the goal of my life, and if I succeed in contributing my little bricks to this great cause, there can be no greater satisfaction." Like Ewald von Kleist before 1939, he urged the West to stand firm against a lunatic dictator whom it would be folly to appease.

Such disillusion in communist countries is easy to explain. A generation ago, in the 1930s, the primitive squalor of Russian life could be ascribed to the special circumstances of the time. At that time the Revolution still seemed insecure. But today that explanation will not do. Today there is no fascist threat to excuse the tyranny of the Party, no "great patriotic war" to justify the drab and meagre life of the people; and yet fifty years after the Revolution the Russian people seems little nearer to freedom and its standard of life is infinitely lower than that of the "despised" bourgeois West whose "contradictions," in the 1930s, had

[7] *The Times*, 19 December 1967.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seemed so fatal. The *élite* of the Russian Communist Party, who themselves delight to visit the golden West (every time he went on an official visit, Penkovsky had to go shopping for the Party bosses at home), may insist, in public, that the West is in decay. The semi-literate masses may be assured that modern England is accurately portrayed in the novels of Charles Dickens. But one cannot deceive all the people all the time, nor is everyone prepared to accept mere power—the impersonal power of the state, the personal power of its chosen agents—as the ultimate human good to which social prosperity and personal freedom must be sacrificed. If Western Europe could recover from the devastation of war in a few years, a rational man must ask why Russia cannot; and why a country like Czechoslovakia, which in the 1930s was as prosperous as Switzerland, and which was relatively untouched by the war, has been reduced by twenty years of communism to a shabby Central European slum.

Against this background we may well understand that the Russian government is eager to advertise its waning power of attraction, and to boast of its Western converts. Against the misguided idealists at home, who goggle at the flickering, multi-coloured lights of the West, it points to the uncorrupted idealists of the West who, having looked more deeply into their own society, find that they prefer the pure, steady, incandescent, eastern light. So the Russian backsliders are buried in silence; the apostles and martyrs in the West are glorified; and the converted high-priests of espionage, who worked secretly for the new gospel while wearing the vestments and authority of the old—the German martyr Richard Sorge, the English fugitive, Kim Philby—are hailed as ideological heroes by men who, themselves, have no ideology left.

Unfortunately, in this comparison, one very important difference is overlooked. It is a difference of generations: that difference which (I submit) provides the real dialectic of historical change. Ideas, ideologies, religions, continue to live in books. Their formulae remain unchanged in the mouths of the priests who chant them and of the heresiarchs who denounce them. But their real strength, and their interpretation, depends not on their formal continuity but on the discontinuous experience of human generations. A sclerotic bureaucracy, even a single personal despot, can prolong obsolete ideas beyond their natural term; but the change of generations must ultimately carry them away. Seen thus, the Russian apotheosis of the Western defectors is anachronistic, irrelevant. For while Petrov and Penkovsky, and all those other Petrovs and Penkovskys who are restrained by walls and wires, visible and invisible, reject communism in the 1950s and 1960s, the newly beatified Russian heroes were attracted to it long ago, Sorge in the 1920s, Philby and his friends in the 1930s. It is now thirty or forty years since these men ceased to think. What, then, can they say to us today?

It is true, history never stops. New experience may yet create new loyalties and disloyalties. The war in Viet Nam may yet prove to be an ideological determinant like the Spanish Civil War, which it so much resembles. Nihilism, love of dogma, love of power are permanent temptations to frustrated or bewildered intellectuals. But Philby, Burgess, Maclean are by now altogether irrelevant. They are fossils of the past.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ignazio Silone

Re-thinking Progress (II)

Morality and Welfare

UNDERLYING some of the criticisms currently voiced about the moral situation of rich countries where prosperity has reached all classes of the population, there are some historical disillusionments.

The long-awaited dawn of economic and social security has given an answer to the problem raised by the revolutionary thinkers of the 19th century, who claimed that the chief task of political science was to define the conditions under which man could best attain and develop his freedom. In adopting this concept, later generations of political thinkers made the mistake of forcing on it a deterministic connotation of cause and effect, thus spreading the illusion that what had been originally promulgated as a moral aim would come about automatically as a result of economic change. But the root of the error lay in the original theory.

The disillusionment to which this theory has led could hardly be more complete, since it is to be found not only in those countries where social progress has been pursued and achieved within the framework of traditional social structures and by reformist measures, but also in those where a clean sweep has been made of the past and a new régime established. But even where the reorganisation of society has been most successful, the immense alleviation of human suffering brought about by science and by economic democracy has not produced a corresponding reform in the patterns of human behaviour. In short, the prophets of social emancipation had reckoned without the old Adam. The fault lay, of course, not in their hopes, but in their belief that these hopes could be fully realised simply as a by-product of increased consumption or institutional changes. In reality the relationship between human freedom and the external factors conditioning it is not something that can be defined according to a hard and fast rule. One is almost tempted to say that, in an era in which the techniques of automation are being constantly perfected, the one mechanism to have broken down is that which, by abolishing poverty, ought *ipso facto* to have produced a new type of citizen, endowed with more highly developed mental and moral qualities than before.

It has begun to look as though this failure were at last being recognised even by those Western Communists who used to visit the Soviet Union in the spirit of devout Muslims on pilgrimage to Mecca, projecting their own dreams on to the harsh and merciless reality of their adopted country and returning home with the announcement that they had discovered a new type of human being. (One Italian psychoanalyst went so far as to justify the fact that both the practice and the theory of psychoanalysis were forbidden in Russia by arguing that "in a socialist country people shed their complexes automatically.") But as a result of de-Stalinisation and of the ideological repercussions of Moscow's conflict with Peking, a certain degree of realism is now permitted even to the most zealously orthodox comrades. The discrepancy between dream and reality is nevertheless so wide as to frighten even the Communist revisionists, who shrink from going all the way in their critical re-thinking of Communist theory for fear of shaking its foundations.

All this does not mean, of course, that the old Adam is insensible to environmental pressures; far from it. It is simply that, in many respects, he reacts to new conditions differently from what had been anticipated.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OPTIMISTIC theories about what was presumed would be man's automatic response to progress first began to break down in the relationship between science and freedom. It was thought that modern science and technology could forge rapidly ahead only in a general atmosphere of freedom; and that, reciprocally, by creating new opportunities for man's development, science and technology would then lead to even greater freedom. In fact something very different has happened: the advance made in scientific and technological research even under Hitler and Stalin proved that science could flourish without the oxygen of human liberties; and, far from endangering the stability of either the Nazi or the Soviet régime, it endowed them with new instruments of power.

Another point at which the supposed mechanism of automatic development has failed to function is the relationship between prosperity and democratic participation in public life. One of the most frequently encountered characteristics of the affluent society would appear to be a decline in the political dynamism of the masses; this can go to the point of inertia and indifference, except for short periods of electioneering when the party machines swing into action, rousing the citizen from his torpor.

Bertrand de Jouvenel, who has made a special study of these phenomena, quotes a page of Engels from *Anti-Dühring* that is of some relevance to my problem. Engels maintained that the length of the working day has a direct bearing on the interest and participation of the working classes in matters of public concern.

> Up to the present day [Engels wrote] all the historical antagonisms between exploiting and exploited classes, between rulers and oppressed, were to be explained by the lack of development in the productivity of human labour. As long as those sections of the population employed in manual labour were so tied down by their basic tasks as to have no spare time for matters of general interest (labour leadership, national and local politics, juridical questions, art, science, etc.), such matters inevitably required the existence of a special class, exempt from material work, that could be exclusively responsible for them. This privileged class has never failed to take advantage of the situation by imposing a constantly heavier burden of labour on the working masses with a view to its own profit. It is only the enormous increase in production, brought about by large-scale industry, that makes it possible at last for work to be distributed fairly among all the members of society, thus cutting down the individual number of working hours so that everyone will have sufficient free time to devote to the problems, both intellectual and practical, that concern society as a whole. It is therefore only now that the existence of a ruling and exploiting class has become superfluous, or rather an obstacle to social progress. And so now at last the moment has come for it to be ruthlessly suppressed.

The logic of Engels' argument might seem flawless, but it is out of touch with reality. If a manual or a white-collar worker is to take an active part in the life of the community, he will undoubtedly need a reasonable amount of free time; but free time is not the only prerequisite, nor even, as events have already shown, the most important one. Not only has the fact that the working classes now enjoy a certain amount of leisure not sufficed to bring about the utopian dream of giving greater social content to the creative activity of thinkers, scientists, and artists, or of widening the class from which artists and intellectuals have so far been drawn; it does not even suffice to ensure that every citizen will take a livelier and more intelligent interest in his political choices and decisions. Unfortunately neither the advent of greater prosperity nor the reduction in working hours has freed any sector of political life from its oligarchical structure. This oligarchical tendency has indeed become more pronounced in recent decades, as a single fact will suffice to prove. Until about forty years ago, it would have been impossible for any political party to conceal the details of its financial report from the rank and file of its members, while now there are countries, among them the one I happen to know best, where party finances are a jealously guarded secret.

BUT THERE IS ALSO another symptom of our time that invalidates Engels' forecast, the mere diagnosis of which is, in my opinion, enough to settle the question. Not so long ago, when the working day of factory hands, clerks, and agricultural labourers lasted from between ten to twelve hours, there were countries where most of the work connected with political parties, both at the local and provincial levels as well as at the top, was done by volunteers, that is to say by party members who sacrificed their Sundays and the few leisure hours that were left to them on week-day evenings. (And because there was, in those days, much less contact than there is now between politics and the economy, State

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intervention was less ubiquitous and party work yielded neither perquisites nor pickings.) Although today party-workers in the same countries have much more leisure than before, they seem to spend most of it just hanging around in the street or square or in cafés, chatting to their friends, or else glued to the television set. There is now scarcely any kind of work connected with political parties or trades unions or cultural societies that has not got a salary attached to it. In Italy even the Communist and Christian Democrat schoolboys, if they are asked to distribute leaflets in the streets or scribble slogans on the walls, will refuse to do it unless they get paid. Such instances alone are sufficient, in my view, to show why a phenomenon so vast and so peculiar cannot be explained (as Bertrand de Jouvenel suggests in his otherwise penetrating comment on the lines he quotes from Engels) by the greater number and complexity of the problems that have arisen in our time.

IT SEEMS to me that where sociological writings about the affluent society tend most frequently to go wrong is in their false generalisations. Every country shares certain, perhaps most, things in common with others, but it has also much that is peculiar to itself. To put it crudely it is hardly likely, for instance, that the self-made man will have much in common with the scion of a family which has been wealthy for generations, beyond the size of their bank accounts. So prosperity can have its children's diseases, its growing pains, just as the citizens of a welfare or a social-support State may react to it in the childish manner which I have previously described. And since today Italy provides perfect examples of everything that is childish, I would like at this point to say a little more about it.

Italy has in recent years attained a rung about half-way up the ladder of economic advancement, although many people still continue to talk of it as a country where poverty not only prevails but is endemic, while others exaggerate the so-called "Italian miracle." However, one may detect a certain significance in the fact that, until quite recently, whenever the word "miracle" appeared in an Italian newspaper it invariably referred to a statue of the Virgin that had been seen to shed tears, or to a bricklayer fallen from a scaffolding and saved from certain death by the intervention of St. Anthony. Now the term "miracle" is applied to the enormous number of motor-cars that have brought the traffic in the streets of Italian cities almost to a standstill, and to other indications of material prosperity. Not every region, obviously, nor every class of the population, has benefited to the same extent from the rise in the standard of living, but a curious euphoric mood of feeling suddenly rich seems to have got hold of a great many poor people simply because they no longer go barefoot, because they can eat at least two meals a day, and because coffee, which formerly they could afford only as a kind of occasional medicine, has now become their daily beverage.

THE STRANGE THING is that in order to obtain a government subsidy, on whatsoever pretext, people will pretend to be very poor, while elsewhere ostentatiously trying, with equal untruthfulness, to convey the impression that they are rich; but strange though this may be, it happens all the time. A good picture of this split mentality appears in a book written by Don Lorenzo Milani, priest of the parish of San Donato, near the town of Prato in Tuscany. San Donato is a small place that in recent years has achieved a certain prosperity. Don Milani described the various ways in which the peasants and working men of his parish do their utmost to ape the rich. On such festive occasions as baptisms, first communions, and weddings, the poorest families will vie with each other in orgies of unnecessary and frivolous spending on printed announcement cards, hired limousines, professional photographers, printed souvenir cards, extravagant banquets for a multitude of guests—while the homes of these same people may lack the most elementary forms of plumbing.

According to Don Milani, they are equally addicted to public festivals. It takes very little organising to make a success of any function, whether it be in honour of a local politician, a cycling champion, or the Virgin Mary, or the annual bazaar held under the auspices of the Communist daily newspaper. The crowd is more or less always the same, as is almost inevitable in a small place where everyone knows everyone else. The purpose of the celebration doesn't matter; people simply come to have a good time. Sunday is no longer the Lord's Day, if indeed it ever was that; for some years now its culminating moment has been in the late afternoon when the results of the weekly football pools are announced over the radio. And since in the summer months, when there are

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no football matches, Sunday threatened to become a day of boredom and desolation, the government hastened to the rescue by authorising the organisation of betting on other sporting events. Thus Sunday after Sunday renews in every heart the hope of sudden riches.

IN ORDER TO COMPETE with its chief adversary, namely Communism, for the favour of a public grown so vulgar in its tastes, the Church has not hesitated to adopt the new techniques of entertainment that are now typical of every mass organisation, such as cinemas, and amusement halls complete with bars, billiard-tables, juke-boxes, and pin-ball machines. In a parish not very far from that of Don Milani, three parochial bars were laid on and blessed by no less a person than the Archbishop. By resorting to such expedients, the Church may intend to stem the invasion of vulgarity; in fact vulgarity is made respectable and all-pervading. The means devour the ends. The amusements provided become the main objective of the crowds that flock to the parochial halls.

THE OTHER SIDE of the coin shows an identical picture. Everything that this Tuscan priest has written about the spiritual stagnation and emptiness of parish life holds good for the local branch of the Communist Party. It could hardly be otherwise. If the whole countryside is stricken by drought, the parish priest's garden and the Communist leader's vineyard are equally blighted. To the de-Christianisation of the faithful there corresponds a parallel trend in the Communist movement towards the adoption of bourgeois ways, or at any rate a bourgeois mentality, and towards bureaucratism. In most Italian villages, no hard-and-fast line can be drawn between the membership of the Church and that of the Communist Party; they overlap, intercommunicate, and to a large extent coincide. Even the "Children of Mary"—young girls who in bygone days used to be the exclusive preserve of the parish—now seemed inclined, at least in the more advanced districts, to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. If a girl is vain about her looks, she will go anywhere to show them off, provided there is a crowd. Don Milani ironically calls these girls "the faithful followers." They attend every religious ceremony, faithfully walk in every procession, faithfully turn up at every sports event, faithfully take part in every Communist festival. They devote exactly the same amount of time and trouble to getting themselves ready in front of the looking-glass whether they are going to a Holy Thursday sermon or to a dance organised by the Communist daily newspaper, *L'Unità*. Nothing could induce these "faithful" girls to give up a single sermon or Communist ball unless they happened to know in advance that the attendance was likely to be poor. In short, they are Catholics in the same way as they are Communists; that is to say, they are neither the one nor the other. Both the Church and the Italian Communist Party get what they deserve.

To describe Catholics of this sort as believers, or Communists of this sort as atheists, is therefore an insult to both Church and Party. They are all cast in the same mould; they are all driven by the same compulsions; they all hanker after the same things, believe in the same values, share the same dream—to score thirteen out of thirteen in the football pools and to become millionaires overnight. Their chief concern, be they Catholic or Communist, is that other people should not think them poor. In the minds of the common people of Italy, poverty has become a disgrace, even when, as is mostly the case, the poor are poor through no fault of their own. Anyone having witnessed a brawl in the streets of an Italian city knows that nowadays the most frightful insult conceivable, second only to disrespectful insinuations about the ancestors of one's adversary—the insult that leaves one no choice but to resort to violence—is the epithet *Morto di fame!*: "starved to death." (In English it might be rendered as "You penniless wretch!") Whether warranted or not, the accusation is an unpardonable one, implying as it does the announcement to the world at large that the other person is poor. Of course this does not prevent Italians, throughout the peninsula, from cultivating special devotion to St. Francis, the Poor Man of Assisi.

BUT TO MAKE a great show of despising poverty is not the same thing as being rich. If we want to find the typical features of a genuinely affluent society, as criticised by the sociologists, we must leave Italy and look elsewhere. Until some time ago North America used to be considered the prototype of countries in the vanguard of economic progress, and the phrase "American way of life" was thought to sum up everything that was both good and bad in an affluent society. Recently, however, a number

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of writers, foremost among them the French political scientist Raymond Aron, have suggested the term "industrial civilisation" as more appropriate, both because it would cover certain European nations, such as Sweden (whose collective prosperity is now on a par with that of the United States), and also because it would ultimately allow Russia (a country where individual living standards still notoriously lag behind but which in other respects is recognisably following the same trend) to be included in the category. It should not be forgotten that the climax of the famous television debate between Khrushchev and Nixon in August 1959 was not a conflict of ideals, but an argument as to which of their respective countries would succeed in producing the greater number of washing machines and ready-made garments in the course of the next few years. The subsequent break with Chinese Communism has accentuated the new trend of Russian economic policy towards the production of consumer goods. After almost half a century of enforced austerity in the service of ruthless power politics, Khrushchev re-discovered the simple truth that—to use his own words—"after all, revolutions are made so that people may live better...." But now that the goal of Soviet planning is officially defined as being "to reach and surpass the American standard of living," now that the Soviet leaders justify the system of state capitalism prevailing in Russia with the final and decisive argument that, for countries that are still backward, it is the shortest cut to economic progress, sociologists and political scientists have got a common denominator and a uniform criterion for judging industrial civilisation as a whole.

In short, both the American and the Soviet systems have as their common ideal a higher standard of living; and in both countries the model citizen, the piece-worker, or the Stakhanovite, is efficient, well-fed, conventional in his ideas, law-abiding, and uninterested in politics.

Certain differences do, of course, persist. A leading Soviet official doesn't own a motor-car, he only has the use of one; but there are plenty of Western bureaucrats to whom this would seem a very agreeable arrangement. If the car belongs to the State or to some other public institution, there is the advantage that the person using it doesn't have to pay for petrol or repairs. (The only one to suffer is the motor-car.) Social inequality still persists, but tends increasingly to derive from perquisites and privileges rather than from private property. One may safely predict that the status symbols of the future will consist, not in being able to afford one's own house, a retreat in the country, a yacht and several motor-cars, but in being able to have all these things at one's disposal free of charge. In other words, social relations tend increasingly to be dominated by consumption rather than production; but it would be rash to assume that this development will necessarily bring about social peace and harmony. The old law of ***homo homini lupus*** that governed the conditions of human life in the primeval forests may well prove to be still valid even in the world of TV aerials and big department stores. Affluence breeds its own diseases; the assertion that prosperity must result in a state of uncreativity and boredom seems to be entirely unfounded. It belongs to the same category of rhetorical clichés as that other remark one often hears about poverty being somehow conducive to a gay and productive life. Tourists may be forgiven such misapprehensions, but not sociologists. The Scandinavian arriving in a Mediterranean city may be dazed by the sun, the noise, the shouting of half-naked children in narrow and filthy lanes, the hawkers crying their wares, the conversation conducted, at the top of their voices, by two people of whom one is standing in the street and the other leaning out of a top-floor window. All this can easily give the visitor from some northern land an impression of gaiety and excitement; but such an impression would be essentially false, as false as the opposite one that Italian journalists never fail to bring back with them: the sepulchral gloom of Sunday morning in a rich Protestant city. (The origin of this alarming sensation proves, on closer examination, to be the total absence of the uproar to which Italian city-dwellers are accustomed—especially on Sundays when it explodes in a paroxysm.) And if we pass from the articles of Italian journalists to the books of certain sociologists, we might find ourselves imagining the Sabbath silence of those capitals of opulence being broken, towards evening, by the muffled sound of revolver shots: the boredom of prosperity driving its victims to suicide.

This topic of the soaring suicide rate in countries where prosperity is widespread recurs invariably in every argument about the civilisation of the affluent society. I confess that I am unable to speak of it from personal experience.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But a great deal has been written about it, and the opinions expressed are, fortunately, conflicting. In fact, lately an increasing number of voices have been raised to challenge the trite assertion that social security makes people bored with life. Contrary to popular belief one finds, for instance, that the suicide rate in Sweden has remained almost constant throughout the past decades: an annual average of ten cases per hundred thousand inhabitants. In a world-wide classification this figure puts Sweden tenth among the nations, well behind Japan, Austria, Finland, and other countries that are still far from having reached general prosperity. But it is easier to count the number of suicides than to ascertain their cause. How can one possibly know for certain what private despair drives a human being to take his own life? Even if every suicide wrote a detailed confession before committing the act, we would still be largely at sea. Who could guarantee that the confession was reliable or that the suicide was fully aware of his own motives? Many of the letters that these unhappy people leave behind them seem rather to suggest the epitaph that they would like to have inscribed on their tombstones.

In so far as it is at all possible to venture, however tentatively, on the study of such an impenetrable problem, I think that the conclusions reached by an eminent American psychiatrist, Professor Herbert Hendin of Columbia University, along lines previously traced by other scholars, are extremely convincing. Professor Hendin has done a vast amount of meticulous research on a great many suicide cases in Denmark and Sweden, and was able to talk freely to a number of would-be suicides who survived their unsuccessful attempts. Professor Hendin found that the most frequent cause of despair was not boredom but its opposite: breakdown under the strain of living at too intensive a pace. It seems that the majority of Danes and Swedes are trained, at home, in school, in the army, and on the sports fields, to live at the highest pitch of their capacity. Despite general prosperity, there is severe competition on every rung of the social ladder, and many people feel it is a humiliation to be outdone. Not only that but in the sphere of private life there are the complexes and inhibitions which, according to psycho-analysts, afflict Northern peoples more than others. The latter seems to be borne out by the literature, the drama, and even the films that continue to come out of Scandinavia.

The Two Faces of Mass Civilisation

To revile television, radio, and the popular press as deadly instruments of modern civilisation has by now become a platitude. The sociologist engaged in the study of this subject is likely to have an experience similar to that which, according to a skit by the Roman poet Pascarella, befell Columbus and his companions when they first met a native on American soil.

> They stopped and, summoning their courage, addressed him.
>
> "You, there!" they called out. "Who are you?"
>
> "Who do you think I am?" he retorted. "A savage, of course!"

Research, too, is only too liable to bag the kind of quarry for which the questioner has been laying traps all the time. This applies as much to the critics of mass civilisation as to its apologists, irrespective of their good faith or intellectual qualifications.

At one of the first round table discussions between Western and Eastern European writers held in Venice under the auspices of the *Société Européenne de Culture*, I remember an astonishing remark made by Professor J. D. Bernal, who occupies the Chair of Physics at the University of London's Birkbeck College, and is a Fellow of the Royal Society.

"In capitalist countries," said Professor Bernal,

> culture suffers from the gulf that separates the common people from the higher forms of art —James Joyce, for instance, being read and understood only by a handful of initiates, while the masses are content with comic-strips. On the other hand, I have seen for myself how successfully this gulf has been bridged in the socialist society of Russia, where kolkhoz workers, students, scullery-hands, poets, scientists all read the same books, enjoy the same films and paintings—in short, share the same aesthetic values.

Coming as it did from a British scientist, presumably steeped in analysis and an empirical approach to things, the announcement of such a miracle should normally have left no room for doubt. But as it happened, four Soviet writers were sitting at the same table, and to let slip such an opportunity of getting this wonderful news confirmed on the spot would have been grave negligence on my part. I consequently hastened to intervene. "Without intending any disrespect to my illustrious colleague, Professor Bernal," I said, "may I ask

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

our Soviet colleagues here to tell us how this miracle was achieved?"

The thankless task of answering my question was undertaken, after some hesitation, by the Soviet novelist, Konstantin Fedin. He spoke with commendable honesty.

"In Russia, too," he said, "we have a division of cultures; apart altogether from the higher forms of culture, in Russia too we produce a great many books and films which have no artistic value and are put out purely for mass consumption." The silence that followed was broken only by a few embarrassed coughs. Some people began to gaze intently at the white ceiling. The incident was too painful to invite comment. This notion of a new relationship between the Russian people and art had been a figment of Bernal's imagination, a conclusion the distinguished British scientist had arbitrarily drawn from the premisses of his own political credo.[1]

BUT THIS IS NOT REALLY a subject that one can be facetious about. To re-create the unity of culture in the sense in which it may be said to have existed during the Christian Middle Ages when the artist and the common people were part of the same spiritual world, spoke the same language, and believed in the same symbols, far more would be needed than a new set of bureaucrats at the levers of power or a more equitable distribution of wealth.

One ought to say here in parentheses that the orphans of Stalinism may derive consolation from the fact that the cultural gap continues to exist (as was only to be expected) even in those countries which have experienced the peaceful revolutions of Labour or Social Democracy. In all fairness we must recognise that, under both Communist and Social Democratic régimes, the working classes have made great advances; but it would be idle to pretend that new cultural values have emerged from them. Where changes in the structure of society have given working-class people freedom to enter upon literary or artistic careers, it might reasonably have been expected that a fresh wind would blow through literature and the arts; but nothing of the sort has happened.

> In countries where collective prosperity is a fairly recent achievement [writes the Swedish novelist Bengt Holmqvist] one used to hear a lot of optimistic talk about the untapped reserves of talent that would now enjoy full scope and freedom to express themselves. In Sweden the combination of an almost completely elastic class structure with so many new educational opportunities has undoubtedly released an impressive flow of intellectual energy. But it looks as if the day were already past when young people of working-class origin could become members of the creative intellectual élite. Such meteoric rises in social status were a feature of the 1930s and 1940s, when the "silent revolution" was still in progress and the new society emerging from it had not yet attained stability. Those were the days of the "young proletarian writers" (as they were called) whose immediate background was one of poverty and hardship. In becoming writers they did not perhaps greatly improve their material situation, but neither did their choice require undue sacrifices; at all events it meant a rise in the social scale. Now things have changed. The writer's material situation is at best precarious, and many other openings exist for the intellectually gifted. In our flourishing "meritocracy," almost anyone can attain a position of respectability and economic security; and those who feel an irresistible urge to write can be certain of finding some outlet for it. But it is hardly fortuitous that most of the new writers to emerge in recent years should have been men and women with academic training and no illusions about the literary profession. They bring to it a kind of Alexandrian subtlety, but not very much first-hand experience of life. The proletarian novel was merely an episode, if an interesting one, in the literary history of our time. Perhaps this may prove to some extent a universal trend, even if in most countries it is not as yet apparent....

I think that the key to the Swedish experience lies in the fact that, as Holmqvist points out, the emergence of the proletarian writers coincided with the so-called silent revolution. As with so much of Italian neo-realist writing after 1945, the subject-matter of the proletarian novelist was largely autobiographical or documentary. It seems probable that the basic dif-

[1] Professor Bernal was one of the "Western scientists" who, in the second year of the Korean War, when the Chinese were accusing the Americans of waging bacteriological warfare, certified that the charges were "scientifically" justified.

"I suppose," I said to him when we were chatting alone for a moment, "you deduced that from the incontrovertible fact that America is a capitalist country?". "No," he said, "as it happens, I analysed a fly...." "A fly?" I said. This was interesting. "No doubt you caught it yourself just as it was being dropped from an American aircraft? Was it carrying its birth certificate and its *curriculum vitae*? And why did you stop talking about bacteriological warfare the moment Chinese propaganda no longer needed it? Why do you never mention it now?"

He looked at me contemptuously with scorn in his eyes of the kind which the true believer reserves for the infidel.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ference between Swedish writing today and the so-called proletarian literature of the 1930s arises not so much from the younger generation's different social background as from the nature of their first-hand sources of experience which were scanty and soon exhausted. If this is correct, Holmqvist's argument is ambiguous because it presupposes that class is determined solely by economic factors. The Swedish educational system (under which secondary schooling is compulsory and access to institutions of higher learning relatively easy) breaks down or diminishes the barriers that used to separate the formally educated man or woman from the self-educated; but it cannot abolish differences of sensibility and mental outlook between people of the same class, nor can it "socialise" that special relationship between mind and reality in which every genuine vocation to art or literature has its root. Moreover, the spread of education has coincided with the prevalence of experimental forms in modern art, as also, at the opposite extreme, with a return to representational forms and classicism. The effort, therefore, of adjusting to his new milieu may easily lead an artist or writer of proletarian origin to adopt a language different from that of the ordinary people, his own former workmates included. He is then himself part of the cultural question-mark and not its answer.

NEVERTHELESS it would be absurd to deny that social factors do to some extent condition culture; equally, there would be no point in my venturing into the jungle of surveys and statistics that exist to prove it. For the purposes of my present argument I shall merely attempt to show that, in the sphere of the creation and perception of human artefacts, the relation of cause and effect is never constant, and may sometimes be actually reversed.

The story of mass education during the last hundred years is a case in point. When European liberals and democrats first launched their campaign against illiteracy, many conservatives were frankly terrified. The stability of the existing social order required that the poor should remain ignorant: of this the conservatives were convinced, and their conviction was shared, though from a diametrically opposite standpoint, by the revolutionaries of their day. "Education will set you free," the socialists of the First International used to preach to their audiences of illiterate working-men, "Knowledge is power." The premises of Italian labour organisations were frequently adorned with posters that depicted Progress as a woman with a lighted torch, the symbol of Education, dispelling the darkness of Ignorance and showing priests, in the shape of bats, put to flight by her approach. The most authoritative Catholic organ, *La Civiltà Cattolica*, which was (and still is) under the direct control of the Holy See, took this threat seriously and proceeded to denounce the idea of mass education. "So you want to have a better life?" it apostrophised the working classes. "Well then, work hard and keep away from vice. Production needs no books; what it needs are strong arms and willing hands." In 1876 the *Civiltà Cattolica* defined compulsory primary education as a "fearful threat to order and society."

For a while Education and Progress became synonymous terms. In the more backward regions of Europe, the spread of revolutionary ideas kept pace with that of education. We know from the Russian novel of the 19th century that the Tsarist police considered it a felony to teach peasants the alphabet without special permission, and schoolmasters guilty of this felony were deported to Siberia. A Spanish court of law sentenced Francisco Ferrer to execution by a firing-squad for having attempted to spread modern educational principles.

Only a few decades have passed, yet it is already plain that mass education has lost its magic and even some of its usefulness. How did this happen? To find the answer we need only glance at a newspaper stand or a bookshop window. Reading, like so much else, can serve not only to elevate the mind but also to debase it. Education is now widely regarded as a means to an end. The dream that leads many low-income families to cripple themselves financially with the fees of secondary or university education is that of seeing their children climb into the white-collar or professional classes.

EVEN TODAY there are backward parts of the world where to combat illiteracy is still frowned upon or regarded as outright subversive. But, generally speaking, the question of mass education is no longer a matter of controversy. Where controversy continues to rage is in the field of the mass media—cinema, radio, television. And, because it is virtually impossible to pass judgment on questions so complex and elusive, they are bound to remain controversial for some time to come. Anyone closely integrated in the life of

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a social group will find this abundantly confirmed by his own experience: he will soon observe that the influence exercised by the press, television, and advertising varies from person to person and that people sometimes remain entirely unaffected by them and change their attitudes for purely idiosyncratic reasons. I am not suggesting that the phenomenon as a whole should escape critical attention—only that any such appraisal is bound to be provisional and incomplete. Let me describe a few situations in which my personal experience has been at variance with the theories current among sociologists.

I have, for instance, always been inclined to take with a grain of salt those sad tales about the loneliness of country people who have migrated to the city. I will readily admit that occasionally one does meet lonely cases, but anyone who imagines them to be the general rule has never really experienced the patriarchal life of a rural society; nor can he have the faintest notion of how often life in one's native village, bedevilled by the ever-watchful eyes and malicious tongues of the neighbours, can become unbearable. Most of the peasants and country artisans who have settled in the city regard their present "solitude" as a merciful deliverance. For many of them it was a deliberate choice to come to the city even though leaving the village meant resigning themselves to a lower standard of living, especially where housing was concerned. The fact that, once they had settled down in the city, the first thing they did was to seek out other people from the same village, is no sure sign of homesickness. If things are going well, if a man who had never before driven anything more mechanical than a donkey-cart, now owns a little Fiat, if his daughter has a good job as salesgirl in a department-store, he will naturally want to recount these triumphs to an admiring audience. But these old neighbourhood gatherings take on a very different meaning when renewed in the city. Living at a safe distance from one's former neighbours, being free to choose those one likes and to avoid others, being able to conduct one's private life remote from prying eyes and wagging tongues—all this combines to give these new bonds of neighbourhood a very different character—freer and more spontaneous than the traditional *mores* of rural society. It is almost invariably the women who take the initiative of urging their fiancés or husbands to leave the village, for the principal victims (as well as the principal sources) of neighbourhood gossip are, of course, the womenfolk.

It is sometimes argued that, by fostering passivity, conformism, and mental lethargy, the mass media are a hindrance to free and democratic practices. This, I think, is unfortunately true and it is also true that they can pave the way for dictatorships. All the more reason, therefore, to value any evidence that points in the opposite direction.

It is, for instance, simply not a fact that the majority of people vote in accordance with the opinions of their daily paper or the views fed to them on television. In those European countries where there is a wide range of political parties, what happens is very often precisely the opposite. (One need only contrast the large readership of the famous Liberal newspapers with the handful who vote Liberal at election-time.) That seemingly docile and passive people have such reserves of psychological self-defence is something that deserves more attention than it has been so far accorded.

I FOUND unexpected confirmation of this in a social welfare project which was carried out in one of the mountain villages of my native region, the Abruzzi. One of the tasks assigned to the young social workers who conducted it was to put on two film shows each month for the benefit of the villagers: one for adults and one for children. They decided to begin with easy films and to proceed by gradual stages to more difficult and sophisticated ones. The original plan was that each performance should be followed by a discussion; but feeling that this might prove too much for the shy villagers they decided on a different approach. It would be better, they thought, if the people who came to see the film were first left alone to talk about it among themselves; later, one of the social workers would visit them in their homes and try to glean their comments and impressions.

Despite all the careful planning, the project proved a failure. The village people produced none of the responses that the social workers had anticipated. No little groups of spectators lingered on after the film-show to exchange views; nor could one overhear discussions of the film in the market-place or in the tavern. Reaction was nil. When one of the team finally ventured to express surprise at this strange lack of interest, a local inhabitant provided the explanation. "You know how it is," he said. "One sees so many different things nowadays."

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perhaps the future of the human race will ultimately depend on this instinctive tendency of human beings to resist indoctrination, however well-meant or disinterested it may be. "One sees so many different things nowadays"; but fortunately it is always possible, even while keeping one's eyes on one thing, to think about something else.

APPEARANCES, therefore, can often be deceptive. Up till a few years ago political problems used to arouse the most heated passions in our young Italians. Today, to be interested in such matters is to be no longer "with it." The younger generation have found other and more absorbing pursuits. Football pools, pop records, television and motor-cars have ousted politics from their conversation. This is undeniably a fact. But to avoid overestimating its significance one should pause to consider the real nature and extent of their previous "interest" in politics. For some years after the liberation of Italy, the whole of Italian society was involved in and dominated by politics to an altogether exceptional degree. For many people those were years of fear in which politically compromised officials were purged from their jobs, property was requisitioned by the Allied Military Government and fortunes were lost or made. They were also years of economic stagnation and widespread unemployment. That people flocked in such extraordinary numbers to join one or the other of the political parties, or its youth movement, or its women's movement, and worked actively in it, was a sign of the insecurity of personal and family life, of the growing role of the state in economic and professional matters, and that of party rule within the state. Membership of a political party was sought primarily as a kind of insurance policy, to avoid being "purged" or otherwise discriminated against by the new régime, and also, where possible, as a passport to climbing on to the right bandwaggon, getting a job, making a career.

The major political parties were consequently crowded with people who had no real interest in politics and to whom party programmes and party philosophy were a matter of supreme indifference. If a crisis occurred in the party leadership, the sole concern of these people was to remain on the side of the majority. Thus they came to provide a kind of ballast that guaranteed the stability of the party machine. But as the years went by, fear and insecurity gradually gave way to economic resurgence and, with it, the value of political opportunism began to fade. The change has been more clearly apparent in the younger generation simply because they could make it with fewer inhibitions than their elders. The Communist student organisation which dominated the major Italian universities throughout the post-war period, has now been dissolved. But even the hard core of Communist party leaders, in whom a genuine passion for politics has always been the driving force, are now beginning to show signs of a creeping scepticism to which Khrushchev's ideology of affluence has failed to provide an answer. Prosperity is all very well, they say: but then what?

A survey of the moral and religious state of Italian labour, conducted in 1960 by Catholic Action, would seem to confirm this process of regression. One priest who made a study of the workers in the Olivetti factory at Ivrea summed up his conclusions in these words:

> Today our Number One enemy is no longer Communism; Communism is suffering from exhaustion. Its propaganda has lost all incisiveness and has ceased to be effective. It has no causes to fight for. The mass membership and mass support that rallied to it fifteen years ago more out of *opportunism than conviction, have dwindled* away; all that remains is a small group of diehard party workers. . . . Today the Number One enemy in social as in religious questions is apathy and indifference.

To prevent further losses of membership and support, the Communist party stalwarts are behaving exactly like priests of some religious sect in a period of decline: they continue to enact the ancient ritual while regarding ideological heresy and laxity of conduct with an indulgent tolerance.

State & Society

MANY of the existing divergences of opinion about the affluent society arise from a divergence of viewpoints. One gets an entirely different impression of social reality according to whether one is observing it from without or whether one is actively involved in it. To contemplate it from an ivory tower, apart from being ridiculous, can only result in a distorted vision. The first requisite for understanding any society is that one should not feel alien to it. For better or for worse, this muddled world we live in is the only world we have, and we cannot

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

behave as though we were looking down at it from another planet. The only problem that really matters in the long run, even for intellectuals, is to know what line of conduct to pursue within the limits imposed by circumstances.

At the same time, we cannot remain indifferent to the concern being widely voiced by many thinkers and scholars about certain trends that have recently emerged wherever a society has become prosperous. Social security and mass civilisation lead to an increased alienation of the individual, to red-tapism, and passivity. But while these facts may give legitimate cause for alarm, they also show us where our responsibilities begin. We cannot adopt an attitude of fatalistic resignation merely because things go wrong. No predicament, however desperate, can deprive us of the power to act. Even in Hell (not that I believe in the existence of Hell, but supposing it did exist, and that it were assigned to us by Divine decree) what could we do but try to change it? This is why the current panic about the so-called "hidden persuaders" strikes me as absurd, irrespective of whatever its factual basis may be. It is argued that social and economic security abolishes, or at any rate diminishes, the element of risk, thereby abolishing or diminishing one of the incentives to enterprise. But what kind of risk are we talking about? Risk is a value only when freely accepted. Prior to the existence of social security legislation this was hardly the case of manual workers, liable as they were at any moment, through sickness or some other misfortune, to find themselves out of a job or actually in the gutter. No indictment of the drawbacks of prosperity is likely to inspire a nostalgia for poverty in anyone who has ever experienced it. Criticism of the affluent society is legitimate as long as it is aimed at such targets as indifference and self-complacency, as long as it serves to remind us that all progress must ultimately be gauged by the increase of man's freedom and moral stature. But it is wrong and absolutely indefensible if it belittles the importance of the partial victories over poverty that have already been won, and discourages the attempt to win them in under-developed countries that are still wrestling with the problems of hunger and disease.

The age we live in offers only one sane alternative to the catastrophic prospect of war: that of prosperity for all nations. Reading certain pessimistic diagnoses of the affluent society, one gets the impression that the authors have no conception of what it means to be really poor and miserable. The hedonism of the idle rich can be repulsive; but we should not forget that people who are deprived of life's necessities can be reduced to a state of animal obsession in which they can think of nothing else. If one is always having to worry about unemployment, the grocer's bill, the cost of getting one's shoes re-soled and how to keep warm, there is not much room left in one's mind for loftier ideas.

The brutish apathy to which people may nowadays be reduced by the misuse of leisure cannot be any worse than that which was formerly the lot of the manual labourer whose twelve-hour working day left him no leisure at all. The same may be said of the current complaints about social insurance. Its red-tapism is admittedly often deplorable; but the days are not so long past when a worker disabled by a factory accident was automatically reduced to beggary. Italian workers had a saying: "Better dead than disabled." Anyone visiting a shrine or place of pilgrimage in a Catholic country fifty years ago would have found there a swarm of unfortunate wretches, all of them blind or maimed or crippled, dragging themselves around in the dust, imploring alms; and had the visitor bothered to inquire into the origin of their injuries, he would have discovered that the majority of these beggars were factory hands or farm labourers who had been involved in accidents while on the job. Such memories, while they cannot, of course, justify the bureaucratisation and all the other shortcomings of socialised medicine, do nevertheless make it impossible to feel regret for the past. Similarly, while we may, and indeed must, deplore the conformism fostered by radio, television, cinema, the yellow press and advertising, we should never deplore it to the point of feeling nostalgic for illiteracy. The conformism born of poverty and total ignorance was incomparably worse. Belief in sorcery and witchcraft was hardly less indicative of mindlessness than the reading of strip-cartoons. Moreover, we need not even go very far back in history to point the contrast; in many of the ex-colonial countries of Africa and Asia, as in certain regions of Southern Europe and of South America, the grim realities of poverty are still there for all to see.

ALL THE CLAPTRAP about the virtues of poverty is an odious falsehood. But neither should we attach undue significance to the fact that, even with a background of economic security, some

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people continue to have grievances. If they complain of being unhappy, that is their affair, but then they have no right to expect that prosperity should bring them happiness. What we call happiness is a personal thing, almost always of brief duration, and well beyond the power of any social order to grant or to guarantee. All that can be expected even from the best possible social order is the abolition of such external obstacles as impede man's normal development: political tyranny, racial and religious discrimination, and all the other causes of inequality or injustice. Nothing more.

HERE WE MUST FRANKLY admit that once a country has reached, or is on the eve of reaching, prosperity, its situation tends to become pretty much the same whether its régime be New Deal Democrat, Social Democrat or Communist, and the foregoing strictures apply to them all. Equally it may be said that with the advent of prosperity, under whatever régime, the ideal of progress suffers a moral decline. Does it really make any difference to the life of a worker that he is employed by a State-owned rather than a privately-owned factory? A few courageous Polish revisionists have admitted that the "difference" is a piece of pious fiction. An ideal that, having claimed that it would transform the entire range of human relationships, lets its vision of the future dwindle to the boosting of production and consumption figures, has obviously relinquished its meaning. Its symbolical trappings—name, anthem, flag—become mere cultural relics, a mockery of the past.

The entire tone of intellectual life at the present time is adversely affected by the preeminence now universally accorded to production and consumption records and by the lack of any longer term perspective. (All things considered, it is no wonder that among Soviet writers the item whose consumption rate is soaring most rapidly should be vodka.) Jean-Paul Sartre tells us of a remark that was made to him by an official Soviet writer: "When the era of universal prosperity dawns, mankind will at last be confronted with the tragedy of its limitations." The Soviet writer's words would have been even more to the point if he had said: "Marxism will at last be publicly confronted with the tragedy of its limitations." In any case, the sentiment he expressed is an, as yet, only whispered confession of the intellectual bewilderment that has been spreading among the Russian intelligentsia ever since Khrushchev announced the imminence of the propitious-tragic event: the advent of prosperity for all. May the gods assist. In addition to all the obvious human reasons, we have one important intellectual reason for sincerely hoping that Khrushchev's prediction may be punctually fulfilled. Its realisation would give us all a single front on which to fight: criticism of the depersonalised, bureaucratic world. The mental outlook—a typically bourgeois one—of those self-styled revolutionaries who now run the lives of the Communist countries can already be seen in all its pettiness. Since their view of history was geared to the dynamism of the underprivileged masses, the threat of imminent prosperity has made them lose their bearings. Their ideology has shown itself to be threadbare at the very moment when it appeared to be close to victory. But what of the future?

The same question is already beginning to arise in some of the more advanced countries of the West, and as the spread of prosperity removes the sources of discontent, sooner or later it is bound to arise everywhere. Yet nothing could be more absurd than to suggest that this will mean the end of historical development. It is true that prosperity eliminates some of the toughest problems that have for centuries tormented human beings and driven them forward; yet, at the same time, it creates or revives others, particularly the problems of culture and society. No one in his senses is likely to expect that even the most widespread prosperity will fulfil Marx's utopian prophecy that mankind will eventually pass from "The kingdom of necessity to the realm of freedom...." It is impossible to think of a society which has not been born of certain given conditions or is without conflicts; all we can hope for is that the conflicts will be less inhuman and the conditioning factors lose some of their crudeness.

AT ANY RATE we know that technological progress does not automatically bring with it progress in culture or morals. It is a pity that many thinkers, by relegating to the sphere of individual psychology all evidence of this unequal development, ignore the dilemmas which arise from it. The typically bourgeois expedient of assuming everything connected with personal life to be a "private matter," and heaping it on the shoulders of the psychiatrist, the confessor or the pedagogue, is utterly pointless. Breathing,

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

too, is a "private matter," but it is not much use trying to breathe in an airless room which has no windows.

A clearer insight into this moral dilemma, with particular reference to the form it takes in countries where the standard of living is highest, has been shown by those intellectuals who maintain that the whole idea of progress needs re-thinking.

Some prospect of the future is indispensable to the mental balance both of the individual citizen and of society. But the term "progress," having latterly, and with good reason, become suspect, we nowadays tend to speak of "development," which conveys the idea of change without being loaded by value judgments. From Condorcet to August Comte and Marx, the concept of progress, in so far as it refers to the history of man, has been so often belied by events, that anyone venturing now to reaffirm it can at best hope to evoke compassionate smiles. We may still talk of progress in the natural sciences and technology, but not in the humanities, at any rate not if progress is assumed to be inevitable, for there can be nothing inevitable about matters involving the human mind and heart. There is now a general consensus of opinion that human behaviour is neither wholly conditioned nor wholly free. Under any and every régime, the course of human existence will continue to be beset by conflicts and struggles of which the outcome can never be certain. And the "progress" of civilisation will always be something to be fought for and never to be taken for granted.

With the coming end of the present phase of economic and political development which has brought prosperity to a number of countries, and in its wake the symptoms of fatigue, boredom, and apathy which are being so widely deplored, we are faced with the question how, in such circumstances, any idea of further progress can arise, and what kind of social dynamism will actuate it. For those who like to project their own desires into the future, the quest will present few difficulties. But in reality the shaping of a progressive ideal is always an extremely complex affair in which, around the nucleus of a principle opposed to the established order, there converge personal grievances, unsatisfied needs, material and moral demands of every kind.

There seems to be apprehension on all sides as to where the Soviet régime is leading Russia. In the early years after the Revolution, those who did not believe in the stability of the new régime used to talk of restoring the old order. But they have long since fallen silent: the Russia of today is no longer Holy Russia, and no restoration, not even a purely socialist one, could find room for the fifty million workers and technicians now employed by State industry. With all respect to the intellectual sagacity of Western Sovietologists, it must be said that they have badly failed us by refusing to look at Russia's future and suggest at least tentative alternatives. The same embarrassed reticence is to be found in the current phraseology of anti-Soviet propaganda. Thus, while the Soviet leadership, in home-spun sallies, enjoy predicting that, sooner or later, the West will come to a bad end, no Westerner dare to retaliate by drawing a horoscope of what is likely to become of the Chairman and his colleagues once every Soviet citizen is assured, not only of food, lodging and clothes but also of, say, a bicycle, to put it no higher.

The seeming tranquillity, even monotony, of life under régimes—whether of the Social Democrat or the Soviet type—which have attained a measure of social security, might lead one to think that in such an atmosphere the quest for a new principle of progress could only be arbitrary and artificial; but if one observes such régimes attentively from the inside one will soon notice significant symptoms of conflict. One such instance is the rivalry between politicians and technocrats, and it seems likely that this and other conflicts of the same kind will ultimately be absorbed into the more general antagonism that is now emerging between society and the bureaucratic state.

In totalitarian régimes this conflict is especially evident because the autonomy of the executive at the expense of society is frankly admitted to be a part of official policy. In the totalitarian state the spontaneity of social life is smothered, then revived and recast in the official mould. But the antagonism arises even where a liberal-democratic régime, without being formally abolished, drifts into a centralised bureaucracy. Despite the multiplicity of political parties and the freedom of the press, state control tends to invade all important sectors of public life, especially the economic sector, under the mask of socialism or socialised Christianity. Political

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parties, trades unions, cultural institutions too become bureaucratised and financially enslaved, and thus gradually removed from the direct control of their members.

This is not the place in which to discuss the beneficial part that bureaucracy played in co-ordinating individual effort and bringing the blessings of civilisation to certain backward parts of the world. It is true that efficient administration may yet have a part to play in underdeveloped countries whose preponderantly illiterate or semi-literate population is as yet unequal to the responsibilities of self-government. But whether these merits be genuine or exaggerated, there is no reason to assume that government by bureaucracy, even with the guarantee of social security, is the final, let alone the perfect, form of social organisation. Any such idea has already been disproved by events: wherever bureaucratic hegemony is most extensive, social re-thinking can be seen at its most intense. There can be no other rational explanation of the ferment that has, for some years now, been stirring in the new Soviet generation. As a result of industrialisation the opinion-making section of Russian society has grown vastly more important and complex, but it is still held fast in the straitjacket of an anachronistic state.

Thus, in the conflict between state and society is to be found the answer to the question: "And then what?" For this is the question that is now being asked both in countries where social reform has been gradual and peaceful, and in those governed by a Soviet type of régime. One answer one may safely predict is this: society will attempt to reclaim those of its functions which have been usurped by the state. In all probability the conflict will be long drawn-out and complicated. Two of the most significant factors for this gloomy forecast are that certain anti-state forces still exist within society; they are survivals of pre-capitalist times and may fairly be dubbed reactionary. Secondly, the condition of apathy to which mass civilisation has reduced the majority of people is not easily overcome. A society which has put itself to sleep will be slow in turning itself into a free and active community.

There would be no point in closing our eyes to these difficulties, but it would be equally mistaken to consider them insurmountable. The idea of progress is not properly re-thought if one merely gears it to new social pressures without human awareness being effectively involved in it. This is not an act of faith on my part: to realise the truth of it, all one need do is to acquire a tolerably up-to-date knowledge of political anthropology. Nothing is more misleading than to reduce the image of man to his digestive or sexual functions. Reality is more dramatic, more complex and more uncertain. Man is capable of revolt both under conditions of satiety and under conditions of want and oppression. Whoever denies this human faculty denies the dignity of man and equates him with the beasts of burden. Of course no law, divine or human, can guarantee that man's revolt will end in victory. But this is one of the risks it is his duty and privilege to take.

BUT WHETHER the conflict between State and Society be slow or rapid in its development, and whatever aspects it may assume in different environments, in seeking one's bearings it should not be difficult to discern the direction in which the hope of progress lies. All one need do is to hold fast to the ancient and well-tried criterion: in every age and in every kind of conflict, progress is to be found only in what promotes the freedom and responsibility of man individually and in his complex relationship with his fellow human beings.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leslie Fiedler

Greek Mythologies

Good-bye, Mrs. Papadopoulos, and thanks.

WALLACE STEVENS

IT IS 1968—a *new* year, everyone keeps insisting in the customary way, though there seems little to prove it—and I find myself ready, able to write about Greece at last. I have been trying in vain for some three or four months, ever since my week-long visit there last October, but somehow nothing would jell. It has not been a matter of new facts contradicting old impressions; whatever has happened in the interim has been only too predictable. No surprises, alas, and that is part of the trouble. But we have, in the last week or two, reached the end of the first stage of the year-old "Revolution," its initial triumph; and it will be a while before anything very decisive happens, beyond a series of recognitions. The United States recognises you, dear Papadopoulos, Pattakos and company, Turkey recognises you, *etc., etc.* But I recognised you long since—for whatever that's worth.

THE INVISIBLE REVOLUTION.—Even before I arrived in Athens last October, I knew that what its proponents call the "Revolution" and its enemies the "Dictatorship" would be invisible, since all newspaper accounts and magazine articles had been telling me so ever since 21 April. And why not? Every authoritarian revolution is invisible, even the bloodiest, once it is over—except in films and on TV and in dreams; and this had been bloodless, had it not, uncustomarily bloodless for a country where violence is traditional? A few heads battered by the fists of cops behind prison walls and on remote islands, as they are every day in the detention cells of the best-run countries; but no street-fighting, no firing squads, no assassinations. There had been political arrests, to be sure, but they had been made discreetly, with a minimum of fuss; and when had Greece been without political prisoners in the memory of living men? (Events since my visit, the general amnesty and various individual deals, have, in fact, brought the number down again close to the number of Communist "criminals" confined off and on ever since the end of the Civil War in 1948.)

At any rate, even back then in October I had determined not to let the invisibility of it all tease me into speculation, as it had almost everyone else on the scene, whether professional commentators or casual observers. I was returning to Greece, to a place I had loved, not to study the nature of revolutions, but to look for old friends, to talk and condole, to discover how it really was with them, to help a little if possible—but not, God forbid, to analyse anything. Leave that to the experts, or in their customary default, to the journalists.

But I found everything apparently *so* much the same that finally I could not believe any of it. It was as if I had walked into a Nazi concentration camp at the moment the imprisoned Jews were being forced to act out peaceful roles for the benefit of a visiting Red Cross Team; or had fallen into a Science Fiction movie in which disguised Martians were going through, letter-perfect, the routine of a day in a Midwestern American small town, to deceive some wary investigator; or had stumbled on a village in a fairy tale or a whimsical musical comedy, whose long-dead inhabitants were rising to reenact their former lives. The living dead, play-actors—it was as much something in me, I suppose, as in the scene, but I could not help feeling it all unreal: from the lean moustached men bent over the backgammon boards in the working-class cafés, to the bourgeois papas in dark glasses ordering gooey ice-creams, called

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Buffalos or Chicagos, at the outdoor tables in Kolonaki Square. "The Bidet of the Ass" irreverent left-wingers call that oddly shaped plaza of the rich; and returning to it, I remembered some verses I had written, five or six years before, when I was living in Athens, verses commenting on the inhabitants of that neighbourhood and ending: "Their ends are cleaner than their means."

Back in those days life in Athens seemed a constant occasion for satire; and scarcely anyone resisted from the now-celebrated Helene Vlachou to Minos Argyrakis, a Greek painter and caricaturist who had caught the absurdity of it all in a brutal and tender book of cartoons called *Street of Dreams*. But now it seemed as if those who had unwittingly sat for him were, quite as unwittingly, using his caricatures as models, or worse, had become those caricatures —which is to say, remained everything they had always been minus the freedom to become something else. And even after a day or two, when I had myself moved into that Argyrakis tableau, I found it scarcely more credible, only myself somewhat less.

To remain a tourist is to enjoy the sense of super-reality which tickles an audience at a play; but soon, soon I felt myself only another unreal actor—whether in a *taverna* under the Acropolis, listening to the familiar sounds of *bouzoukia* and drunken laughter, or on top of that shockingly pink rock, trying hard not to listen to the equally familiar garrulous old Athenian turning it all into English banalities for the sake of visiting American cousins. Moonlight or sunlight, I was licked either way. What had been the use of warning myself in advance: believe only what you see and hear, trust only your senses, forget the abstractions and the slogans; for my senses seemed finally no more trustworthy than the politicians, right or left.

Fleeing the city when day came, I would find myself in the country, eating grilled eggplant with garlic sauce, perhaps, among pines and in a wild rout of children hesitating between tears and laughter; or there I would be once more on the beach at Asteria, feeling the sand warm between my fingers, and watching through half-closed eyes the hairy bellies of the paddle-ball players, barely aware that I was hearing the sound of the Aegean behind their grunts and the recurrent ping of hard rubber on wood. But none of it was quite real, not the tastes, nor the smells, nor the sounds. Not even the sea.

HELLENIC-AMERICAN UNION.—And so I sought the other Greece to which, willy-nilly, I had belonged as a first-time tourist in 1957, as a Fulbright Professor in 1961–62: America in Greece. "America is behind it all," my Greek friends had begun to assure me from the moment I stepped off my plane. "Look for the State Department, the C.I.A." And, indeed, one could hardly avoid seeing America everywhere, our people among their people, as always since the times of Truman, tourists and soldiers and diplomats; as well as our monuments among theirs: the Athens Hilton looking down on the Parthenon with the drying trickle of the Ilisos River running through its basement, and the quite lovely white Embassy looked at by no one. What interested me especially, however, was a brand-new crop of Fulbright exchange scholars and students, who had arrived almost at the same moment as I, and had been herded, it seemed, directly from shipboard into a cramped little classroom in the new quarters of the Hellenic-American Union for "orientation," *i.e.*, their first lesson in Greek mythology.

That lesson, I learned, I was quite welcome to attend, so long as I brought no Greek friends along—presumably because they had mythologies of their own, or, at least, were likely to be bugged by ours. But listening to the experts, whether on loan from our own Embassy or borrowed from proper Greek institutions, I found myself feeling less real than ever in the world of words and statistics. The faces of the speakers were real enough, like the heads of the listeners in the row before me, but they kept talking and talking: a grave bloodless face, obviously bred on our own prairies, saying, "... some improvements in various sectors of the economy over recent years, though others continue to lag behind...." And then a darker, more animated one, shaped in the very streets from which the noise of traffic ascended, confiding, "You will avoid frustration if you manage to remember that Greeks give loyalty not to a cause or a nation, but to the family and proved friends of the family...."

It was not that these commonplaces were lies or even utterly beside the point, merely that they might have, probably had been said the year before and the year before that; and that they were spoken so objectively, so detachedly. So I got out; but in the hallway outside, things were no better, since I found myself in a covey of fresh-faced girls from Swarthmore or Bryn Mawr or wherever, preparing to begin their

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Junior Year Abroad with a trip to certain archaeological sites in the Peloponessos. And I imagined some crippled old veteran of a hundred digs and a score of cave-ins rising from, say, the bath-tub of Menelaus to greet them, secure in the knowledge that—in his scale of time—nothing of any importance had happened recently. And when I turned from the girls, there was the bulletin board announcing plans for a gala celebration of ten years of officially sponsored Hellenic-American friendship.

A few of the Fulbrighters, I could hear even through the closed doors to which I had turned my back, were asking what they surely hoped were embarrassing questions about the "Revolution." But I was certain that they would succeed only in embarrassing themselves; since those in charge of their orientation did not really care, seemed somehow not to need to care. And even the questioners, perhaps, only worked at caring, which was something, to be sure. But, after all, NATO still stood firm; they themselves had arrived on schedule and were being processed according to plan; there would be coffee in ten minutes, a cocktail party that night.... They could, moreover, maintain the illusion that what they did as scheduled they wanted to do. And in this respect, I, too, was fortunate; as were our French and Russian and English colleagues, busy no doubt playing similar games. At the British Council, for instance, the head of the mission was preparing to begin his customary lectures on English linguistics, and his assistant was preparing a talk on the influence of China on the thought of Ancient Greece.

But for the Greeks, *all* Greeks, even the most non-political, it was different; since they had lost irretrievably the illusion that, if only they wanted to, they could do something different from going through the old notions—something radically, shockingly different. *If only they wanted to*. Nothing more than an illusion perhaps; but to lose this illusion (it came to me at that moment) is to lose everything that freedom means to most non-political men, which is to say, to most men most of the time. And if this kind of freedom is quite as invisible as the "Dictatorship" or the "Revolution" itself, it is also quite as real.

GOING TO THE MOVIES.—But there I was analysing, after all; and so, in self-defence, I decided to go to the movies, to a bad American movie with Greek sub-titles. It was *Luv*, let me report for the record, with poor Jack Lemmon cruelly mis-cast, and Elaine May prisoner of a medium she obviously did not understand. But at least there was not another American in the house beside my wife and me, or anyhow so it seemed when the lights came up at the intermission, and everyone buried himself in a copy of some censored local newspaper. And that was a help. Besides which going to the movies had been for us and the Greeks we knew and loved best in the days before the Junta a way of defying official culture, tourist culture—since it involved *not* going to the latest archaeological reconstruction of Classic Drama, depressingly over-acted by Minotis, Paxinou, and company in an amphitheatre equally depressing and reconstructed, and a tongue even more so.

Ancient Drama is performed in contemporary Greece neither in the tongue spoken by the writers who composed it nor that used by those who come to see it—but in a *third* Greek, an artificial language called the *katharevousa*. Invented by patriotic pedants after the defeat of the Turks, the *katharevousa* re-introduces certain inflectional endings fortunately lost in the course of history, readjusts shifted accents, and substitutes certain old words for others more recently borrowed from languages never spoken by Pericles or Plato. It is used not only in all "official" literature, but in newspapers as well (except for those under Communist influence) and has been made the language of instruction in the upper schools and the University of Athens; though at the high-school level at least, inspectors must constantly snoop to be sure that teachers do not lapse into the *demotiki* which they use everywhere except in the classroom.

Demotic Greek, however, though presumably relegated to the home and the primary school, has disconcertingly become the language of modern literature, preferred by all distinguished poets and novelists since the time of Palamas and Cavafy, or Kazantzakis and Myrivilis. Recently, there have been attempts, chiefly under Ministers of Education from the Centre Parties, to begin the gradual replacement in the University of Athens (Salonika has made the shift long since) to replace the purified tongue by the demotic one—gradually enough not to offend anyone. But, characteristically, one of the first acts of the new régime has been to re-institute the *katharevousa* as the sole language of higher learning; thus maintaining for another couple of decades at least an impassable gap between

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

living Greek culture and the University. But though the Junta can keep professors from speaking demotic in the academy, they cannot persuade the popular arts to follow suit, any more than they can persuade the high arts to do so; and, indeed, in Greece, there has long been a strange marriage of the two.

Certainly, films speak *demotiki* to the eye, whatever the language of sound-track and subtitles, which may explain in part why—in Greece, as in other European countries still under or recently emerged from dictatorships—movies are not merely a fad, but a necessary passion of dissident intellectuals. I remember quite clearly, in any case, the sense of having joined an unsuspected underground which moved me, when, on my second night as a resident in Athens, I found myself diverted from the latest production of the National Theatre to a showing of Robert Flaherty's *Nanook of the North*. Flaherty may have been a Canadian, a North American, but the languages of pop culture—in music, on film, in comic books or picture magazines—though often American in origin, are truly demotic, and therefore comprehensible without benefit of translation to any people which has grown weary of a required official tongue.

Had we been aware of this, the American Embassy and I need not have been as embarrassed as we were in 1961 over the political content of D. W. Griffith's *The Birth of a Nation*. The American Cultural Officer had been persuaded to sponsor a showing of that film by an Athenian left-wing Ciné Club; and I had foolishly agreed to preface it with some apologetic nonsense about how its anti-Negro sentiments were cancelled out by Griffith's influence on Eisenstein, the historical importance of his use of the close-up, *etc., etc.* Nothing could have been more beside the point; for at 10.30 that bright Sunday morning, the whole crowd of Greek Marxists were on their feet cheering the timely arrival of the Ku Klux Klan as Black rape threatened White womanhood. And walking the sun-drenched streets afterward, I had begun to perceive how those Greek intellectuals had grasped what I was missing: that what Griffiths had achieved had nothing to do with his sentimentality over the defeat of the Confederacy. His borrowed fable about the Klan had provided only an occasion for his truly subversive intent: to discover a language capable of declaring allegiance to fantasy and the future, rather than history and the past.

By the time I had worked this out fully, however, my insights were out of date; since between 1962 and 1967, as I discovered on my return, Greece had moved from the Age of Cinema to that of TV. And this time, the friends who had originally led me astray by turning me from Sophocles to Flaherty, talked me into letting dinner and high culture wait as we watched in the half-darkness of the living-room the latest episode of *The Saint*. And though everyone hushed before the little screen on which virtue flickeringly triumphed over scarcely distinguishable vice had, just a moment before, been cursing the coup of the Colonels and talking about expatriation, what we were seeing apparently came to us with the blessing of those very Colonels. After all, there are only two television stations in Greece, one directed by the Government, the other sponsored by the Army; and whichever was bringing us the adventures of Simon Templar represented the will of the Junta.

THE TWO POP CULTURES.—None the less, current pop culture poses a difficult problem for the Colonels, as, indeed, do all cultural gifts from the West—without which they know they cannot survive, and yet which they feel as potential threats. The very notion of a Greek tradition by which they justify their régime has come to them as a residue of mid-19th-century Western pop culture: what the popular imagination had made out of the sentimental Hellenism of English Romantic poetry and the mythicising philology of German amateur archaeologists. Not for nothing does a portrait of Goering hang on the walls of the *Belle Helene* near Mycenae; the Nazis shared a mythology with its excavators. But contemporary pop culture is quite another matter, since it denies both the past and nationalism, myths essential to the new régime.

The Junta is aware that it needs TV, as all modern states need it, to publish its lies and to teach its subjects to love boredom; but TV produces at least one disquieting by-product. Once it has captured all other forms of entertainment from radio, that next-to-the-last popular medium makes electronic pop music its staple (even finally the BBC!). But such music the men who presently rule Greece seem to find ambiguous at least; and the life-style which it celebrates and sustains clearly strikes them as

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

abhorrent. Men of their class and temperament, petty-bourgeois on the rise, had trouble enough in the recent past with the older pop music of Greece, those basically Near Eastern tunes performed on the *bouzoukia*, the guitar and the mandolin, or sung through portable mikes by fat moustached ladies on impossibly high heels. When it was for males only they found it tolerable at least, ignoring the homosexual implications of men at opposite ends of a handkerchief performing acrobatics for each other's pleasure; but banning the frankly heterosexual Belly Dance found in "Greek Cabarets" everywhere in the world except in Athens.

But even under such restrictive conditions, they were made uneasy by the squalid lives of the musicians, especially of certain ageing virtuosi of the *bouzoukia* who smoked hashish and voted Communist. And they were even more appalled by the kind of young man who liked to dance to their music with, say, a table between his teeth and his hands held delicately to his hips: the *mangas*. Sometimes they even called the cops to round up the oldsters in their hangouts, or the youngsters on street-corners, defiantly uniformed as if to make identification easy—one sleeve of their jacket hanging loose from the shoulder, and a knife thrust into the red tie worn in lieu of a sash around their waists. *"Tentyboys,"* their enemies were calling such kids during the time I lived in Greece, meaning, of course, "Teddy Boys," since at that period the youth culture was felt to be English. And I remember how at Carnival time, when loudspeakers blared in the streets of Plaka, where the processions formed, *"Tentyboyismo"* was strictly forbidden.

Whatever real repression there was affected only a lunatic fringe, since at the centre home-grown demotic music had become respectable, *i.e.*, financially successful. And that success was due almost entirely to the efforts of two highly talented musicians, Theodorakis and Hadjidakis, who divided the pop scene between them: Theodorakis taking its left-wing, political side, and Hadjidakis its *mangas*, homosexual side. Together they plundered the high literature of the most recent Greek past: the Communist Theodorakis quite inconsistently setting certain verses by Seferis, Eliotic poet and Ambassador to Britain under a Right-Wing government; while the non-political, Centrist if anything, Hadjidakis was drawing on the poetry of that wild and mysterious Surrealist, Nikos Gatsos. Pop art and serious poetry had discovered they spoke a common language; and for a while, no entertainment could draw a mass audience in Athens without the collaboration of one or other of the two musicians who had presided over their union—whether a production of Pirandello's *Tonight We Improvise,* or the first full-scale all-Greek musical comedy, or a new version of Aristophanes' *The Birds.*

It was an American, however, or rather an ex-American who found for Theodorakis and Hadjidakis the world market, thus striking a simultaneous blow for himself and Greek tourism. It was Jules Dassin, of course, that refugee from New York, Hollywood and McCarthyism, who—joined in a fortunate partnership with Melina Mercouri—drafted first Hadjidakis (to do the music for *Never On Sunday*), and then Theodorakis (to do the musical background for *Zorba the Greek*). It was the former, in which Dassin himself plays the sort of naïve Mid-western American who exists only in such expatriate fancies as his own, and Melina camps an equally false version of a Piraeus whore, which captured the imagination of half the world and gave to new Greece a new national anthem, Hadjidakis' "The Children of Piraeus." Theodorakis, despite the success of the movie version of Kazantzakis' belated 19th-century melodrama, had to await being cast in a stellar role by the Colonels themselves before he existed internationally; and even now his *Myrtia* moves only a politically educated minority.

But Hadjidakis needed no arrest (a cautious man, he has kept buttoned up and out of sight ever since April), nothing except the aid of Dassin and Mercouri to strike a blow for *ouzo, bouzoukia* and Greek dancing—thus persuading Americans in flight from the remnants of puritanism at home to come to a country in fact more grimly puritanical than their own, though mythologised by Dassin's film into a hedonist utopia; and underwritten, as it were, by a visit from Jacqueline Kennedy and her friends. This hedonist version of themselves some Greek puritans, at least, were prepared not merely to endure but to sponsor—for export, be it understood, and in locales intended chiefly for the tourist trade. It was simple enough, involving little more than changing the name of a few taverns to "The Children of Piraeus" and making sure that there were bands on the docks playing the single tune from *Never on Sunday* that most tourists already knew. And it worked spectacularly—as this year's convention of tourist agents from all over the world (held

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the first time in Athens) has attested, even after the coming of the dictatorship.

Before 1960 or so, Greece had been dying out of the imagination of the West: the long struggle against the Turks a half-forgotten fact of history, and the monuments of antiquity an insufficient draw. Delphi and Olympia, Mycenae and the Acropolis are at best daylight attractions; and even with the aid of the most appalling *son et lumière* effects, fail to attract tourists after dark. Not modern American tourists, at any rate, who, unlike their ancestors, come not to the shrines of culture (the high art pilgrimage persists only as a side-trip), but in pursuit of pleasure. Fortunately for Mediterranean Chambers of Commerce, however, they are quite as prepared to believe that pleasure is always somewhere other than home, as their grandparents were to believe that cultural "uplift" is invariably elsewhere. And the Greeks have caught on quickly, as they had to if they were not to perish.

A nation of merchants, they were caught by the 20th century without any really appealing modern goods—only the same old currants and olives, pistachios and sponges, plus a ruined temple or two with, perhaps, the forged signature of Byron on a broken column. But suddenly it has become clear to them that they can sell their fished-out seas as seas; their arid, deforested hills (on which they cannot manage to build efficient factories) as hills; that they can sell their scenery and sunlight, their motherland and themselves, so long as they keep singing and dancing and drinking in ways which tourists find "quaint," *i.e.*, ways that are less and less relevant to the world which they, as well as the tourists, actually inhabit.

Tourism is, after all, as inevitable an industry for a bourgeoisie with a rudimentary technology, as Puritanism is a religion. Moreover, tourism satisfies a deep Greek need to have someone else, someone from alien Europe or even more alien America, verify their Greekness —assure them that they are really Greek. Or maybe it is an even more fundamental desire which possesses them: the longing to be convinced that they exist at all for someone other than their own scant eight million selves.

FROM NIGGER CULTURE TO YOUTH CULTURE.—In the heyday of Theodorakis and Hadjidakis, certain Greeks discovered that to exist for Europe and the 20th century it was not necessary for them to seem Europeans or 20th-century men. Quite the contrary, what was demanded was that they continue to act out certain 19th-century versions of themselves, dancing and singing, eating and drinking as they had learned to do under their former Turkish masters. The words they sang were, to be sure, in their own preserved tongue and confessed long-suppressed dreams, but they were the words and dreams of dispossessed slaves, performed on the instruments and to the rhythms of their oppressors.

Never mind the real political hatred of the Turks which stirs all classes of Greeks; the Turk lives on, like a hated father, in the unconscious of them all. And what is released by alcohol and music is the "darky," the "nigger" they learned to be under Ottoman oppression: shuffling and singing and "strummin' on the ole banjo," quite like the Negroes of America in the first decades after their emancipation—indeed, as late as Louis Armstrong. Asked for a jacket commentary on Elia Kazan's novel about Greek emancipation, *America, America,* James Baldwin was moved to write, "Gadge, baby, you're a nigger, too," which is precisely the point. But the contemporary Greek not merely is but *plays* the "nigger," camps his role; and while this has produced splendid music all the way from, say, Tzitzanis (a sort of Art Tatum of *bouzoukia*) to Hadjidakis (clearly its Duke Ellington), it is psychologically and politically a disabling game.

For a while, to be sure, playing the "darky" seems to have served for some Greeks at least a useful function: emancipating them from emancipation, as it were, that is, releasing them from the pressure of becoming too quickly and too completely up-to-date Westerners—or worse, enduring the indignity of living without an essential definition, their old one gone, their new one not yet invented. After all, a long time may have elapsed between the beginning of the 1960s and the start of the revolution against the Turks; but only a few decades have passed since the last of those who presently call themselves Greeks escaped Turkish rule in the final great exchange of populations. For the generation which came of age in the '60s, however, these old necessities no longer operate. As early as 1961–62, they were twisting as if they had never danced any other way to French records and Italian and English.

But it must have been a rude shock to their

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parents, to a generation which looked to Europe chiefly in search of High Culture, to discover their children living, even making their pop culture: to wake up one morning and find a Rock and Roll group made up of Greek boys, as well as the sons of visiting American professors of Greek, had taken over the Top of the Athenian Pops. They themselves may have learned to love jazz and dig Jean Harlow movies —even without condescension at last; but they did not actually blow the one any more than they acted in the other. And they had never ceased to be aware, on some level, that what "nigger" culture lay behind such music and such unreal blondeness was someone else's, a foreign import from the ultimate pole of the West.

But the new pop culture was truly international, a common ground on which "beats" from abroad and home-grown *mangas* could meet. And it had been brought to Greece not just on records or by visiting bands who came and went under official and commercial auspices, but by self-appointed ambassadors, some of whom just passed through on their way to *kibbutzim* in Israel or *ashrams* in India and Ceylon, but some of whom had come to stay. Long before the Colonels took over, certain long-haired, be-sandalled new pilgrims had established colonies on the islands of Mykonos and Hydra, as well as on the very slopes of the Acropolis.

Allen Ginsberg, the most celebrated of them all, may have paused only briefly on his way to illumination elsewhere, but he had stayed long enough to dig the boys and men dancing in the crummy juke-box joints of the Polygono; the poet Alan Anson, fresh from Peggy Guggenheim's circle in Venice, had settled into Athens; the continuity for the daily *Superman* strip was being written on Mykonos; and Leonard Cohen, not yet known as a writer of folk-songs, lived for a long time on Hydra, perhaps writing there one or another of those songs, or even his wildly gross and elegant novel, *Beautiful Losers*, which, in any case, occasionally abandons its Canadian demotic for guidebook Greek. Such new wanderers in search of vision —new *Bacchanti* and *Bacchantae*—Greek members of the older Puritan dispensation feel to be dangerous, sources of infection for their young who, joining them, would presumably become part of an International youth culture, and cease to be Greeks at all.

Like all really good Puritans, the petty-bourgeois who now rule Greece know that some dionysiac release is necessary for mental health. But traditionally they have confined such breakouts to drunken week-ends, and especially to two holidays per year—the Wine Festival in the autumn, and Carnival in the earliest spring: either side of icy winter. Moreover, they insist that it be their own familiar Dionysos who is honoured in excess—the Dionysos who long ago came to them out of the East and has long since been naturalised. A Dionysos out of the West unnerves them, for from that direction they expect only technology, money, and philhellenic poetry; and forgetting that Dionysos must always be a stranger, they repeat mythological history, by calling the cops, as Euripides' play, *The Bacchae*, reminds us they did in the beginning too.

In a way, it is misleading that Theodorakis was among the first arrested and the longest confined by the repressive new régime, and that his songs have been banned in the *tavernas*; since—despite his political commitments—all that he represents culturally is acceptable to the Colonels, compatible with their desire to retreat from the 20th century. And they, therefore, mean it when they say through their comic spokesman, Pattakos, that there is no reason why he should not be released, as, doubtless, he will be shortly,[1] to make songs for the "Revolution." But he *happened* to have been a Communist, to have been known as a Communist; otherwise, he might have remained as free as Hadjidakis.

Ironically enough (if Greek rumour, always so consistent and ordinarily right, can be believed) he was about to break from the Party just before the coup came; and one can sympathise with his bewildered complaints—not nearly so disingenuous as they seem at first glance, amounting in effect to the plea: "Look, it is Seferis whose words I have made into songs, a Nobel Prize winner, a writer of O.K. demotic, brother-in-law of a Right-Wing Cabinet Minister, so why am I in prison? After all, my music delights the tourists in the *tavernas*, and they couldn't care less what the words say. Besides which, Zorba the Greek dances to my tunes on the screens of the whole world—and everyone loves the sentimental belated 19th-

[1] He has been, indeed—emerging from confinement to explain that he had *not* been tortured, as reported; but had set four new Seferis poems.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

century novel out of which he comes, whatever the politics of its late author, who lies safely buried, in any case, under the inscription: *I was a free man. I believed nothing....*"

THE DEATH OF DIONYSOS.—The real enemy is the young, the untidy irreverent young; and the Junta's campaign against beards, long hair, and mini-skirts is essential not accidental; for it represents the onslaught on the living Dionysos. But (let me confess at this point, so that my own bias, my own Greek mythology be known) it was in quest of Dionysos that I returned to Greece, since he had still survived when I departed—or at least I had sensed everywhere behind the dusty Balkan façades of the cities the survival of something subversive and beautiful for which I knew no other name. Not only in the clefts of mountains and on lonely heights, but at the hearts of bureaux and crowded squares, it. he persisted; and all the scrubbing and polishing and laundering of clothes and cars and shoes, compulsive, almost ritual throughout Greece, seemed a vain attempt to exorcise him. No people in the world is tighter, tauter, grimmer—because none knows better what it means to be possessed.

Or perhaps I only deceived myself because the first night of my year-long stay I found myself re-telling the story of the *Bacchae* in a basement restaurant, and before a month was out had been described in a newspaper story as "*Dionysos Xenos*"—a foreign Dionysos, as if there could be any other kind. But God knows I had been *no* kind of Dionysos before; and was, therefore, startled to find myself at Carnival time draped in a bedsheet that made do for a robe, a wreath of plastic grapes and grape-leaves in my hair—and to wake the morning after with six hours lost forever and an unexplained black eye. I remembered, however, some of those who had moved with me out of my Plaka house into the mad streets, and it was for them that I looked, coming back, or trying to. But Minos Argyrakis, who had done drawings for my walls, satyrs wearing the faces of friends chasing small girls through the woods, was nowhere to be found—escaped someone thought to Paris, after having hidden out for some weeks, perhaps really in danger, perhaps enjoying the melodrama of it all, but self-exiled in any case.

And Vasisilis Vasilikos was gone, too, who only a few days before that climax of Carnival had won the Prize of the Twelve (much to everyone's surprise) with a trilogy that took Greek fiction into the full 20th century for the first time, a sort of Kafka-esque fantasy beginning with the building of the first modern apartment house in Salonika. He had insulted all surviving older writers in his first flush of enthusiasm, calling them "frozen meat," and had later moved closer and closer to the Communists, so that I scarcely expected to come on him anywhere in Athens except in jail. But I remembered him that night lying, fantasising, joking—about his earlier ill-fated attempt at emigration to America, about his journey ahead now that he no longer needed to help the compositor set up his books and to deliver them by hand in packets of fives and tens, trudging from bookstore to bookstore. For a moment he stood there poised between the guilt of failure and that of success, needing in the full flush of Carnival no politics at all, only joy. What wonder, then, that *Never On Sunday* moved into our party: Despo, who plays the fattest whore in the centre of the group of three that walk the streets of the film, entering in costume along with the boy who played the sailor charmed out of his impotence by Melina Mercouri.

Despo I could not find. She was in America still, somebody guessed, since she had been in the musical version of Dassin's film in New York along with Mercouri, when the latter had taken her stand against the Colonels: a myth disavowing the land of its birth. But the boy was there still, though elevated out of sight, having made it to the position of number one screen idol and having married his female opposite number, the insufferable Aliki something or other, who seems capable of charming no one out of impotence. And though at first it was the missing who moved me most toward despair, those who had departed bearing with them whatever dionysiac vision they had been granted: in the end, those who remained to compromise or fritter away their share of that vision made me even sadder—Karolos Koun, for instance. I had never really come to know that talented director of the Art Theatre in Athens (to whom some mythological glamour accrued because he had discovered and trained Melina Mercouri), but I had much admired what of his work I had seen: his productions of Ionesco's *Rhinoceros*, Brecht's *The Ascent of Arturo Ui*, and especially his adaptation of

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Aristophanes' *The Birds*, so wickedly modernised that it had been banned by the personal intervention of a Cabinet Minister in the days of Karamanlis.

One would have expected to find the producer of Ionesco and Brecht vociferous in opposition, perhaps in flight. But though he had been safely in England when the *coup* came, there he was back home again, broadcasting over the official radio, defying the movement to boycott the theatres in protest against the régime (drama being still to Greeks the living image of their suffering selves) and preparing, at the moment of my arrival, to present Pirandello's *Right You Are If You Think You Are*. There are ironies implicit in the choice, deliberate ironies, I suspect; for Pirandello, too, chose to prosper under *his* dictatorship, and the title of the play makes a kind of wry commentary on the righteousness of the Junta. But Koun's decision implies resignation, too, a cynical acceptance of the régime as already established and therefore to be endured, with only the private protest of in-group jokes, for a long time to come. And this attitude I found, alas, not only widely shared but finally quite infectious.

For a while, however, I resisted the temptation to despair in favour of pursuing Dionysos further by seeking out the survivors of that earlier incursion out of the West, the generation of Lawrence Durrell and Henry Miller, who had come and gone before I had ever seen the Aegean. But how dull the streets seemed as I wandered from the Brazilian Coffee Bar along past the sidewalk tables of Zonar's and Flocca's. All the mad, randy, seedy kids from abroad in their extravagant get-ups gone; scarcely a bearded boy to be seen or a male head of shoulder-length hair, only the most conventional of tourists, clinging to guidebooks and the *Athens Daily News*, as they fought off the pedlars of pistachio nuts and sponges. And then the Greeks themselves, pursuing an afternoon walk more like a duty than a pleasure, some bearing flowers in honour of somebody's Name Day, but none betraying the least sign of joy—only satisfaction that there was no threat of disturbance in the streets, no more rioting students or unseemly foreigners. Even the children looked grim, trained from the first day of school to know what is "proper," what not; and obviously ready at a moment's notice to write with their fingers on the side of an automobile not polished to a high sheen, *I need a bath*.

I SAW NO familiar faces (only the shadow, the ghost, it seemed of Nikos Gatsos flitting by behind me, intent on not being recognised), not even the pimp whom I used to pass every day as I walked from my house to the University, and who would pick up my heart by calling out, "*Giachara*," which is to say, health and joy. But it was not towards the University that I was headed this time, a melancholy place even in its palmy days, a battleground between bullying professors and cheating students, dedicated to opening wider and wider the distance between the culture one lived and the culture one studied. Shortly after I myself had left, John Holloway had withdrawn in the midst of his term as Byron Professor, recommending that no replacement be sent until radical changes occurred. And radical changes had, in fact, been made under the Colonels, but all—predictably, predictably—in the wrong direction. Not only had the *katharevousa* been re-imposed, but the examination lists had been tampered with (in favour of students coming from politically reliable families), and thirteen professors were under pressure,[2] about to be suspended. No, it was toward Apotsos that I was headed—a tiny café with two womb-sized, womb-dark rooms decorated with old biscuit-tins and pre-World War I British advertising posters: the place I had been taken on my very first trip to Greece in 1957 to drink my first *ouzo* in honour of Durrell and Miller who used to meet there.

It was Katsimbalis I hoped to find, most extraordinary of Greek self-mythicisers, whom Miller had celebrated in *The Colossus of Maroussi*, and whom I had been told stalked the place still, fulminating against the Junta and especially against his old friend Seferis for maintaining a silence which seemed not merely to suffer but to endorse that régime. When I had met Katsimbalis some five years before, he was already old enough to seem only a rather good imitator of his real self; but his wit and energy were still potent enough to encompass the miseries of recent Greek history, and to make them seem—for a moment at least—if not occasions for joy, at least insufficient occa-

[2] Finally, the number has mounted, forty-nine in all being fired by a régime to which "Professor" is an even dirtier word than "General."

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sions for abandoning it. He had been talking, I remember (after some reminiscences of "Larry & Henry" in the whorehouses of Athens) about the Nazi occupation of Greece, and had launched finally into a hilarious anecdote about reprisals and hostages and the power of Greek wine, which ended with a retired Greek Admiral buggering the German Sergeant who had been ordered to shoot him. "The Socratic Method," he had summed it all up, winking, and laughing almost hard enough, it seemed to blow away the American archaeologist and his wife who were regarding him with horror from across the table.

But Katsimbalis was not there, only one of those large, soft, lisping hangers-on of the theatre, indistinguishable from a score of others I had met and forgotten (any agent bent on doing espionage in Greece unnoticed would be well advised to assume just that guise), and a very old man who was introduced to me as the first Greek translator and critic of Henry James and Melville and Hawthorne. The very old man, it turned out (he was in the midst of the story when I entered, and had launched on a third re-telling before I left), had awakened on the morning of the *coup* to discover his wife dead in bed beside him, the phones not working, all normal services of the city suspended; and when he had at last persuaded the police to help him arrange her burial and had returned home exhausted—there were still other cops waiting to arrest him and take him back to the very precinct headquarters in which he had spent the whole morning. "What the hell are you doing here?" the Police Chief had thundered at him "I told you we'd take care of everything." "But I'm arrested, sir," he had answered, "as an enemy of the state." It is to Greek taste a good story, very funny, and a way back into the centre of things for the very old critic who has been able to say nothing in years to which anyone would listen. But I could not stand it, and fled once more.

THE COMIC REVOLUTION.—That the "Revolution" is funny, not accidentally but *essentially* funny, no one of its Greek opponents will ever let you forget. Before you have been an hour in Athens, someone is bound to have shown you the well-known limerick (composed in English, to be sure, the language of those sophisticated enough to know just how ridiculous the Junta is):

> *Pattakos, Pattakos, national man,*
> *Make me a fascist as fast as you can.*
> *Brainwash and grill me,*
> *For Greece's sake kill me;*
> *Or send me to Yaros to make me a man.*

And there is a story which goes with it, which may well be true, for all I know, about the European lady who was picked up by the police with a copy of these verses on her and was grilled for hours, not because they understood it well enough to be offended, but because they found it mysterious enough to believe it must be a cipher. And there is the anecdote, too, about the American-born wife of a Greek apprehended when, warmed by wine and indignation, she was shouting, "Down with fascism!", but who managed to get acquitted by claiming that what she had really yelled was, "Down with the fascism of my tyrant husband!"

Even news items occasionally turn out to be such anti-Junta jokes in disguise, like the one which appeared in the Paris *Herald Tribune* while I was in Athens, telling how Pattakos, puzzled by economic difficulties too complex for his simple mind, had dropped by to visit Andreas Papandreou in his cell, to talk it over in a friendly way. "Totally false," the official press called it next day, "an attempt to make the Revolution appear ludicrous." But chiefly Pattakos at least appears to delight in playing the clown; for it is his role in the ruling triumvirate, in which Papadopoulos comes on as the good straight man and Makarezos as the evil one. Perhaps he is even aware of the sense in which what is most revolutionary about his régime is what makes it inevitably absurd to his better-educated, upper-class opponents—the fact that it *does* speak for classes hitherto completely unrepresented in the leadership of any Greek political grouping, Left, Right, or Centre: the petty-bourgeoisie and the first generation of urbanised peasants. The nationalism, Christianity, and prurient repressiveness of those classes the tiny group of Europeanised sceptical intellectuals, who have hitherto passed political power from hand to hand, even as they wrote the books and painted the pictures which represent Greece to the rest of the world, is bound to find hilarious.

But there is no way in which Pattakos and company can avoid their scorn; all that is in his

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

power to determine is whether it be tinged with condescension or fear. Even if he were to shut up completely, a feat hard for any Greek, on the score of sex, delivering no more lectures on the mini-skirt, for instance ("For the cold English, it doesn't matter. But we are Mediterranean men, such things arouse us."), they would still laugh at the fat legs of the ladies of the Junta, their poor taste in hats, at his absurd English, or at what is perhaps his genuine piety. In the end, I don't think he cares, allowing contemptuously the appearance on news-stands everywhere in Athens the intellectuals' favourite journals in English and French, in which abuse of the régime is standard. The sort of people the Junta want behind them, their own sort and class, can, of course, read no English or French, so that—for their sake—only the Greek press need be feared, and that is duly censored.

Finally, the overt politics of the Colonels are irrelevant. What counts are their class prejudices, tastes, their life-style—and one could easily imagine them taking on (like Nasser, in some fundamental ways much like them) a Left coloration, despite the hysterical anti-Communism which characterises their world, and which they have so far exploited. When they try to think politically they think of themselves as right-wingers, which explains in part why they have treated the conservative members of an old ruling class which they despise (and still vestigially fear) much more politely than they have self-avowed liberals or Communists from that class. Consider, for instance, how tenderly they have handled Mrs. Vlachou, as compared with the young publisher of the Centrist Lambrakis group of newspapers. No house arrest for him and polite appeals for collaboration, but immediate imprisonment and confiscation of all his private papers. So, too, after threats and minor harrassment, ministers of the former Karamanlis Cabinets continue to sulk prosperously in their villas in New Politeia (otherwise inhabited by rich Americans), serving each other tea, and dreaming of the return of their Chief from exile. But the Colonels will never call on Karamanlis or any other of his kind to represent them; they are through with trusting anyone except themselves to enforce Christianity, chastity and ethnic zeal in the land they are sure they love better than anyone educated at Oxford or Heidelberg or the Sorbonne, or, indeed, at their own University so slavishly modelled after European examples.

Like everyone else, the insecure provincials who have made what they hope is a revolution would love to be loved on all sides, particularly by those they long thought of as their masters. And they have made some real concessions, according to their own lights; not only the recent half-hearted amnesty, but various secret deals long before that, including the release of the daughter of a truly distinguished member of the court circle arrested along with Theodorakis, but permitted to leave for America after the merest token interrogation (stripped naked, of course, on the principle that while "good" girls should be forbidden nudity, "bad" ones should have it required of them). How sexual it all has been finally, how depressingly, predictably sexual. Sex not politics is the natural metaphorical language of the Colonels; and if their Revolution is a joke, it is a dirty one.

I had not spoken to Pattakos during my stay in Athens, though I take it it would have been easy enough; and my first actual sight of him came via television, in a hotel in Amsterdam where I had stopped for the night on my way back to England. There was great shouting in the dining-room, some small boy celebrating a birthday with due hilarity, but I knew that voice when I heard it through the hubbub: the absurd Greek accent that could have guaranteed a career as a comedian; and I rushed into the next room to watch. It was, in fact, Pattakos being interviewed in English; and as I focused on the conversation, he was being asked about freedom in Greece. "Freedom," he repeated, as if it were a word he did not really understand or believe in, and then went on to explain that of course there was freedom in Greece, but limited, within bounds. "Freedom is all right up to a point," I remember him saying, "but you wouldn't want people to be free to—free to—" He hesitated for a moment, and then he was home. "Free to do it in the streets like dogs." And the "do it" was properly ambiguous, I thought; copulation or defecation, you could take your choice.

COLD WARS I & II.—Comic they may seem to a hostile eye, but the Colonels are in deadly earnest about both the crusades to which they have dedicated themselves, as seems proper to the proponents of Christian Hellenic civilisation: the crusade against Com-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

munism, on the one hand, and that against the degeneracy of the young, on the other. And they cannot really understand why they have not won approval from their opposite numbers in the West (never mind about the untrustworthy upper classes at home) for both. It is not merely a matter of needing approval from the outside, as all reporters on the spot have noticed, but of having taken what they thought were precisely the actions that would win such approval, and then not getting it. Their first reaction is bafflement, their second distrust. Perhaps, they begin to think, the West has been kidding, is really on the side of evil. Otherwise, why have they not applauded?

For, after all, the Junta reads every day of campaigns quite like their own against "beatniks" and "hippies" in the United States and England; books are banned in the British Isles for being filthy, and students hauled off to jail in America in midnight raids on presumed orgies. What are they saying that is so different from the earnest pleas of TV pedlars of piety like Malcolm Muggeridge? But nobody laughs at Muggeridge, do they, and everyone laughs at them. Why? Is it just that they do not know the proper language, or that they have made the mistake of really meaning what they say? After all, the American Public Affairs Officer in Athens delivers precisely the sort of lecture about Christian values and youth gone astray as they; indeed, he insisted on delivering it to me the first time I ventured into his office. What, then, have they done?

To be sure, returning Greek Americans, half-educated like them and confirmed like them in all their prejudices by success, loudly approve, as does an occasional Greek Orthodox priest in Minneapolis or Topeka, Kansas; but not the official foreign press, not the official spokesmen of foreign governments. And if they are puzzled and frustrated by reaction abroad to their participation in Cold War II, the crusade against the young, they are all the more nonplussed by the lack of overseas approval for their participation in Cold War I, the good old crusade against Communism. In their own minds, the *coup* represents a last-ditch effort to hold the fort against the Left, at a point where the traditional Greek Right had clearly proved itself ineffectual, and the Centre seemed about to sell out to the enemy.

Did they not follow the O.K. list of subversives prepared by NATO for use in case of a Communist take-over, in making their arrests on 21 April? Were they not, in fact, acting precisely as the C.I.A. would have desired, proving themselves the legitimate heirs of what the Truman Plan had first created, last defenders of the Eastern Mediterranean bastion against the Soviet Union, about which four American Presidents had so often boasted? In fact, the *coup* of the Colonels does seem to me as direct a result of an outlived, outmoded Cold War mythology (I had vowed I would not write politically when I began, but where politics becomes myth I feel it my province) as the Viet Nam conflict itself. The Cold War mythology misunderstood, I suppose official American sources might answer; for I do not believe, as many of my Greek friends do, that the Junta was directed step by step by the C.I.A., but rather anticipated them hopefully.

What they *did* misunderstand was, I fear, nothing more than a sort of snobbishness on the part of our State Department tacticians, an inbred reluctance, not even spoken aloud in their own heads, to do business with anyone other than the old-line Cabinet Ministers in collaboration with the Court and, as far as the military is concerned, four-star generals and admirals only. If Greece was to be saved from Communism, it should be saved by the sort of people who knew how to preserve some show of democracy, and especially how to lend an air of legitimacy to what they were after by bullying or wheedling out of the poor lost boy-King a royal blessing.

The United States had not earlier withdrawn support from Greece when one government or other had outlawed the Communist Party and had kept a thousand or so political prisoners tucked away out of sight; but they had banked on the return to power of a Karamanlis or his equivalent, and they had invested, for reasons never very clear to anyone, delusive hope in the King as a presumed protector of democracy. It is hard for a European to understand, I fear, the faith of certain American State Department officials in royalty for *others*: the belief (also manifested in our regard for the Japanese Emperor) that lesser breeds cannot maintain political stability without a crowned head of state. But surely there has never been a ruling dynasty so clearly imposed from without on an unwilling people as that which has sat on the throne of Greece, or one so unpopular, despite certain misleading plebiscites, with all elements of the population whatever their political allegiance. The present Queen Mother has

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

always been especially disliked and distrusted, known in hostile quarters as "the Nazi," even as her son is referred to contemptuously as "the kid." Resentment of the royal family has traditionally expressed itself in anecdotes about how foreign they have remained (rumour insisting that only English and German are spoken in the Palace), and how cynical (a story current when I lived in Greece telling how the then Queen responded to a complaint that a Bishop she had appointed was a notorious pederast by observing, "Oh, I thought they *all* were.")

I myself had an opportunity to observe the royal family at first hand only once, during an odd occasion on which the faculty of the University of Athens was formally received at the Academy while our students demonstrated outside, crying the sacred word "Democracy" in vain and working up a pitch of fury that brought the tanks out against them a few days later. The whole occasion was ironically instructive. For the demonstrations had begun among students in the Faculty of Theology moved to protest against an order from the Minister of Education which reduced the number of hours of Theology required in the secondary schools in favour of classes in Science. Afraid of finding themselves technologically unemployed, the student priests had called their fellows out on strike and had been joined by certain leftist organisations, ready to take to the streets over anything; which had in turn brought joy to the hearts of the Athenian police, who, like cops elsewhere, seem only to feel completely fulfilled when clubbing students.

Only Queen Frederika seemed truly calm at the centre of the untidy mess, condescending to all, icily, beautifully, while her husband looked about him like one needing to be reminded where he was and finding no one briefed to tell him. And the "kid" had stood behind his mother's shoulder, where he has presumably remained since, seeming quite as unmanned as he has proved himself in recent days, despite his symbolic demonstrations of manliness in fast cars, sloops, or whatever. Indeed his ineptitude and indecision—caught, one presumes, between mama and the Generals—has provided the makers of a contentless revolution with an opportunity for real revolutionary action. With him at least the Colonels have felt free to deal expeditiously; since they needed him only as a sop to the United States (and, apparently, the English, too, who had themselves once made do with an imported German dynasty)—and his retention had not seemed to pacify those nations at all.

In any case, the Junta knows it stands and falls not on what they have done and will do about the finally quite irrelevant Throne, but on how they have dealt and continue to deal with Andreas Papandreou. For to them, at the very least, it is clear that the chief aim of their "Revolution" was not to confirm or reject the king, but to make sure that the younger Papandreou never got anywhere near the centre of power. It is for this end they moved so quickly, as it is for this end that they have framed the new Constitution. And for this they expect the gratitude of the United States, who had made no secret of the fact that to them, too, Andreas was the number one enemy.

THE CASE OF THE CRAZY PROFESSOR.—Even among the United States Embassy officials willing to talk to me when I was in Athens, which means the most open and liberal of the lot, the mention of Papandreou's name brought conversation to an end. "Crazy," was the word they typically used for him, when they did not dismiss him with a simple shrug. For how else could one describe a man who had lived for years in America, who had been a Professor at the Universities of Minnesota and California, who had an American wife and American children, and who none the less opposed Greek membership in NATO, talked openly against the King, and went out of his way to attack the role of the United States in Viet Nam: who behaved in short quite like his old colleagues at home, converting political meetings in Athens into American-style teach-ins.

Many of the more conservative Greeks found him even more incomprehensible, baffled by his style, worried about his wife (regarded in some quarters as an alien monster who ruled him from behind the scenes, as any reader of the popular press knows *all* American women rule their husbands), puzzled by his obvious intent to liquidate the Cold War. How typically academic American, how representative of our Universities at their best was his combination of New Deal economics, respect for democracy and distrust of American power, especially as wielded in secret by the C.I.A., they had no way of knowing; and so they, too, concurred in calling him a "nut." Besides, he seemed about to

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

take away from them their last viable mythology of political hostility. The old fear and hatred of the Turks from which the Greeks had sucked psychic sustenance for years had become less and less real, despite continuing troubles on Cyprus. But to replace them, there were the Russians ("We gave them our daughters to civilise them, and look what they've done!"), the Bulgarians ("You know what *they*'re like!"), the Yugoslavs ("They're after Macedonia, *our* Macedonia")—in short the Communists, aided and abetted by traitors at home, who could be thought of as always on the verge of a new Civil War with assassinations, night attacks, and the kidnapping of children.

To think of Andreas Papandreou as a Communist was difficult, indeed, since what radical past he had had been Trotskyite, which immunises a man forever against illusions about playing the power game of the Soviet Union or Communist China. But he was, in fact, pledged to disrupt the Cold War game, which had come to seem to many Greeks—on the Left quite as on the Right—the only proper, the only possible way of playing. But the possibility of an opening toward a third, independent position, an end of everything that had begun with the Truman plan, an alternative to the rigidities of the Communists and the answering rigidities of their entrenched opponents was what excited many independent and liberal Greeks, moved them from apathy to action. For a moment I felt a flicker of that excitement, talking to Mrs. Papandreou, at a moment when her husband was still in jail and her father-in-law under house arrest. I had been scared for the first time during my stay on my way to her house, giving the taxi driver a false address a block or two away, and feeling foolish about it; but once there, fear gave way to hope at last. It was not so much that there seemed hope of success in the Papandreou *milieu*—rather that one felt the sense of something being struggled for whose success or failure really mattered, something new in Greek political life.

But Andreas has emerged from jail into exile; the Colonels' Constitution has been framed deliberately to exclude the possibility of anyone with a position like his ever being elected; and his own first statement after release represents chiefly confusion and despair, reflected in a resolve to say nothing, or its equivalent in political banalities. That confusion and despair I discover I myself share, looking on from the safe outside—though I have tried to fight against them writing this. But where is there occasion for anything else? The Communists alone remain to continue the struggle against the Junta, and the prospect ahead is, therefore, of the same old two simple-minded opponents locked in a struggle whose event either way could bring joy only to our own C.I.A. or its Russian opposite number. And so, despite my love for the land and the presence there still of many I love (and whom I have not even mentioned lest I embarrass them), I shall not be returning to Greece for a long time, as long, in fact, as it remains not their Greece but the Greece of the Colonels.

AN AFTERWORD.—I do, however, keep still a kind of hope that goes deeper than my despair; for I have in my head and heart a Greece older than any the Junta chooses to imagine. Their political, actual Greece goes back only as far as Byzantium, when modern history was invented; my mythological, magical Greece begins long before ancient history was born. And because of this, I was always especially delighted to discover behind the faces and images of contemporary Greece certain ancient names: a fat kindergarten girl called Aphrodite, an actress named Cybele, the patron Saint of Athens known as Dionysos—Dionysos the *Areopagite*, to be sure, but the qualifying tag fools no one, certainly not me. To be sure, they are all reduced a little, these namesakes of the Gods, Cybele turned into Cybelaki, little Cybelaki, a *small* Mother of the Gods. And this has made Greece comic for me, as well as pathetic, from the start, setting me to writing satiric verses with titles like *Oedapki in Colonaki*, little Oedipus in little Colonus, alas.

Yet the landscape remains as it always was, unreduced, immune to pathos and comedy, as well as political change, surviving all jokes, intentional or unintentional. It is this I choose finally to remember, do remember below and before the possibility of choice, this that remains with me in a series of unbidden images that resist desecration of words: the black miraculously unbroken columns of that grim temple on a cliff at Vassai; a little beach, whose name I no longer recall, with three clear sweet springs arching into the blue salt of the sea, and a great fat fig tree for shade above the pebbled beach. Once only, I was moved to make verses about Greece neither bitter nor flip—on a strange

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

magical visit of two or three days, stolen from a trip to and from somewhere else. It must have been 1963 or 1964, but I was already writing, without knowing it, my valedictory:

Greece: the Basic Materials

WATER

The sea is solid, not the hills
that melt to daylight's dapple, or in dark
to nothing. Those cautious boys who fell
to earth still rise in fitful sparks
of flowers. Icarus, after stark disaster,
plunged toward water.

ROCK

The stone that grates like teeth
against the teeth of goats,
submits to roots of olive and live oak
as gently as the silken sheaths
of women, or their marble throats.

LIGHT

As we tell waking from our dreams
by growth of light (on darkest days
the grey that stutters against screens
or streams past blinds to play
on gummy eyelids brighter than the novas
of the night, the suns of sleepers), so
we know we wake to Greece; and waking weep
to think how long we've slept
how long shall sleep.

Poem

I have considered considerably.
There's not much object in that sentence.
But then I've considered that going home
Is easier than falling off a log
Midstream. Homing one night I met the dog.
Don't think I'm one who lightly accords
Definite articles to dogs. I'm one
Whose definite article is the sun
All day and all night Anne. If the dog
Spoke English it was gruffly disguised
But as we stood together I surmised
Some furry eloquence in the way he stood
As if he knew the sky bode him no good.
I suppose he was homing too. His advice
Was far from homely. It was like ice
Reminding me that reflection won't suffice
When reflection's moving world ceases to move.
Remember a day. The weather was fine,
Or it was foreboding. In the sunshine,
Or the rain, there crystallised a grand design
That was yours alone and only mine
And we both belonged in the one design.
On that day a sense of belonging
Held sway. There remains only longing
For whatever persuaded grief to resign
To the horizon. When you're ninety-nine
With seconds left you'll see the grand design
And going down will see the trees don't resign
But rage against the sky and beg for a sign.

Nicholas Snowden Willey

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vernon Scannell

Mastering the Craft

To make the big time you must learn
The basic moves: left jab and hook,
The fast one-two, right-cross; the block
And counter-punch; the way to turn
Opponents on the ropes; the feint
To head or body; uppercut;
To move inside the swing and set
Your man up for the kill. But don't
Think that this is all; a mere
Beginning only. It is through
Fighting often you will grow
Accomplished in manoeuvres more
Subtle than the text-books know:
How to change your style to meet
The unexpected move that might
Leave you open to the blow
That puts the lights out for the night.
The same with poets: they must train,
Practise metre's footwork, learn
The old iambic left and right,
To change the pace and how to hold
The big punch till the proper time,
Jab away with accurate rhyme;
Adapt the style or be knocked cold.
But first the groundwork must be done;
Those poets who have never learnt
The first moves of the game, they can't
Hope to win.
Yet here comes one,
No style at all, untrained and fat,
Who still contrives to knock you flat.

Fear of the Dark

Along the unlit lane on a night
When the stars are blind, the moon masked,
Footsteps follow. I knew a man
Of six foot three who, on dark nights,
Held two lit cigarettes between his lips
Hoping by this bright stratagem
To fox footpads, mislead murderers.
I used to laugh at him, but not now.
I clench teeth and fists and walk fast;
When I reach the house I switch on lights.
The darkness seems defeated, yet
Open the door, the light does not flow far
Beyond the threshold; it stops dead
A few feet from the step. I hear
The darkness growing; it is enormous,
It is in this room in thin disguise.
I am afraid of it, and with good reason.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Philip Mason

"... but O! My Soul is White"

On the Confusion of Biological Accident & Symbolic Metaphor

AT ATLANTA on 21 August 1967, Dr. Martin Luther King called for

> the reconstruction of the English language to upgrade the word black.... They even tell us that a white lie is better than a black lie.

Mr. King believes in non-violence; Mr. Rap Brown, who does not, said at Cambridge, Maryland, in late July:

> Black folks built America. If America don't come around, we're going to burn America down!

These two quotations illustrate two phenomena which are closely linked, which to the white, the middle-class and the middle-aged are as little understood as *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds*, which are driving white and coloured into the polarisation of race feeling we have seen last summer in Detroit and Newark, and which all over the world is adding to the strain on the sagging network of international relations.

PHILIP MASON, *Director of the Institute of Race Relations in London, is the author of* Common Sense about Race (*Gollancz, 1961*) *and* Prospero's Magic (*Oxford, 1962*) *as well as* Year of Decision (*1960*), The Birth of a Dilemma (*1958*), Christianity and Race (*1956*). *This article continues the discussion of racial problems, and the reader is referred to previous* ENCOUNTER *contributions by Nathan Glazer ("The Ghetto Crisis," November 1967), James Q. Wilson ("Black and White Tragedy," October 1967), Colin MacInnes ("Michael and the Cloak of Colour," December 1965, and "Dark Angel," August 1963), Harold R. Isaacs ("Blackness and Whiteness," August 1963), and James Baldwin et al. ("Race, Hate, Sex, and Colour," July 1965).*

The mechanics of race prejudice on the white side are beginning to be understood. Most of us are aware now that every fully-human being is the battle-ground for a conflict between ambition and achievement, between anti-social urges and the need to repress them. It is a conflict in which he can never be entirely successful and from which one escape route is close identification with a group he admires and the projection on to others of what he fears and dislikes in himself. It is not a difficult step from this to recall the symbolism referred to by Martin Luther King and summarised by Blake in a single line:

> *"And I am black, but O! my soul is white."*

As Martin Luther King says, it runs through our language, and not only our language but our thought. White, bright, clear, heavenly, are one set of symbols; and black, dark, murky, hellish, equally go together. So you project your own black desires on to anyone who does not belong to your group—and if he happens to be black of skin, your conviction of his wickedness is complete. You identify black skin with the *id*, the cellar, the archetypal shadow; you personify evil as a black person.

But at once a new series of questions appears. How does this look from the other side? Was Blake right and does the little black boy believe his soul is white? And if so, what is the use of changing the language we use—even if that were possible? If the symbolism is universal, there is no escape—by the use of different language—from the confusion between ancient metaphor and this biological by-product of evolution. And can this throw any light on a whole chain of happenings for which the quotation from Mr. Rap Brown may stand?

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THE FIRST PLACE, the ancient language of metaphor seems to know no boundaries of time, race, colour or creed. It is pre-Christian. In classical Latin, *candidus* means "dazzling white; fair, lustrous, radiant, bright, clear, serene; frank, sincere, open, candid; clear, perspicuous, unaffected," while *niger* means "black, sable, swarthy, bad, wicked," and is used of death and bad luck. *Ater* which is "dead black" as opposed to "glossy black" also means "dark, gloomy, dismal; unlucky, malevolent, malicious." Greek words have similar connotations and so have Sanskrit. Muslims, Jews, and Christians share the same symbolism; and there is, incidentally, a subsidiary colour symbolism in which blue is the colour of heaven and of the Virgin's robe, while red stands for the flames of hell and carnal desire. (So whether you visualise the devil as black or red may depend on whether you have been less successful in repressing anger or lust—or, perhaps, on the same conflict in the producer of some opera or pantomime.) Hindus think of the Black Age of evil and the black king defeated by Krishna; "my face has become black," a Hindu will say if he feels he has been dishonoured. Hindus too make the confusion between symbol and biology and look on the light skin as a sign of social status and desirable in marriage.[1] Africans too associate black with anger and evil; they say of Shaka that he was a great soldier, but his heart was black.[2] The Japanese speak of "white" skin, using the adjective they would use for snow, and look on it as a sign of beauty in women and an upper-class characteristic; whiteness symbolises purity and chastity, while blackness is often combined with death, vice, despair and other kinds of negative things. "A black-bellied man" is wicked. "Black mood is depression" writes a Japanese author.[3]

OF COURSE THERE ARE economic and social factors at work as well; here I am concentrating on the symbolic. And—another point in digression—there is a sexual and an aesthetic *attraction* about black which forms a kind of counterpoint to the negative qualities on the moral side. Not all choice of colour is symbolic. It would be silly to lay stress on the black Rolls Royce of the company chairman and the black coat that goes with a white tie; no sensible man would suppose that there is any significance in his wife's choice of a black dress rather than a red or a white. On the other hand, the preference for black in some forms of sexual fantasy and behaviour is probably linked with the main current of symbolism; for the moment, the fantasist says: "Evil, be thou my good!" Black madonnas (in Europe at least) are usually the descendants of a goddess who had to be propitiated. But even taking exceptions and conversions into account, the sum total of negative associations is so strong that it does not seem that "reconstructing the English language" would be very helpful.

The symbolism is deep-rooted, though it does *not* follow that the confusion with skin-colour need always be made. But the effect of the confusion has been devastating and has contributed to the mood of destruction and despair which to many white people seems so unreasonable. What is the sense, such people would ask, of turning to violence when you are a minority of one in ten? It is not confined to America; there have been acts of destruction which to most white people seem unreasonable from many parts of the world. "The very things they wanted most they will senselessly destroy," a puzzled welfare officer in South Africa told me long ago. One of the symptoms of a "cargo cult" in the Pacific is to throw money—of which there is little enough available—into the sea. If we are to understand this mood, we must, I think, look at history with the widest of lenses and consider its broadest trends.

IN THE SPHERE of social organisation there was an age-long trend from primitive undifferentiated societies in which leadership was achieved by skill and age—as among the Bushmen—to empires and states in which status by birth was all-important. If the men who dragged stones to the tops of the Pyramids were to accept their low status and specialised function, they must believe that their rulers were fundamentally different from themselves and that the difference was divinely ordained. This was not merely gratifying to the rulers; there was a social need for specialisation and stratification

[1] See, for example, Nirad C. Chaudhuri, *Autobiography of an Unknown Indian* (1951). But everyday conversation in Hindi and Urdu is full of examples. It is surprising that anyone should suppose that this symbolism is special to Christianity; a few minutes with a Greek, Latin, Persian, or Sanskrit dictionary would explode the idea.

[2] See, for example, Laurens van der Post, *The Dark Eye in Africa* (1955).

[3] Quoted by Hiroshi Wagatsuma in the *Daedalus* number on "Color and Race" (Spring 1967). But in China "white" is neutral (*Race*, November 1967).

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as a condition of progress in the arts and in control of the environment.

Stratification was enforced by being embodied in one system with something essentially different—intimations of immortality, perceptions of spiritual truth, prophetic insight. Not only the higher religions but quite small tribal cults gave the sanction of the numinous, of a sense of eternity, to a social order which today we should call unjust—and also to a series of tabus on which it was convenient (for reasons genetic, hygienic or psychological) for that society, in that age and environment, to insist. Present power was prolonged into the after-life; everyone had his place and knew how to behave. Ethical standards were prescribed, and relief for excessive tension was usually provided either by occasional fixed periods of licence or by confession and absolution. All over the world systems evolved which were, on the whole and compared with today, socially and psychologically static and in which the under-dog accepted his lot because it was divinely ordained or because it simply did not occur to him that it could be different.

But violent disruptive ideas—prophetic insights—came to birth: the Greek idea of equality before the law, the Judaeo-Christian idea of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. These, even as ideas, were constantly lost or buried. They were put into practice only occasionally, by isolated groups, by religious communities, until the Age of Reason culminated in the moment when they were openly adopted—though imperfectly applied—by two nation-states, America and France. Throughout the 19th century these ideas were engaged in a political struggle with forces which supported the static division of mankind into rulers and ruled; it requires an effort of imagination to realise how universal was the assumption of basic inequality until, say, 1789. But while this struggle was going on, a second was already developing: liberty and equality were not enough without social and economic opportunity. A new dimension had to be added to freedom and this idea was expressed—again imperfectly—in Russia in 1917. Everywhere men began to compare their lot with their neighbours' and to reject the immense discrepancy they perceived. Pictures, sound radio, air travel, all have encouraged comparison. This development was not primarily a matter of race but of class, a revolt against extremes of inequality.

To come back to the symbolism of race, we must retrace our steps through history and look again at the period from 1789 to 1917. It was a time when people from Western Europe were spreading over the whole world, outwardly at their most confident. Traders, missionaries, administrators, they were equally sure that their way of doing things was right: and this extended to every aspect of life. A missionary in Natal, for example, writes home that he has succeeded in persuading so many Africans to build square huts instead of round. Everything "native" is bad; everything good is "white," "Christian," "European"—the terms are almost interchangeable.

At first "the native" is often puzzled, particularly in Africa and particularly by the missionaries. Here, for instance, are very rich people, with far more possessions than he has seen before—hatchets, guns, chairs, tables—and clearly obsessed with property, anxious for land on which to build houses bigger than any he has seen before—and yet they preach to him about taking no more thought for the morrow than the ravens and the lilies of the field. Abysses of misunderstanding beset both parties; each thinks the other cruel and unfeeling. The African is horrified by the European's failure in hospitality, his lack of perception of social nuances. But, on the whole, puzzled and often critical though he may be, the "native" accepts the European's self-confidence, his technical skill, his success, as signs that he has something that is worth acquiring. He accepts the European's valuation of his own society, starts to learn in a missionary school, and absorbs the symbolism of Blake's poem. He accepts a position in the hierarchy of inequality. He believes that white is best—but a change is possible. His soul is white already and his actions will grow whiter until, like Blake's little boy, he is free from the grime of his body; and then, as in the poem, the two will play together side by side. But, meanwhile, the world does not stand still. He is caught up in its rejection of the whole concept of stratification.

Another effort of historical imagination is required to visualise the world in the early part of this century as it looked to the son of an Asian peasant or African tribesman when he left his expensive university and began to compare his father's mud hut with the steel and glass of the airport. It was a world dominated by white men—politically, commercially, even educationally—and by the assumption of white

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

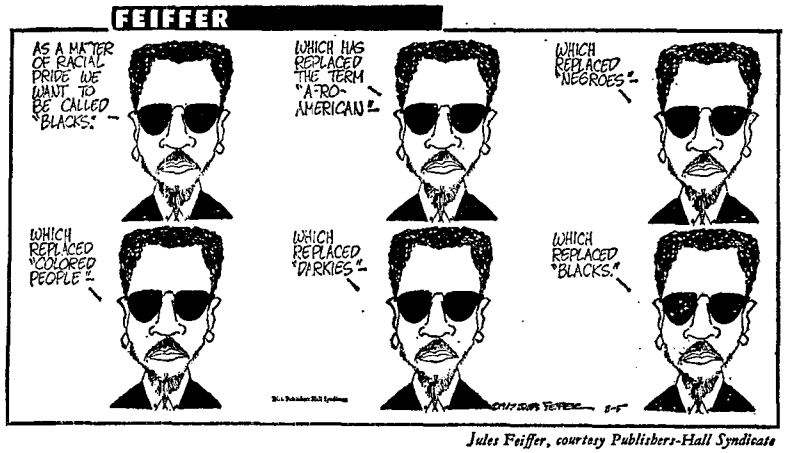
superiority. Stark racism assumed that the inferiority of the "native" was ineradicable; paternalism assumed that he would one day "improve" and reach "white standards." But either way the world was arranged by an archetypal father-figure—the old man, the personification of the super-ego. The young man just back from college had read a good deal about Equality before the Law and the Brotherhood of Man, and knew that social stratification was on the way out. But here, where he had been born, the social system was based on the assumptions of the static stratified societies of the 18th century and before.

BUT WHAT was now being challenged was not only the static social system but—all over the world at different periods—the static psychological system. The marriage of convenience between an awareness of eternity and the social order—including various tabus no longer seen as rational such as those on eating pork or beef, doing this or not doing that on Saturday, Sunday or Friday, or marrying or not marrying a deceased wife's sister—had produced a revolt which, in Europe, took the forms in succession of Protestantism, the Age of Reason, materialism. It was no accident that the father-figure who confronted the young Asian or African often had an Anglo-Saxon look; it was in the north-west of Europe that the break-up of psychologically satisfying systems had begun. Social mobility and the application of the individual reason to every problem had at first given the Northerners a great advantage in dealing with people from static societies. But that same difference stood in their way when it became a question not of conquering but of *understanding* such people.

The English have succeeded in ritualising aggression between themselves into cricket and Parliamentary procedure but have, on the whole, failed to ritualise love or religion; and they have denied themselves the release of carnivals, fiestas, bull-fights or, on a different level, absolution. It is their culture (and that of the Low Countries) that has produced the most rigid identification of skin colour with ethical symbolism. It is they who, more than any others, have felt compelled deliberately to put on a mask before "the native," to set an example and maintain prestige. Small wonder that "the native" was not admitted to the bar of the club, where the mask came off and talk was trivial and silly.

It happens, then, that the peoples of the north-west of Europe, who, early in this century, seemed at their most confident and who still pictured a world which would grow more and more to accept their values, were at the beginning of a psychological breakdown, a schizophrenic uncertainty as to their purpose in life and the source of their authority. Today they do not know how to bring up the children of their own begetting; they doubt whether it is any longer right to tell them what is right. And it is at this precise moment that their adopted children—the people whom they have dominated—turn on them with more than Oedipean ferocity.

THERE ARE SEVERAL REASONS for this ferocity. Paternalism is always humiliating; a physical father invites hostility if he denies his child a right to be himself by assuming that he will want to be just like his father. The hostility is likely to be more acute if the role of father is self-allotted. But that is not all. Ignore, for the moment, the cruelty of many white relationships with non-white; these are obvious if one takes the trouble to find out the facts. Look, rather, at the cruelty of those who believed they were benevolent. They assumed, in the first place, that it would take generations before "the native" overcame his defects and became like themselves. American white liberals and British colonial governors alike pictured the Negro or "the native" obediently continuing to "want in," to become more and more "civil-


FEIFFER
AS A MATTER OF RACIAL PRIDE WE WANT TO BE CALLED "BLACKS."
WHICH HAS REPLACED THE TERM "AFRO-AMERICAN."
WHICH REPLACED "NEGROES."
WHICH REPLACED "COLORED PEOPLE."
WHICH REPLACED "DARKIES."
WHICH REPLACED "BLACKS."

Jules Feiffer, courtesy Publishers-Hall Syndicate

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ised" for another hundred years. But he, "the native," found that even when he had adopted all the ways of his guardians, when he had passed their examinations and eaten his dinners at their Inns of Court, he was *still* not an equal. He might get the vote, he might get a job with a good income, but not a joke at the bar or a house next door. He could hardly ever win parity of esteem, because hardly any white man overcame *the confusion between biological accident and symbolic metaphor.*

THEN CAME the dramatic moment—an event in the life of almost every educated Asian or African of this century—when he realised that "the white man" (a personification as dangerous as "the native") had stolen his soul, had professed to give him his own soul in exchange, but in reality had none left to give. Neither had any faith in what one had so laboriously acquired on the other's instructions. And then there came overpoweringly the urge to smash the trickster and all that he stood for. *"Burn, baby, burn"* stands for one side of this; the other is expressed in "NO BRAHMS, BEETHOVEN OR BACH—BLACK MUSIC ONLY," announced by undergraduates at a famous Negro university (*N.Y. Times*, October 1967).

Disillusion produced a positive myth which reversed the discarded negative. Once it was clear that a white soul was not enough without a white skin, it became necessary to assert proudly and defiantly, that black was beautiful, that black was better. No longer must black women have their hair straightened; flowing national robes take the place of morning coat and dark suit. "Hurrah!" we cry, "for those who have never invented anything." And not long afterwards we hear from Harlem: "Everybody was saying, 'Oh, the beauty of me! Look at me. I'm coloured. And look at us. Aren't we beautiful?'..."[4] It is no longer the thing to refer to "whites"; they have become "greys." Out of the window, with the white soul, goes everything linked with it—democracy, Christianity, Shakespeare, Beethoven, Rembrandt. We reverse the biological confusion that has been applied to ourselves; the dark-skinned man of whose behaviour we disapprove is really a white man. My soul is black and beautiful.

This mood of positive glorification is, at present, confined to the intellectuals, and it has not gone very deep. But disillusion with whiteness and all that it stands for has certainly spread wide. Can it conceivably be arrested? It is not my purpose here to do more than to underline a mood and comment on one neglected aspect of it. But social and economic trends could be sharply reversed and societies can be persuaded to look at themselves with new eyes. This would be immensely worth doing; it would be a triumph. But it must not be supposed that it would bring an end to the inner conflict symbolised by race. Men in our time have passed through a variety of extreme crises; in a variety of countries they have pegged all their hopes to one event—the fall of Hitler, Independence, whatever it may be. But the end of an external conflict is often the end of an inner truce, a coalition of normally hostile internal forces against a common enemy. *Swaraj* and *Uhuru* have come and no more ended the problems of India and Kenya than the fall of Hitler those of Europe; they have revealed inner stresses. Conflict centred on race more than any other typifies an attempt to escape from inner conflict; if it could magically be ended—and this does not seem likely—the scene of conflict would be shifted.

I WAS ONCE TOLD in the Andes of a malady, known both to the Indian and to the Spanish-speaking peoples (and familiar in European folk-lore), called "losing one's shadow." It had nothing to do with the Jungian shadow. It meant that the sufferer cast no shadow because he was not there; he had lost his identity; the mask had fallen off and exposed the trembling vacuity within. This has happened to both sides in this conflict, but only one side is as yet aware of it. When it happens, any positive act—sex, destruction, killing, burning—will create an illusion of escape, of achieving an identity.

All over the world violent protest movements, strange little cults, riots, mutinies, have been symptoms of something far deeper than what is loosely labelled "Nationalism." It is not solely impatience at a social order that is unequal and unjust, nor a search for a new social order that would be heaven on earth. Nor would the problem be solved if we could establish parity of esteem between white and non-white, between old and young; both would be lost and miserable together. Far deeper is the loss of ancient roots and symbols which man needs if he is to ritualise his conflicts and feel at home in the world. If he could do this, he might have some chance of escape from the confusion involved in transferring a symbol in which he hardly believes to a biological fact which is irrelevant.

[4] Claude Brown, *Manchild in the Promised Land* (Cape, 1966).

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Column

I HAVE RECENTLY read with great pleasure an excellent study of the great Austrian satirist, Karl Kraus, by Mr. Frank Field. It could not have been an easy book to write. Kraus' work was so closely related, day by day and minute by minute, to the life of his times, that it is unintelligible except against the background of the fall of the Austro-Hungarian empire, itself one of the most complicated subjects an historian could choose to unravel (A. J. P. Taylor has done it admirably). To give any adequate account of Kraus entails writing a history of an age and a culture which have almost completely perished, and Mr. Field seems to me to have accomplished both tasks very successfully. It was something worth doing, because of all great European writers Kraus is probably the least known in this country. Mr. Field's book, following Erich Heller's excellent essay on Kraus in *The Disinherited Mind*, should create a new interest in his work.

What aroused Kraus' *saeva indignatio* was quite simply what he read every day in the newspapers, which he devoured with the voracity of a madman who can never have enough of a diet that turns his stomach. He was the greatest modern example since Swift of the artist as journalist and politician and he had the same power as Swift of giving moral significance to the most trivial incident. His great epic drama, *Die Letzten Tage der Menschheit* (*The Last Days of Mankind*) is very largely a mosaic of cuttings taken directly from the daily press. When he wanted an ending, he found it in the words of the Emperor Francis Joseph and gave them to God the Father, surveying the carnage of the First World War; *Ich habe es nicht gewollt* (I did not wish it); its dialogue consists largely of dialect conversations overheard in the streets of Vienna.

In his magazine, *Die Fackel*, which after its first years he wrote entirely himself, he waged a single-handed and endless war against the corruption and venality, the vulgarity and sheer inanity, of the Viennese Press; what he found in it was a mirror of the life of his times, both reflecting and flattering all its evils, and thereby encouraging and compounding them. His greatest enemy of all was the *Neue Freie Presse*, the organ of the liberal, largely Jewish, bourgeoisie of Vienna, which had good claims to be regarded as the *Times* of Central Europe. The Press responded to his attacks by trying to condemn him to total oblivion, never mentioning his name, refusing to review his works, and ignoring his marvellous public recitals, which once I used to attend, in which, sitting round-shouldered over a bare table beneath a single lamp, he gave solo performances, of unexampled virtuosity, of the operettas of Offenbach, the plays of Shakespeare and Nestroy, and readings from his own works, including the latest issue of *Die Fackel*.

Kraus lived in an eight-hundred-year-old empire which was shuffling towards its final and total collapse; in the last stages of its decay, it also produced a culture of unparalleled sophistication, with a devastating power of destructive analysis. The world of the last Hapsburgs was also the world of Freud, Schoenberg, Rilke, Kafka, Musil, Carnap, Kokoschka, Hofmannsthal, Schnitzler, Wittgenstein, Alban Berg. Kraus was greatly admired by Freud, and admired him, but disapproved of psychoanalysis. "It is the disease for which it pretends to be the cure," he said. And in an unforgettable phrase he called Vienna "a research laboratory for the destruction of mankind."

In this work of destruction Kraus gave pride of place to the Press because he thought that its commercialism and its vulgarisation both of thought and language inaugurated an age of barbarism in which not merely culture but humanity itself would be destroyed. He can hardly be said to have been wrong in his forebodings. The First and Second World Wars, the Bolshevik Revolution, the triumph of National Socialism, each in its way confirmed his worst predictions. And the present moment is hardly one in which we can say that "the research laboratory for the destruction of mankind" has ceased to function, even though it may have transferred its operations from Vienna.

THE GREATEST CRIME with which Kraus charged the Press was its progressive vulgarisation and disintegration of language, for he regarded language as the gift which distinguishes men from beasts and its misuse as literally a regression into bestiality. He had for language the religious awe and veneration of a Jew for whom it is the original act of creation in which the word became god and god was the word. To his struggle against the Press he brought the instincts of a Talmudic scholar for whom grammar, syntax, punctuation, a correct feeling for the relation of sound and sense, are the expression of ethical and religious principles. He was once sneered at for quibbling about

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

commas while the Japanese were bombing Shanghai. He replied: "I know it is all pointless when the house is on fire. But I must do this as long as it is possible, for if the people responsible had always taken care that all the commas were in the right place, Shanghai would not be burning. . . ."

It would of course be absurd to suggest that such principles have any kind of relevance to the way we live here and now. What kind of resemblance could there between Kraus' Vienna and London *de nos jours*? What kind of analogy between the once world-wide empire in which Kraus lived, decaying, multi-lingual, multi-racial, held together only by a frail loyalty to an ossified dynasty and the red tape of a petrified bureaucracy, and our own far-flung Commonwealth? What comparison between our own press, both scrupulous and adventuresome in its ticklish job of satisfying millions of readers, and the dreadful commercialism of the *Neue Freie Presse*, its servility to its advertisers, its obsessive interest in fashion and gossip, its addiction to the meretricious art of the *feuilleton* as a means of dispensing culture and *chic* to its subscribers? One has only to think once to realise that such comparisons are not merely odious but absurd. And even if there were the minutest grain of truth in them, would it be possible for a moment to say that the Press here and now has debauched the language in the way Kraus thought that the Viennese Press had?

Again, the reasonable man would surely answer no, or perhaps suggest, like Kraus' critic, that there are more important things than commas. And yet from time to time one cannot help having a suspicion that if Kraus were alive here and now he would not lack for work to do, and that just as he found his favourite targets in the *Neue Freie Presse*, so here it would be in the quality press that he found meat for his savage appetite.

Consider, for instance, the following extracts from an article which deserves quotation at some length because it would not otherwise be possible to appreciate its full, ripe flavour.

> Tumbling out of Sardi's late at night on to the New York sidewalk, she heard a girl screech "It's the Schiffli Girl—Jacqueline Susann."
>
> The Schiffli Girl! Was it to be known as the star of an embroidery commercial that she had eaten beans upstate in summer stock? With genuflections to a hook-up which had kitted her out in designs by Florence Lustig, Rudi Gernreich and Oleg Cassini (so that she four times was voted Best Dressed Television Actress) and paid her $50,000 a year, she knew then that she wanted out—or coarser words to that effect. . . .
>
> Jacquie's eyes glitter with the intensity of a fortune teller's as she faces me by candlelight this week in London. Under the white mink hat (milliner, Mr. John) her half-lashes are like swept wings on the dark oval of her face. Those are pearls, dewdrop style, pendant at her ears. But it is not a Romany complexion—she was born in Philadelphia 41 years ago of Dutch and perhaps Spanish stock. Her black dress (one of eight brought for the British tour) is a very good $300 copy of a $1,200 Dior creation. . . .
>
> She levels with them all, tells them what towns she will visit next, how good the girls are in the film which opens next week, how Sharon Tate (who plays the balloon-endowed Jennifer) will marry film director Roman Polanski, Saturday, right here in London. All this is salve: she has been stabbed more often than Caesar. But is she hurt? Probably not. Her literary life is an animated cartoon: bashed out of recognition in one frame, she pops up again in the next. And she bites back hard. . . .
>
> Her press dossier gives her out as hard. Her publishing stories add up to a Renaissance bloodbath. ("We're not in the Maxwell Perkins era any longer—every writer needs a lawyer.") But it was not the date with Lucrezia Borgia that my friends predicted. She is earnest that in her book it only takes one yes to wreck the life of a decent girl. And there, of course, is the central tenet in the creed of the Romantic Novelist, brought to its apogee by Jacqueline Susann.

And there also, one feels inclined to add, is the prose style of *The Times*, brought to its apogee by Lord Thomson's devotion to culture.

THE SUBJECT of these paragraphs was Miss Jacqueline Susann, author of the best-selling novel *Valley of the Dolls*, and the article from which they were extracted appeared in *The Times' "Saturday Review"* of 20 January. One has a feeling that the author is perhaps amusing himself at Miss Susann's expense, which seems hardly fair, as even the lushest of Romantic Novelists could hardly equal the excesses of his own prose.

Its main characteristic is that it so degrades the language that it can no longer be used as an instrument for conveying truth. The language itself carries its own falsity, like a bad penny that gives out a hollow ring, and this is precisely the vice which Kraus used to castigate in the *Neue Freie Presse*; it shows a kind of brutality towards the language which is itself a form of barbarism.

It would be unfair to say that the article is typical of *The Times* as it is now. It represents a style which flourishes most luxuriantly in its women's pages and in those devoted to the arts but shows a dreadful tendency to infect the rest of the paper; though one should make an exception of the excellent reports from Viet Nam by Fred Emery, who so far seems uncontaminated by the disease. *The Times* used once to be held up as a model on which an aspiring schoolboy could form a prose style; I hardly think that it

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can still be. Lord Thomson's young men seem to me to have developed a kind of baroque luxuriance which suggests that in each of them there is a Euphues trying to get out. I wish their master would keep them under stricter lock and key, or soon it will be quite impossible to disentangle from their prose the small scraps of genuine information they occasionally toss to us.

*

TIMES prose has made me feel so depressed that I wish I could find some way of relieving my gloom. But alas! at the moment I cannot and for me this is so abnormal as to be positively frightening. At this season of the year the approach of spring has always given grounds for hope, however irrational; I cannot see snowdrops without thinking of what is to follow, and after spring there is summer which always promises pleasure. Winter is for work and summer for happiness; there is nothing in history to justify such a rule, but fortunately history does not govern our feelings, or the outlook would be dark indeed.

But I must confess that I have never looked forward to summer less than now and this year at least I could almost wish that winter would never cease. Nor, as I should like to convince myself, is this an attack of some private melancholia of my own, for which there is always a cure; the feeling seems to me to be based on objective facts, of which by far the most important is that this summer the United States will have to suffer three quite separate ordeals, each of which, under the circumstances of today, would try her strength but taken together may be enough to test it to breaking point. As one who has loved the United States ever since he first read *Huckleberry Finn*, this seems to me to justify the most profound depression.

The three ordeals of course are the continuation, and almost certainly the intensification, of the war in Viet Nam; the race riots which everyone expects to break out in the great cities of America in the course of the summer; and a Presidential campaign conducted under the shadow of these two disasters. It seems to me no exaggeration to say, as George Kennan has said recently, that this summer the United States will face the greatest dangers it has known since the darkest days of the Civil War, when Lincoln, as unpopular a President then as Lyndon Johnson is today, stood for re-election with the best of reasons for thinking that he would be defeated. On 23 August of that year, Lincoln wrote a memorandum, sealed it, and asked the cabinet to sign it on the outside. When it was opened after the election it read: "This morning, as for some days past, it seems exceedingly probable that this Administration will not be re-elected. Then it will be my duty to so co-operate with the President-elect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration; as he will have secured his election on such ground that he cannot possibly save it afterward. . . ."

Of the three ordeals, of course, the war in Viet Nam is the worst. It has by now become an immense tragedy, on so huge a scale that it dwarfs any of the participants in it. The contrast between the littleness of the men involved and the vast consequences of their actions is one of its most terrible features; to try and share praise or blame among them is as absurd as if one tried to look for culprits in a Sophoclean tragedy.

For the United States, one of the worst aspects of the war has been that it has made her responsible for releasing forces of violence and destruction which by now have become almost uncontrollable. Perhaps, indeed, they are uncontrollable; to suppose that President Johnson genuinely has the possibility of making peace, of accepting defeat, or of withdrawing his forces is to entertain an illusion. In such circumstances, to insist, as Mary McCarthy does, that morality demands an immediate American withdrawal is to say that morality demands the impossible, which seems to me very near to a gospel of ethical despair. Despair indeed seems to me to be the condition to which many, perhaps a majority of Americans have been reduced by the war. But despair takes strange forms, and most Americans have chosen what Robert Lowell has called "the despair of an American conquest."

This is also the condition in which the United States must face a recrudescence, on an even greater scale, of last summer's Negro revolt in the cities; and to this problem they have as yet found no better solution than the one which is being applied in Viet Nam; that is to say, brute force. The parallelism between the external conflict in which the United States is involved in Viet Nam and the internal one it has created at home has a horrible consistency, so that the advocates of Black Power can claim, with some plausibility, that the revolt in the cities is really "a colonial war." For many Americans, the felt lack of a moral basis for the force employed has led to a crisis of faith in the moral authority of the state itself.

Others, however, even men of good will, and almost certainly a majority of Americans, are apt to feel that as a defence against worse evils, which are defeat, disintegration, anarchy, the only safety lies in force, and when force is disjoined from morality, it is easy to think that the greater the force employed, the greater the safety

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which is secured. Simple self-preservation is now the declared ground of American policy both in Viet Nam and in the heart of its own cities; in Viet Nam, from a yellow imperialism which at worst is only problematic, and in the cities from a black imperialism which is the child of America's own sins of omission and commission.

The report required by the Governor of New Jersey on the race riots in Newark last summer has shown that where self-preservation is felt to be at stake, panic is apt to follow. It is clear that there the police and the National Guard, badly trained and themselves affected by racialist feeling, replied to illegality with illegality, and it is highly improbable that by this summer the forces of law and order will have learned any greater measure of self-restraint. Despite the efforts of reformers, what American cities are preparing for is a servile war, and this also is a state of affairs that conduces to the same kind of moral despair which is inspired by the war in Viet Nam.

In such circumstances, the United States is to be asked to elect a new President. Neither the time nor the conditions are such that they can exercise a rational choice. It would be of all things the most surprising if, in their present troubles, Americans were to do anything else than cling to President Johnson, because he represents policies which, even if distasteful, are at least familiar ones; because his defeat would introduce a degree of confusion into American politics of which it would be difficult to foresee the consequences; and not least because some of the mysterious prestige of his office has rubbed off even on him. Yet, though his re-election seems certain, it will have the macabre feature that the successful candidate will be a man who is the object of such violent animosities that he can no longer move freely among his own people, just as his Secretary of State, Dean Rusk, can no longer risk giving a public lecture at his own university of Harvard.

America's troubles at this moment are so great that it would be well to remember that they may become worse rather than better, but also that they are our own troubles as well as hers, for there is nothing that affects her which does not, in the short or the long run, also affect us. Yet, even for those who wish her well, it is difficult to envisage any political initiative which can be of aid and assistance to her. Perhaps the best and the most that can be done is, while extending our sympathy and understanding, to labour to convince her that a great political error has led to a monstrous tragedy which involves not only America but the whole of the Western world.

R

ROUTLEDGE & KEGAN PAUL

Announcing a New Series

PROFILES IN LITERATURE

General Editor: B. C. SOUTHAM
Formerly Department of English, Westfield College, University of London

A series designed to provide the student of literature with a brief introduction to the major novelists and prose writers in English, American and some foreign literature. The volumes in the series are illustrative and analytic, and each volume illustrates the main features of the individual writer's art by short extracts, with an accompanying commentary or analysis.

The first six volumes are

Henry Fielding
C. J. RAWSON, *Lecturer in English, University of Warwick*

Samuel Richardson
A. M. KEARNEY, *Lecturer in English, Chorley College of Education*

Thomas Love Peacock
CARL DAWSON, *Assistant Professor of English, University of California*

Jonathan Swift
KATHLEEN WILLIAMS, *Professor of English, Rice University, Houston, Texas*

James Joyce
ARNOLD GOLDMAN, *Lecturer in English, University of Sussex*

Herman Melville
D. E. S. MAXWELL, *Professor of English, York University, Toronto*

Each volume 15s, ***paperback 7s 6d***
(Henry Fielding 18s, ***paperback 9s 6d)***

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nigel Dennis

Lines on an Atrocity Picture

"The Times *has no doubt that it was right to publish such a picture....Of course it was a shocking picture of a shocking act....But the very weight of the reaction...confirms that the sense of shock had been rightly awakened. The realities of the Vietnam war had been brought home to many who had not realised its full horror....*" THE TIMES

I am a newspaper photographer,
Of men-at-arms, I'm the biographer.
I am equipped by a rich master
To make a killing from disaster.
Our daily is the country's creditor
Thanks to my shots (says my proud editor).
So here's a song I love to sing
When I go forth photographing:

Hello, Sis, you being raped? Wait
While I hold my Leica straight....
Hello, Bro, you badly burned?
Watch for the little dickey bird!...
No legs, my friend...? In this bad light,
Problem's to get the flashbulb right....
Your brat dead, Ma? I'll use colour;
Readers eat up a weeping mother....

I am a newspaper photographer,
Of blood and tears I'm the pornographer,
Of rising sales-charts, the cartographer,
Of Grub Street's humbug, the geographer.

The Great Library

"Dig!", he ordered, and
They bent their backs;
Volunteers, eager to unearth
The Great Library of King Notheros.
After a fortnight, there projected
One chunk of snapped tablet
Visibly incised in cuneiformity;
Weeks later had emerged intact
One hundred; at last, ten thousand.
Lorries hurry the Great Library
To the crack museum; there,
A prof. with thick lenses and
Hairy ears deciphers; and after
Some years and all-too-many
Academic cat-fights, the world hears
[Five vols., largely footnotes]
What the tablets bear, what royal
Notheros carved with such care:

"I, John Smith, do hereby swear
That for twenty wackers I purchase
[Number indecipherable] amphoras
Of olive oil, the first pressing...."
"I, Tim Brown, known as 'Tiny,' declare
(Witness these presents) that in leasing
From Arthur [surname defaced] the
Five-nublong demesne aforesaid...."
"I, Jim, son of Wheeler, dealer
In leather harnesses, reins-maker,
Do swear [hiatus] pay not later...."

No epics, no lyrics, it appears,
Were graven there: Notheros, it's clear,
Knew what life's really about:
Summum bonum, things that count.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTES & TOPICS

Letter from Berlin

Germany's Young Left

THE CONFLICT was never more clear and concrete than on that last Tuesday of the year in the *Auditorium maximum* of Berlin's Free University when the new Lord Mayor of West Berlin tried his hand at "a discussion" with the rebellious students. He met all the sharp cross-examination with all the well-known phrases that have characterised politics in West Germany for almost two decades: civil liberties, free elections, national unity, humanitarianism, a mixed social-market economy, etc. In the course of three hours, these phrases passed Klaus Schütz's lips with increasing hesitancy. If at the beginning a large majority had been in favour of listening to the young, rising socialist politician, his concluding remarks were drowned in mocking laughter. There was no longer any basis of communication between rebels and rulers. The Free University experienced a spectacular end to 1967, the year of Student Revolt.

What 1967 had shattered was the ability of West German democracy to take itself for granted. A few thousand students, determined to provoke authority, undermined the belief that after the collapse of 1945 the Western non-Communist part of Germany had laid the foundations for a sound and stable social order. For the first time in the history of the Federal Republic the students put this order massively in question; for the first time there was a radical home-grown opposition.

This explains, I think, the over-estimation of the student revolt by critics and opponents and also the way in which the rebels over-estimated themselves. The panic-stricken and mistaken reactions of the Establishment were not so much a sign of the strength of the opposition as of the weakness and uncertainty of authority. The student opposition became not a political factor, but rather the symptom of a society's crisis.

Uncomfortable as many things that happened during this Year of the Students may have been, the first balance-sheet shows a credit. Questions are being asked again that became taboo after the strident discussions of the immediate post-war years. Doubts had been smothered in a general anti-Communist conformity. Did the liberal superstructure of the 19th century really fit the sub-structure of a society that is almost in the technetronic 21st century? Are traditional parliamentarianism and democracy really synonymous?

But the student leaders—and those oldsters who have meanwhile joined them as an "ideological brains trust"—have long ago ceased to be content with provocative questions and aggressive expressions of their uneasiness. They are in the process of establishing and institutionalising themselves—as an "extra-parliamentary opposition." As Dr. Ekkehart Krippendorff (one of the spokesmen of this "extra-parliamentary opposition") has outlined the programme of the Young Left, it offers "new analyses," "revolutionary conceptions," together with a claim to be the exclusive opposition. And the established forces seem only too willing to grant the Young Left this role which they have arrogated to themselves.

THE NEW LEFT SOCIALIST opposition in Germany is only indirectly a child of the so-called Marxist renaissance in the Western world. The thinking of the *junge Linke* contains first and foremost imports from the mountain-tops of Latin America, the jungles of South-east Asia, and to a lesser extent from the university campuses between Berkeley and Prague. A theory for domestic use has been extracted from the legacy of Cuban freedom fighters and Chinese guerrilla strategists. Not a few have been reminded of those radical romantics whom Friedrich Engels treated with respectful mockery over a century ago in his critique of Utopian Socialism.

Reminiscent of the Utopians is the struggle for the total elimination of all authority—by, of course, authoritarian means. The Left cadres at Berlin's Free University have by now mastered the methods of manipulation (meetings, demonstrations, political pressure) almost to perfection. Out of the past, too, comes the discovery of the-intellectuals-as-the-revolutionary-class. Lack of contact with workers is compensated for by the arrogant élite assumptions of the intelligentsia. Who still remembers Auguste Comte and his *Système de politique positive* which plaintively called for the rule of the élite?

The old Utopian ambition—"to invent a perfect system of social order and to impose this system upon society by propaganda and by the example of model experiments" (Engels)—is emulated today by young Rudi Dutschke with his plan to establish "a Network of Communes." This prospect, has, to be sure, already come to grief in the unsuccessful Berlin experi-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment of *"Kommune I."* And the vision of the brave new world—in which, according to Professor Herbert Marcuse, even animals will do no harm—is right out of Fourier who wanted to turn lions and sharks into "anti-lions" and "anti-sharks."

The ideologists of the Young Left tend to ignore even the basic discoveries of modern Marxism gained from the miscarriages of Socialism in Eastern Europe. These they would not deny; but they commit what the British historian Eric Hobsbawm calls the deadly sin of Marxism—they know the answers before any thorough analysis and bolster them up "scientifically in retrospect." They muddle together theory and political agitation. One example: their conception of a *"Kritische Universitat"* in West Berlin, with which they offend against a governing principle of "enlightened Marxism" as formulated by the Leftist critic of the Soviet Union, Henri Lefebvre: "We wish to state clearly and expressly that no doctrine and no slogan, no dogmatic argument, no imperative of practical action (or what claims to be such) may be permitted to override knowledge or restrict scholarship. . . ." It is above all the "imperative of practical action" that overrides knowledge among the rebels.

It may not be a matter of great importance that Rudi Dutschke bases his critique of the German economy on twisted statistics. But here begins that "manipulation" against which the rebels claim to be in revolt. Here begins self-deception. It becomes dangerous as embodied in the first commandment of the new Leftist credo: *Hasse die Liberalen* (Hate the liberals). A bogey is manufactured, labelled "liberal," and made the target of all aggressions.

EKKEHART KRIPPENDORFF—through whose recent writings a belligerent anti-liberalism runs like a red thread—graphically demonstrates the procedure. Take Dr. Ludwig Erhard, the weekly newspaper *Die Zeit*, Professor Theodor Eschenburg, Rudolph Augstein's *Der Spiegel*, and the sociologist Ralf Dahrendorf—reduce everyone and everything to the lowest common denominator of "liberal"—and there you have the arch-enemy! From free-enterprise neo-liberalism through American left-liberalism to Socialism with a liberal tinge and reformist Marxism, everything is stitched together into a black scarecrow for revolutionaries.

A modernised version of *Vulgär-Marxismus* tries to explain why "the liberals" are not even capable of analysing the situation. A "social-

The Power of the Prime Minister

HUMPHRY BERKELEY

For the many who are disillusioned with politics and parliamentary institutions, this lively and well informed book defines the nature of the problem and suggests some remedies. The author sets out a strong case for parliamentary reform. 24s.

The Body

ANTHONY SMITH

Revealing, candid, questioning, utterly fascinating; a unique book discussing in absolute detail the most central topic to us all—*ourselves.*

'Wholly fascinating. It brings home how little we know of the astonishing mechanism we live in all the time.' *The Bishop of Woolwich.* 50s.

A Prospect of Political Economy

HENRY SMITH

This book is essentially an essay in selection from the present almost excessive flow of economic discussion and information. The author expounds what he considers to be the essential tools of analysis, the main areas of fact and the most important currents of opinion. Readers will derive both background information and the techniques of thinking which form the basis of sound economic judgement 50s.

The Road Goes Ever On

J. R. R. TOLKIEN and DONALD SWANN

For the first time the songs of the elves from Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* trilogy have been set to music specially composed by Donald Swann. This book provides the words and music to enable you to sing and play these songs for yourself. 30s.

ALLEN & UNWIN

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

psychological-structural incapacity" is diagnosed. "*Die Zeit* is flourishing—why, then, should it be fundamentally dissatisfied with the *status quo*? . . ." To be sure, as Krippendorf states, the programme of the student opposition is still "very immature"; but it is, naturally, "intellectually very much superior to most of what is offered in the way of analysis and criticism from leftist-liberal quarters. . . ." In actual fact, apart from a few noteworthy proposals for reforming the universities, the Young Left has produced hardly anything except revolutionary glosses on other people's scholarship. The only comprehensive Marxist analysis of West German affairs—and it is fairly solid, despite dogmatic distortions—comes from the East German Democratic Republic. Significantly enough, this material is virtually unknown among the student opposition.

In truth the rebels base their attitude not least upon the works of "liberal critics" of the régime—even though they do not accept their premisses or conclusions. Krippendorf, himself a pupil of Professor Eschenburg, admits this; and he concedes that the best brains among the Berlin student leaders come from the (liberal) sociological school of the former Rector of the Free University, H.-J. Lieber, whose ideas they have transposed "into the practice of concrete political action."

The anti-liberalism of the student Left—for which I find it impossible to locate rational grounds—is in the unbroken irrational and anti-liberal tradition of the German universities. The path from the 19th-century *Burschenschaften*, the student fraternities of the *Wartburgfest*, to the recent Frankfurt Congress of the SDS is not all that indirect. It was the student fraternities that revolted against the spirit of the European Enlightenment, opposing to it a romantic-idealistic view of the world. They established the tradition of the gulf between "morality" and "reason" which marked the strange disquieting outlook of youth at German universities. Ever since then German students have regarded political morality as merely a question of "viewpoint."

Ever since then, too, German students have remained steeped in the odour of a *Kleinbürgermilieu*, that clings, for example, to the Berlin's new Republican Club. It is characterised by a moralistic puritanism and an inability to look at themselves with any distance or self-criticism. Nothing so infuriates the new rebels as the suspicion that someone is being ironical about them. (Almost 150 years ago the student fraternity member Karl Sand committed the first political murder in modern German history—his victim was the satirist August von Kotzebue.)

The Voyage
ROBERT LOWELL

A *de luxe* illustrated edition of Mr Lowell's "versions and free translations" of fourteen poems by Baudelaire, which originally appeared in *Imitations*. There are 24 pictures by Sidney Nolan, eight of them in colour. 84/-

The Revolution of the Dons
SHELDON ROTHBLATT

Cambridge and society in Victorian England. "A rare thing: a work of historical scholarship which is highly alert to its relevance to the present without compromising its understanding of the past."—JOHN BURROW, THE TIMES SATURDAY REVIEW. In the series, "Society Today and Tomorrow." 50/-

The Origins of Modern African Thought
ROBERT W. JULY

Dr July studies the African response to the West, and its impact on the body of ideas taking shape in West Africa, through the activities of individuals living and working there during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. With 22 plates and a map. 70/-

Children of Crisis
ROBERT COLES

Robert Coles, a child psychiatrist who has spent several years in the southern states of America, studies more than twenty cases of racial prejudice involving children. He discusses the effects of the Civil Rights struggle on children, and the role of social and political crises in individual lives. There are eight colour reproductions of children's drawings. 50/-

Hinduism, Buddhism, Zen
An introduction to their meaning and their arts
NANCY WILSON ROSS

The history, tenets and practices of three great Asian philosophies, showing also how they have been carried to the West, and their present significance for our culture. The book is illustrated with 124 captioned plates of works of art which illuminate the religions which inspired them. 45/-

FABER & FABER

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Keats

ROBERT GITTINGS

The most comprehensive life of Keats ever written, this should prove to be the standard biography for many years to come.

It contains much that has not appeared before on such matters as Keats's family background, his apprenticeship to medicine, the probabilities of his experience of venereal disease, his financial settlement with his brother George, and his often-disputed relationship with Fanny Brawne.

Every poem is set, dated, and interpreted in the light of the day to day events of Keats's life and experience, fully gathered together for the first time. *March 18 – 63s net*

The World of J. B. Priestley

J. B. PRIESTLEY

A collection of Priestley's sociological writing over the last half-century from his novels, essays and criticism. The extracts span a world of experience from Bradford before the Great War to Saturday night in modern Dallas, and contain some of Priestley's most trenchant and stimulating writing. *25s net*

The Age of George III

R. J. WHITE

A brilliant account of politics and society, acute and provocative in its analysis of men and events; to be published in *July – 35s net*

Heinemann Educational Books

48 CHARLES ST. LONDON, W1.

ANALOGIES ARE seductive, but of course they scarcely explain the anti-liberalism of today's generation of students; for it is not an exclusively German problem. Behind it stands distaste for a society that declares itself liberal and manifestly cannot cope with so many of its essential problems. But to blow up this discontent into a radical-illiberal ideology is the most dangerous misinterpretation young neo-Marxists could make—a misinterpretation that totally ignores, among other things, the fruitful discussion of Marxism that has taken place during the last decades.

The Western rebels are formulating and practising their anti-liberalism in a curious European phase: the Eastern Marxists have rediscovered the liberal heritage and uncertain liberals have found Karl Marx. Both camps are beginning to learn that the problems confronting their fundamentally different societies are not so fundamentally different. Democracy may be floundering within parliamentarianism, but there is precious little sign of its flourishing under the prevailing Socialist systems. A free-enterprise arrangement of private property patently does not guarantee progressive democracy any more than the nationalisation of the means of production. If the system seems to be "converging," it would seem to be mainly in their unsolved problems.

IS IT THE TECHNOLOGICAL revolution which has steam-rollered the idologies of Marxism and liberalism? Specialisation in the industrial society has led to a form of the self-alienation of man of which Marx never dreamed. On both sides of the line the individual is faced by a complicated apparatus which he cannot understand and cannot influence. Hierarchies become more and more firmly established. Dependence upon technicians and upon machines grows—and with it a universal mood of resignation.

Both systems seem to produce the well-adjusted consumer—a man without social commitment, who is all the more easily manipulated the more generously his material needs are satisfied. In the East as in the West, society is concentrated on technico-scientific changes. The question of how to cope with this advance, how to solve socio-economic problems, what the future will be like, is left to a few philosophers.

The younger generation appears to be in revolt against this development everywhere in the industrialised world. Hence it is scarcely surprising that the rebellious protests sound exactly the same in Prague as in Berkeley or West

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Berlin, even if the social issues and especially their ideological formulations are different—hippy-anarchist in California, liberal in Prague, pseudo-Marxist in Berlin.

The antagonism between liberalism and Socialism was already outdated before the Young Left rediscovered it. It is "a naïve self-deception" to believe that all the problems of an industrial society can be reduced to class interests, according to the Prague professor of philosophy and Marxist, Milan Machovec. And his Saarbrück colleague, the philosopher of jurisprudence Werner Maihofer (an "arch-liberal" in the eyes of the opposition), comes to the conclusion that "the citizen must be protected not merely against the arbitrary actions of an over-powerful state, but also against the arbitrary actions of an over-powerful society in a powerless state." In order to save liberal pluralism, Maihofer calls for an evolution which "by way of eliminating monopolies and restraining private capitalism will make possible the liberal realisation of the Socialist design for society." The ostensible antithesis between liberty and social justice is also being resolved in liberal theory.

In Italy, even for Togliatti Socialism already meant "a complement" to bourgeois freedom, not its subversion. One ideologist of Italian Communism, Lombardo-Radice, adds that today "the prospect of a Socialist revolution which inherits and develops the rights of individual liberty is no Utopia": freedom to him is nothing but the realisation of the basic liberal human rights.

While the liberal Maihofer speaks of "the categorical imperative of Karl Marx, son of a middle-class citizen of Trier, just as much ours as theirs," the Marxists are already reckoning the American Bill of Rights as part of their heritage. Both sides have rediscovered the basic individualist features of the Marxist doctrine, the anthropological Marx. Thoughtful liberals take seriously the reproach that they have perhaps been able to make liberty a reality, but not democracy. They have long ceased to regard freedom to acquire unrestricted ownership of the means of production as a dogma.

Marxists, on the other hand, have recognised that pluralism is a condition of freedom in Socialism too. In their plan for a Socialist society two American Marxists, Irving Howe and Lewis Coser, include this principle: "In general a society is aimed at which tends towards pluralism rather than unitarism, which recognises that decentralisation of power is more important than centralisation...." The Czech Machovec seeks a "consensus": the liberals must see that freedom has little to do with freedom of ownership—the Socialists that socialisation

IEA and the Micro-Men

Not, as you might suppose, a sinister new foe for Doctor Who, but an increasingly active species of economist. The IEA is strong on micro-economists. They are the exception to what Professor Michael Postan in his brilliant *Encounter* article (Jan '68) described as 'the compulsive preoccupation of economists with aggregates cast on a national scale, and their neglect of the more detailed, more concrete, more (so to speak) personal and social problems of modern economy'.

■ The other kind of economist – the inflexible Macro-Men – are a chastened breed just now. The National Plan, which was to have been their ultimate justification, has been abandoned as unworkable. This was predictable and – by the IEA – predicted: see John Brunner's *The National Plan* (1965) and Occasional Paper 8, *Economics, Business and Government* by Professor John Jewkes, Sir Paul Chambers and Lord Robbins (1966).

■ A succession of studies by IEA authors and academics has pointed to the realistic alternative – the micro-economic approach. These have included health services (Professors Lees and Buchanan); transport (Professor Walters, John Hibbs, D. J. Reynolds, G. J. Roth); education (Professors Peacock, Wiseman and Prest); North Sea gas (George Polanyi); nuclear energy (Duncan Burn) and welfare benefits (Arthur Seldon, Douglas Houghton).

■ Support for the Micro-Men has also come from the Communist world. Dr. Margaret Miller's *Rise of the Russian Consumer* (IEA, 1965) showed how the Soviet economy is moving away from rigid Marxist ('macro') dogma. And in our newly published *Pricing in Hungary* (Occasional Paper 19, 6s) the chairman of the Hungarian materials and prices board, Dr Bela Csikos-Nagy, sets out the Communist case for breaking state monopolies and opening up the market.

■ For regular exposure to good writing and clear thinking, put yourself in touch with the IEA. We'd be glad to send you a specimen copy of a recent title, and our new catalogue. Or better still enrol you as a 5-guineas-a-year subscriber, in return for which you get all our books and publications.

Macro value for a micro investment.

To: The Institute of Economic Affairs,
Eaton House, 66A Eaton Square,
London, S.W.1

Please send me the latest IEA catalogue, a specimen copy of an IEA publication, and details of the subscription scheme.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

IEA .....

.....

Enc

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the means of production cannot mean governmental ownership of the press, literature, and art.

This is certainly not yet a synthesis of liberalism and Socialism. But the awareness is growing that the Socialist design for society may be inseparable from the liberal idea of enlightenment, or that Marx cannot be explained without Feuerbach.

THE YOUNG LEFT in West Berlin and Western Germany wants to know very little about all this. They dismiss the rediscovery of liberal principles in Marxism as "Revisionism" —although it is precisely the Leftist critics of Soviet ideology who deserve well of them. To the student rebels (and their senior prophets) "bourgeois freedom" is nothing but an alibi for total repression. They do not merely prophesy the total elimination of these "relics," but do not shrink from participating in their destruction. Members of the German SDS consciously disrupt discussions in order—as they frankly declare—to unmask the right of free discussion as a camouflage for a brutal class domination. They consider tolerance in this society to be merely a means of repression.[1]

Their fight against liberalism compels them to adopt a revolutionary outlook. Reforms are ruled out. But the age-old contradiction between revolutionary theory and necessarily non-revolutionary action confuses their ideology. It leads ultimately to resignation. Krippendorff expresses this resignation when, on the one hand he prophesies that liberal society will slide "into an authoritarian cartel-dominated dictatorship" and, on the other, he sees no possibility for the opposition really to change society. He withdraws to the position of a "sympathising spectator"—of the guerrilla struggles in the under-developed world.

But those who may be resigned are not necessarily silent. They march out—with eggs and tomatoes to assault liberal democracy. They appear resolved to boycott reforms that could in any way "stabilise" society—in order to create the basis for their revolution on never-never day, their apocalyptic *St. Nimmerleinstag*.

The collusion of Reaction and Pseudo-revolution against intelligent social reform is no longer a mere haunting spectre. The men of Germany's yesterday are already "building up" the Young Left; young, fiery, eloquent Rudi Dutschke is cast as the arch-barbarian nihilist, as their No. 1 bogey. Since this is a social order that badly needs reforming, the noisy resignation of the Young Left can become dangerous.

But will the young Left remain in the sectarian and nihilistic corner in which the authorities (and how stolid the German *Obrigkeit* can be!) have forced them? They must take time to think again. Then the student opposition may well become the radical reform movement which its first inspiration intended it to be, and perhaps—who knows?—emerge as a nucleus of a new Socialist European Left.

For now things appear to be on the verge of a series of minor civil wars. Students have smashed 150 trolley cars and 50 buses in Bremen; dramatic demonstrations have taken place at the Universities in Freiburg, Bochum, Regensburg, Duisburg, Saarbrücken, Münster, Erlangen, Tübingen, Hamburg, and Göttingen. In Berlin a faculty meeting was disrupted and the professors forced to disperse when the door of a University hall was smashed; after a film was shown at a students meeting (in the university) which demonstrated the making of Molotov cocktails, the windows of Springer newspaper offices on the Kürfurstendamm were demolished. One placard read: "WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? TENDERNESS IN THE FACE OF THE ENEMY MEANS BRUTALITY TO THE REVOLUTION." Both Conservatives and Social Democrats have reacted with strong and lurid reminiscences: "SA-terror," "red Fascism," etc. But a recent *Spiegel* poll among German's students indicated that 27% "agreed with Rudi Dutschke" and 74% approved the protests and demonstrations (although only a fraction endorsed violence).

The struggle escalates.

Kai Hermann

[1] The spirit is the same—if the technique not quite so ingeniously Machiavellian—as in the American movement which was given the following instructions in a recent number of "New Left Notes," published by the SDS for young militant agitators.

"Opponents should whistle at any comment made by the speaker which draws applause from administration supporters.

"Opponents should greet the more extreme moral crudities made in a speech by snapping the fingers of both hands. This produces an insane effect of thousands of gnomes applauding. The speaker can speak over the crackle of the snapping. Should administration supporters try to drown out the snapping with normal applause, the snappers should begin to whistle (as well as snap). . . .

"It is possible that should the speaker's answer to questions be obviously unresponsive the audience might snap and softly whistle '*The Answer Is Written in the Wind*,' or '*The Horst Wessel Song*' or '*Yellow Submarine*.' Or they could hum. But the effect should be that the sound is soft enough so that the answer can be heard above the soft whistling, humming and snapping."

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Robert Lowell

and the Public Dimension — By JOHN HOLLOWAY

WHAT IS one to make of a remark in the Prefatory Note to Lowell's latest volume?[1]

> The theme that connects my translations is Rome, the greatness and the horror of her Empire.... How one jumps from Rome to the America of my own poems is something of a mystery to me.

An invitation to the reader, no doubt, to solve the mystery. If Lowell were really uncertain about the relevance of imperial greatness-cum-horror to his American poems, one could offer specific help. It would lie in an early original poem which is something of a translation also: "Falling Asleep over the *Aeneid*." To start with this single poem is to find the circles widening not only through Lowell's whole *oeuvre*, but beyond.

The speaker in the poem is "An old man [who] forgets to go to morning service. He falls asleep while reading Virgil, and dreams...." Lowell comes back, in his own person, to a very similar situation in the principal poem, "Waking Early Sunday Morning," in the new book. The old man falls asleep over one particular passage in the *Aeneid*, the passage at the beginning of Book XI, which relates how Aeneas prepared for the funeral of Prince Pallas, killed in battle by the aboriginal Italic prince, Turnus. Lowell worked over Virgil's text in detail: often translating literally, sometimes engaging in the kind of hyperbole characteristic of him—for example, Virgil (imitating Homer) says that Pallas' horse weeps and "its face is wet with big drops," this becomes "*stately tears/Lather its teeth*." But there is also a deeper and more pervasive transformation of Virgil. His relatively simple account blossoms into intricate suggestiveness. Aeneas' troops, with their scythe-wheel chariots, bird-priest, "drunken God, Ares," and brutal holocaust of victims, parade through the new poem in ornate, barbaric splendour. In the original, Aeneas wraps the young prince's body in the robe he has from Dido: straight picturesque detail. Lowell endows the incident with an historic irony: the older man buries the younger in the opulent artifact of Carthage, great future enemy of their common cause. As the poem closes, the intricacies multiply into uncertainty. The burial of Pallas merges into that of a War-of-Independence hero; the old man, half-waking, is back for a moment in his childhood (is he nearer to Aeneas, or to Pallas?); sharply, threateningly, a distinction emerges between Virgil and his imperial patron; and as, in the last line, the bust of Augustus

> *scowls into my glasses at itself*

the poem is finally augmented by the presence of its own myopic author.

Brilliantly intricate and interwoven, brilliantly brocaded and vivid, there is yet a great flaw in "Falling Asleep over the *Aeneid*." Aeneas, Augustus, the Thirteen States, Virgil, the old man, Lowell—all are brought into analogy, but we can see only that there is *some* analogy. We cannot identify quite what it is. At every move, as we think we are identifying it, a further likeness or a further discrimination takes shape before us, and holds us off from it.

That it is there, in a general way, and as an unresolved paradox; and that it is somehow a greatness-cum-horror analogy—all this is clear enough. It explains why *Near the Ocean* also includes a superb rendering of Juvenal's Tenth Satire; and why the attack on the success-goddess at the end of that satire is echoed in "Waking Early Sunday Morning." It explains why in the title-poem of this latest volume Clytemnaestra, Aegisthus and Orestes, principals in an older greatness-and-horror, illuminate

[1] *Near the Ocean*. By Robert Lowell. Faber, 18s; Farrar, Straus, $6.00

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a half-told New England drama, seemingly a drama personal to the poet, in the present. English readers might forget how the classical analogy is written into the very place-names of the American continent; but elsewhere Lowell himself provides a reminder.

> *. . . when sunset hurt the rocks*
> *Off Carthage, and surprised us knitting socks*
> *For victims of the Franco-Prussian War*
> (MOTHER MARIE THERESE)

Nor is it any accident that Lowell's three newly published translations from Horace comprise one on human transience (*solvitur acri hiems*: Lowell gives it an urgent contemporaneity not in the original); one on salvaging a private friendship out of public disaster (*O saepe mecum*); and one on Caesar's defeat of Cleopatra, which Lowell shifts quite substantially towards sympathy for the private end of the public-private spectrum.

These may seem minor points. If so, they make clear how the shape and issues of Lowell's verse show in peripheral pieces as much as in central ones. No wonder that he slips "Hannibal or Caesar" into one of his new Quevedo translations where the original is just about Rome; and in exact parallel, slips "Rome and Carthage" into a Gongora poem that mentions Carthage alone. For him, we *see* Rome precisely as we see, right within her, the Carthage of legend also. Then, perhaps, the link is from Hannibal's elephants, across to the "yellow dinosaur steam-shovels" on Boston Common in "For the Union Dead": Lowell's "something of a mystery" dissipating all the time.

SOME YEARS AGO Walter Sutton, citing poems like "Colloquy in Black Rock," and "The Drunken Fisherman," laid stress on Lowell's sense of the "decadence" of New England culture.[2] Those are two obscure poems. They bristle with dark flashes of meaning that do not come easily into a wholeness. Most directly, they attack the gloomily inhumane, grotesquely anti-numinous "unforgivable landscape" (the phrase is from a somewhat later poem, "The Mouth of the Hudson") of tidal mud, jackhammer, armoured Diesel fishing tubs; or what re-appears elsewhere as the "oily slick" and sewage of the sea at Salem, and the giant car-dumps at Concord. More generally, Lowell over the run of his poems goes beyond visual environment to total quality: a civilisation of love cars, commercial photographs of Hiroshima boiling, the "leaden, internecine generals" and "frowning, starchcollared crowds" of Buenos Aires, the "planned Babel of Boston." Goes, in short, to the whole "Mammon's unbridled industry," the whole "tranquillised Fifties" ("Memories of West Street and Lepke" in *Life Studies*), till in the end the message is universal:

> *Pity the planet, all joy gone*
> *From this sweet volcanic cone . . .*

Lowell's judgment on his own time has followed an authentically proliferating pattern. One might recall Swift, or say that this movement, this expansion from the lesser to the greatest of adverse judgments, brings to mind the last book of the *Dunciad*.

But "decadence" is not the right word. Here the point at issue is an unfamiliar one. It raises the whole position of the poet as not simply moralist, but moral historian: as bringing his sense of values to bear not simply on the im-

[2] *American Poetry* (ed. Irvin Ehrenpreis, 1965) p. 186.

SECRET SOCIETIES

Edited by Norman MacKenzie

A cool look at a number of famous and infamous secret societies, including the Knights Templar, Freemasons, and Carbonari, the Thugs, the Mafia, and the Ku Klux Klan. Because secret societies challenge our curiosity, many legends have grown up around their rites of initiation, their hidden ceremonies, their practices, and their aims. But as this book shows, the truth is often more fascinating than the legend.

352 pp. 9½ ins. × 6¾ ins. 256 illustrations, including 67 in full colour. 42s.

ALDUS BOOKS
17 Conway Street, London W.1.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mediate sensuous pabulum of direct experience, but on that as it has grown from its own past—history. The moment that a poet, or anyone else, attempts to exercise the moral sensibility in this way, he employs a new fundamental idea, one we have almost ceased to think of in the context of poetry. The immediacy of our experience is personal. What is personal may also be expressed so that the result is universal. "Thisman" becomes Everyman. But the emergence, over history, of men's present from their past is neither of these. History is not the realm of the personal, nor the universal: it is the realm of the public.

One dimension of Lowell's work makes him that unfamiliar being, a truly public poet. His verse is steeped in history; but look at this history more closely, and the word "decadence" misleads over it. The Lowell who repudiated Harvard to work in Ohio under John Crowe Ransom, who repudiated his Brahmin Protestant-Ascendancy background to adopt the creed of Boston's poor whites, who became a "fire-breathing Catholic *C.O.*" (thereby repudiating a third major tradition of the New England élite), has taken up a position much more radical than that of simple opponent of decadence.

I see the Quakers drown and hear their cry:
"If God himself had not been on our side,
If God himself had not been on our side,
When the Atlantic rose against us, why,
Then it had swallowed us up quick".

These are the closing lines of "The Quaker Graveyard at Nantucket," Part III. "These Quaker Sailors" of the past, with the "mad scramble of their lives"—*of* is the word, not *for*—are admired and something else too. Certainly, things have gone from bad to worse. "The ditch is nearer." But something in New England has been wrong from the start. The "Children of Light" who "fenced their gardens with the Redman's bones" planted "the Serpent's seeds of light" inside that ghoulish boundary. "Waking Early Sunday Morning" sharpens all this:

The dark design
spun by God and Cotton Mather—
our bell età dell'oro, *another*
bright thing thinner than a cobweb,
caught in Calvinistism's ebb.

Here too, the irony is inescapable, the criticism is not only in the last line.

Yet the word "inescapable" again gives the wrong note. It suggests the emphatic, the clear outline. But just as there were in the end no clear outlines in "Falling Asleep over the *Aeneid*," so in the end one sees that there are none anywhere in this poet. If *bell età dell'oro* has a hint of irony, if traditional American and especially New England values have been for Lowell somehow at fault from the very start, the fact remains that they obsess him, and give him every value he has save perhaps one. True enough, the apocalyptic religious feeling of the early poems ("*clamavimus*, O depths") is if anything less Protestant than Catholic; aptly, it calls the Counter-Reformation to mind. But apart from this, what Lowell sees as morally articulating the past is the New England of Melville and Thoreau and back from them to the Revolutionary War

. . . that bred the men
Who quartered the Leviathan's fat flanks
And fought the British Lion to his knees.
(Salem)

Backward from them again, the moral articulation runs to Jonathan Edwards ("so nobly did he live": Lowell speaks of his own "pilgrimage"

MEDICINE ON TRIAL

Dannie Abse

A lively summing-up of the successes and the failures of modern medicine. It is an assessment of the whole current state of medicine, including the efficacy and the cost of modern drugs, modern treatment of the mentally ill, and such controversial issues as addiction, tranquillizers, LSD, transplants, and "the pill". Informed and informative, critical yet balanced, it is a provocative and deeply disturbing book.

352 pp. 9½ ins. × 6¾ ins. 211 illustrations, including 67 in full colour. 42s.

ALDUS BOOKS
17 Conway Street, London W.1.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PM PALL MALL

CONTEMPORARY ART IN AFRICA

ULLI BEIER

The first authoritative account of the extraodinary renaissance that has taken place in African art in the last decade. Ulli Beier has been at the very centre of this creativity, and he presents it in all its freshness and originality. *110 illus. (11 in colour)* 55s

'BIG VICTORY, GREAT TASK'

GENERAL GIAP

General Giap has thoughout commanded the war against the Americans. In this propaganda statement, issued last September, he assesses the course of the war. 37s 6d

THE GRAND CAMOUFLAGE

The Spanish Civil War and Revolution, 1936–39

BURNETT BOLLOTEN

'A magnificent piece of historical scholarship.' H. R. TREVOR-ROPER in his Introduction. 63s

CHINESE COMMUNISM IN CRISIS

Maoism and the Cultural Revolution

JACK GRAY *and* PATRICK CAVENDISH

Includes an examination of the political role of the intelligentsia in the light of the intellectual movements in China this century. 40s

to Edwards' Northampton). Backward again, it runs to what

> *all our fathers won*
> *When Cotton Mather wrestled with the fiends*
> *from hell.*
>
> (SALEM)

—and from there to the original "Pilgrim Makers" who built the first New England steeple churches; then backward again to the aboriginal humanity of the Red Man and "King Philip." Forward, it runs to Gettysburg, and to Colonel Shaw with his "bell-cheeked Negro infantry" in "For the Union Dead." In the latest volume, the position has not changed.

> *In this small town where everything*
> *is known, I see His vanishing*
> *emblems, His white spire and flag-*
> *pole sticking out above the fog,*
> *like old white china doorknobs, sad,*
> *slight, useless things to calm the mad.*

More or less every time, if these passages of allegiance are studied in their context, some nuance or qualifying phrase half unsays what they say. Like others, Lowell is clear enough as to life's horrors: over what there is to set against them he is a torn man. The public continuities of history enter his work widely, deeply, and uncertainly. Ideally speaking, this is a criticism; in practical terms, uncertainty is a condition of life. Its interest is less as faulting Lowell for a lack of what, over the past decade or so, no one else has supplied, than in throwing light on his preoccupations and on his style.

LOWELL IS A POET who, in most marked contrast to all his English contemporaries, has been willing and able to encompass the public and historical as well as the private and immediate. As a result, his work has a range and a vehement authority that—well, perhaps the best thing to do is simply to call to mind Philip Larkin's "Church-Going," Donald Davie's "Remembering the Thirties," Ted Hughes' "Thought Fox" or Charles Tomlinson's "Paring the Apple." But, though that public-historical dimension may have been boldly his concern, Lowell has not encountered it with a single mind. There is an effort towards the public world, but (save, I think, in a few passages of denunciation) there is no mastery of it or assurance within it. Consequently, two things happen.

First, a writer in such a position stops short of the public dimension in its entirety. He tends to take history where it is at its most personal, and private resonances can compensate when public resonances fail. The relevance of this to

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Life Studies is inescapable. In that work, "Uncle Devereux" or Grandfather, and "Commander Lowell"—the traditional New England élite—are all, judged as men in public life, slightly ridiculous. But Lowell neither endorses nor judges them simply as men in public life. His poems hint at their public status, only to set aside anything deficient in it by a dense, evocative tissue of personal idiosyncrasy and childhood recollection. Lowell's family has been more for him than a way into the American past: it has also been his defence against its embarrassments.

The other intermediary that Lowell has found between private emotions and recalcitrant public history is the house. "Soft Wood" (in *For the Union Dead*) and "Fourth of July in Maine" (in *Near the Ocean*), are both dedicated to the poet's cousin Harriet Winslow. In the latter poem, it is very plain that family houses both transmit history and lend it associations which endear and relieve:

> *This white Colonial frame house,*
> *willed downward, Dear, from you to us,*
> *still matters—the Americas'*
> *best artefact produced en masse.*

A similar response comes several times in *Life Studies*, and (in another context) in "The Old Flame" in *For the Union Dead*. In each case Lowell's sense of the house is more than a personal sense; but at the same time, historical intuition is given a rich consolatory patina by personal association. It is no surprise that Lowell should have transformed Queveda's movingly nostalgic sonnet "Miré los muros de la patria mía," into the colonial-style "I saw the musty shingles of my house"; nor, if it comes to that, that he should have turned Juvenal's "town" of retreat into a "little town."

Lowell's ambivalent relation to the public-historical also throws light upon his highly distinctive style. Lowell is less a Donne than a Cowley. His sustained, even strained vehemence is familiar to everyone, and it is as different from the forcefulness of Dryden:

> *. . . A name to all succeeding ages curst*

or Pope:

> *Say first, of God above, or man below . . .*

—as it is from Hopkins' wholly other kind of energy:

> *. . . up above, what wind-walks! what lovely behaviour*
> *Of silk-sack clouds!*

Dryden has an energy of broad, decisive assertion, the prerogative of one sure that he speaks

The Man Who Cried I Am

JOHN A. WILLIAMS

A rich and violent novel which, through the eyes of a negro writer, Max Reddick, vividly dramatises the negro's position in western society over the last 30 years. 30s

The Keeper

AUDREY LASKI

Evacuated from an island to an isolated Welsh bay, the Company of the Lord, with their seventeenth-century way of life, are thrust rudely into the 1960's when the owner of the bay decides to turn it into a holiday camp. 25s

Titus Groan

MERVYN PEAKE

'An occasion for celebration . . . even those who already possess the old edition will want this one.'
Henry Tube, Spectator.
Illustrations by the author. 50s

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reaction Against Experiment in the English Novel 1950-1960

by Rubin Rabinovitz

A general survey of the novelists of the 1950s including such authors as John Wain, Alan Sillitoe, John Braine and William Cooper is followed by detailed studies of Kingsley Amis, Angus Wilson and C. P. Snow, as representatives of the reaction against experiment and the traditionalist revival in the novel. Comprehensive bibliographies.

243 pages 67s 6d net

Columbia Essays on Modern Writers

Four new titles in the series: Harold Pinter, by Walter Kerr; Giuseppe Ungaretti, by Glauco Cambon; Henry Green, by Robert Ryf; and Juan Ramon Jimenez, by Howard T. Young.

48 pages each 6s net

Columbia University Press

70 Great Russell St., London, WC1

from within the public life of his society. The source of Hopkins' stylistic energy is inner and personal. Something is *bred*: bred by drawing out the concealed potentialities of the words, as the writer turns them over and sets them to an interplay. Under these circumstances, gentle things can make vigorous poetry just as much as anything else.

But Lowell, especially in his earlier poems, does something different again:

> *"The search guns click and spit and split up timber"* (The Exile's Return)
>
> *My heart, you race and stagger and demand*
> *More blood-gangs for your nigger-brass percussions* (Colloquy in Black Rock)
>
> *. . . spewed Nantucket bones on the thrashed swell* (The Quaker Graveyard . . .)
>
> *the fat flukes arch and whack* (The Quaker Graveyard . . .)
>
> *Her absence hisses like steam.* (The Drinkers)
>
> *. . . Hobble hump-backed through the grizzled grass.* (The Neo-Classical Urn)
>
> *grunting*
> *as they cropped up tons of mush and grass. . . .* (For the Union Dead)
>
> *. . . the blind*
> *swipe of the pruner with his knife*
> *busy about the tree of life.* (Waking Early Sunday Morning)

One cannot say that Lowell has none of Hopkins' purely verbal energy. But his usual suit is energy through decided, unqualified assertion. Nevertheless, these characteristically vehement assertions—the ones that determine the style—are totally different from Pope's or Dryden's. They are not cultural, historical, public. When Lowell has something of that kind to say, he says it (as transpired with "Falling Asleep over the *Aeneid*") obliquely and without decision. It is precisely there that lies the area of his uncertainty. On the other hand, the assertions that give the energy or sometimes the galvanism emerge from what in Lowell is personal and sensuous ("*. . . my five senses clenched/their teeth*"). Everything violent, odious, shrill, extreme in what comes directly into individual apprehension, sometimes itself agonisedly raw, is pressed into service. The style does not engender vigour; it seems vigorously injected with vigour. A public mode of emphasis, the emphatic assertion, uses material from the other end, the private end, of the scale of poetic effect. Lowell's ambivalence comes out once more.

For long over a century, poetry in America,

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and literature indeed as a whole, has had a special relation to nationhood and to the communal ways of life of a new state. Aside from obvious cases like Whitman and Melville (and Lowell's style and also his content clearly owe a good deal to "Moby Dick"), poems like Amy Lowell's "Lilacs," Timrod's "Ethnogenesis"—though this is not Federal but Confederate—James Russell Lowell's "Ode" for the 1865, post-Bellum, Harvard Commemoration, or Whittier's "Centennial Hymn," all testify along with much else to this dimension in 19th-century American poetry. New England was probably its most assured centre, and no one can overlook the recurrence, in the brief catalogue above, of Lowell's namesake.

But in Lowell himself, assured acceptance of the communal *credo* has gone. What is left is the ambivalence of a tradition already on the way out. Admittedly, the American poets of the 19th century were not Virgils. The public status of the poet was even then dubious. But one thing is clear enough: the contrast with England. The last time the full powers of a major English poet were brought to bear upon a public-historical situation was with Shelley's *Mask of Anarchy*: that is a long way back, and it was a freak even then. Over decades, the divorce has become distinctively complete. By now, our poets seem never to have heard of the public dimension to either the present or the past life of our society; and we have come to take that for granted as the natural thing. It is not the natural thing, and it has been one of our transforming facts.

Price of Empire

Abuse of Power. By THEODORE DRAPER. *Secker & Warburg*, 36s; *Viking Press*, $4.95, Paper $1.95.

THERE IS, naturally enough, a great deal of talk at present about whether the United States has become "an imperial power," using Professor Hans Morgenthau's definition that any country that wishes to change existing power relationships in its own favour pursues an imperial policy. Many Americans themselves argue that she has become the only global power; that the Soviet Union lost the game in the mid-60s, and that Khrushchev's fall was an acknowledgement of this, hence her desperate anxiety to hang on to those areas where she does wield influence, Eastern Europe and the Middle East; China is still parochial in her

HO CHI MINH
Jean Lacouture

The first complete biography of the man who is implacably opposed to the USA in the crucial struggle of our time, by a leading French journalist with many years experience in Vietnam.
Out 18 April 35s

UNLESS PEACE COMES
Edited by Nigel Calder

A distinguished group of international scientists and military experts give fair warning of the huge technical advances which have enabled us to pollute and destroy the world. 35s.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF COMMUNICATION
George A. Miller

From cybernetics and automation to psychical research and the supernatural. 'Anyone who would like a glimpse at the kind of work now being done should read this.' – *The Economist* 35s

THE VOICES OF TIME
Edited by J. T. Fraser

Science, philosophy, psychology, language and literature are among the disciplines explored in this brilliant symposium. 'One of the most fascinating books I have read for a long time.' – Philip Toynbee, *The Observer* 65s

BEYOND ALL THIS FIDDLE
A. Alvarez

These collected writings by one of the most exciting of today's literary commentators include influential pieces on Sylvia Plath, Robert Lowell, Philip Larkin, Norman Mailer, and many writers in Eastern Europe. 50s

Allen Lane The Penguin Press

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW REPRINTING

REPORT FROM IRON MOUNTAIN

On the Possibility and Desirability of Peace

With introductory material by LEONARD C LEWIN

"is causing as much controversy as George Orwell's '1984'"
SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

"This is a superb squib on the American academic community and its relationship to government: the earnest conjunction of men eminent in their own speciality but of little political experience...."
Alastair Buchan THE LISTENER **18s**

THE UGUPU BIRD

SLAWOMIR MROZEK

A new collection of short stories from one of the best known of Poland's younger generation of writers.

"...they stay burning in the memory thanks to a superb and sparing pointillism, pictorial and dramatic" *Kenneth Graham*, THE LISTENER

"Slawomir Mrozek is that rarity, a satirist who is irresistibly charming"
Montague Haltrecht SUNDAY TIMES **25s**

THE SUN STOOD STILL

Perspectives on the Arab-Israeli Conflict

RODERICK MACLEISH

28 March **25s**

MACDONALD

influence and preoccupations and may long remain so. The debate in the United States is now one between those who rejoice in the exercise of imperial power, many of the strategists and soldiers, Dean Rusk and Walt Rostow (but not McNamara) on the one hand; and, on the other, those like Walter Lippmann, George Kennan and the representatives of the old tradition that the United States is but *primus inter pares*, that she has two areas of special interest, Europe and Latin America, and that the rest of the world is of no greater concern to her than it is to many other powers.

Intellectually my sympathies are, like many Europeans, with Lippmann. But the bald fact is that the United States has now achieved a degree of economic and military power equivalent by almost any index other than population to that of the Soviet Union, China, Japan and the European powers combined, which sets her in an imperial category whatever her desires. However, the reason why no analogy with Rome, Vienna or Byzantium is really meaningful is that the United States has acquired this degree of dominance in an era that combines ideological conflict with extreme nationalism. Consequently she cannot maintain the weak points in the global system of non-Communist states of which she is the centre by the only technique that historically has proved workable, namely by direct or colonial rule. All her interventions must be in the name of nationalism, of defending weak states whose theoretical sovereignty must be respected. And to intervene in the cause of nationalism is as often as not to give Communism the chance to show itself the truer national cause, as in Cuba, and now in Viet Nam.

THE MERIT of Theodore Draper's book is that he accepts the fact that American power involves the United States in global responsibilities and, unlike some U.S. intellectuals, does not attempt to assert that such power is illusory or can be directed primarily to domestic purposes. It pays some attention to American intervention in Latin America but concentrates primarily on Viet Nam, for, as he says, "the Viet Nam war is only the Cuban and Dominican crises writ large." I have found it the most scholarly, accurate, and forceful of all the critical works that have been published on Viet Nam.

He starts with the Eisenhower era, which was marked by a consistent view that the central problem in Viet Nam was political; the French defeat was ascribed to France's political unpopularity with the Vietnamese, not to her inferior military position. Eisenhower himself wrote in his memoirs that 80 per cent of the Vietnamese probably supported Ho Chi Minh: American

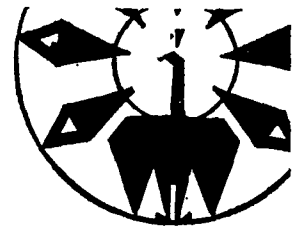
PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aid to Diem was made strictly conditional on the broadening of his political base, and no one supported this condition more strongly than Senator John F. Kennedy. Yet every time Saigon ran into trouble American military assistance was increased. For Draper, Kennedy, not Eisenhower, is the real architect of American disaster in Viet Nam, and he has no time for the attempts of Arthur Schlesinger or Theodore Sorensen to excuse Kennedy on the ground that he had inherited a commitment from Eisenhower. Why did he first back Diem to the hilt and then two years later acquiesce to his overthrow?

> One gets the impression from these memoirs and memorials of Kennedy's associates that they are writing of a man who did what he did not want to do, what he knew or felt he should not do, and what he had little faith would come out right in the end. There is nothing so devastating about our entire Viet Nam policy as the sense of fatality, and this is the best argument that Kennedy's friends have been able to muster in his behalf.

Lyndon Johnson emerges more as a lay than a decisive figure in this Aeschylean tragedy, for the basic switch in policy came in 1963 when it was decided, more or less accidentally, that it was military security not political stability which held the key to South Viet Nam's future. Draper has a particularly good chapter on "'Civil War', or 'Foreign Aggression'" and one on the escalation of theory in which he brings out the confusion in official policy statements forgetting which rationale they were supposed to propagate. In one year Vietcong activity is, in a State Department White Paper, standard Maoist tactics; in a similar paper a few years later it is a radically new kind of war. In 1964 the rescue of South Viet Nam is a job for Asians themselves; a year later it is the cornerstone of American security.

AT THIS MOMENT of high drama few perhaps will want to retrace this record of muddled motives and crossed wires for there is an instinct in most of us not to kick a man, even a giant, when he is down. But there is a lesson of great importance in Draper's suggestion that American war aims in Viet Nam have become magnified as the United States has deployed more military force there. "In February 1965, the bombing of the North represented a desperate United States effort to save the South Vietnamese forces from defeat; in February 1967, it represented an offensive effort to bring about North Viet Nam's defeat." And again,



Breakthrough in Burma

Memoirs of a Revolution, 1939–1946

by Ba Maw

This autobiographical account of Burma's long struggle for independence from British rule reveals the intense nationalistic longings of a people under colonial power—emotions often underestimated by today's decision-makers. In *Breakthrough in Burma* Dr Ba Maw presents a vast panorama of the men and events that made up the drama of the war years; no other Southeast Asian leader has published a comparable description of the events of the period. It was at that time that 'the seeds of the Burmese future were sown' and we must now face the realization that a knowledge of the wartime story is vital to an understanding of Burma today and indeed, to a complete perception of today's events throughout Southeast Asia. Illustrated 79s net

to be published April 19th

Yale University Press

70 Great Russell Street WC1

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American policy in Viet Nam, then, cannot be understood in terms of Viet Nam alone. It can more nearly be understood in terms of what we have done in Viet Nam. As a result of one miscalculation after another, we have gradually been drawn into making an enormous, disproportionate military and political investment in Viet Nam. This investment—not the vital interests of the United States in Viet Nam—has cast a spell on us. The same thing would happen if we should decide to put 500,000 troops in Mauretania or even Ruritania. Once American resources and prestige are committed on such a profligate scale, the "commitment" develops a life of its own and, as the saying goes, good money must be thrown after bad.

Draper ends by reminding his President that Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, won a victory in 279 B.C. which might repay study. At the moment, however, it looks as if he may be denied even this kind of victory and that the American position in Viet Nam may take on the ragged, unpopular, endemic character of the English in Ireland, or the Romans in Scotland or the British in Baluchistan, which is the price of empire. Or are these sorts of analogies bogus? Has instant communication, the sight of weeping children and wounded soldiers on television, has the sheer diplomatic and financial cost of such an imperial post, outdated this kind of analogy? We may know before the year is out.

Alastair Buchan

DELOS

A JOURNAL ON & OF TRANSLATION

is interested in the practices and theory of translation; in the history, the politics, the economics of translation; in the role of translation as a mediator between different ages, cultures, arts. Since the term 'translation' covers so many forms of exchange and relation, DELOS also publishes work of more general literary and intellectual interest.

The first issue includes: ARISTOPHANES: Tim Reynolds—BRECHT: W. H. Auden—MANDELSTAM: Clarence Brown—PASTERNAK: Theodore Weiss—PAVESE: R. W. Flint—VALERY: Roger Shattuck—WALSER: Harriett Watts—WITKIEWICZ; Louis Iribane. *Also* Radnóti, Alberto de Lacerda, Christopher Middleton, Alastair Reid, *and* A CONVERSATION WITH ROBERT LOWELL.

Editor: D. S. Carne-Ross. *Editorial Board:* William Arrowsmith, W. H. Auden, Keith Botsford, Roger Shattuck

Published by **THE NATIONAL TRANSLATION CENTER**
2621 SPEEDWAY, AUSTIN, TEXAS 78705, USA

The first of 12 issues appears in April 1968
10/–($1.50) per issue; £5($12.50) for complete 12 issues

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How do the Russians see us?

Not, perhaps, in quite the way you would think. Britain and the British come under the microscope in April's SPUTNIK where Daniil Granin offers some not-too-serious impressions of Anglo Saxon ways as seen through Russian eyes. DON'T MISS IT!

STRIDING INTO THE UNIVERSE

A lavishly-illustrated look at the future of space exploration

MUST WE CUT THE BIRTH RATE?

Problems of the population explosion

LET'S TALK ABOUT SLIMMING

Alexander Mitta looks at the universal cult of slimming

LENIN IN LONDON •
JUBILEE STAMPS •
CIVIC COATS OF ARMS •
THE ANATOMY OF WIT •
FRANK BRANGWYN REMEMBERED •
CARTOONS • HUMOUR
RUSSIAN MADE EASY •

sputnik 3/-

The best from Russia's Press, Radio, Magazines and Books translated into English.

APRIL ISSUE ON SALE NOW!

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POINTS OF THE COMPASS

Letter from Fiji

By George Mikes

THE ISLAND of Fiji was put on the map —as far as the general public is concerned —as an international Clapham Junction, as a global Crewe. People did not exactly have to change at Fiji but planes between Australia (or New Zealand) and Los Angeles (or San Francisco) stopped there. There is a great deal of snobbery in knowing the names of these international stops: the casual name-dropping of these junctions surrounds you with a cosmopolitan halo. The fate of these junctions varies as much as the fate of human beings. In the early days of transatlantic air travel Shannon in Eire and Gander in Newfoundland were on everybody's lips. But, with the lengthening of the range of modern aircraft, Shannon and Gander faded out just as—with the decline of rail-travel—Crewe itself is slowly fading. Fiji was luckier. Fiji is still going almost as strong as Clapham Junction itself.

Tahiti was put on the map by Gauguin; Fiji by Qantas and Pan-American. This is not the only difference between the islands. Indeed, you are surprised how two neighbouring islands can be so different. The word "neighbouring" should be understood, of course, in its South Pacific sense. They are next-door neighbours in the same blue and warm waters, which means that they are not much further away from each other than London is from Moscow or from Cairo.

The Tahitians and Fijians look very different from one another. The Tahitians are Polynesians, the Fijians Melanesians, which means that the Tahitians are lighter and the Fijians much darker, with many more Negroid features and fuzzy hair. If the women of Tahiti are beautiful and unforgettable, it is the strong, tall, and well-built men of Fiji who leave a strong impression on the mind. (And indeed they do; a great many ladies from California keep coming back to the islands, sometimes accompanied by their husbands, sometimes alone.) The Tahiti Group—the Society Islands—consist of a mere 130 islands; Fiji has more than 350. Tahiti has 84,000 inhabitants, Fiji almost half a million. The Tahitian language is a derivative of Maori, Fijian is a Melanesian dialect. The tribal system keeps losing its significance in Tahiti while the Chief is still a dominant figure in Fiji's social and political life. Tahiti is a French "territory," Fiji is still a British Crown Colony. In Tahiti one drives on the right, in Fiji on the left. In Tahiti one keeps seeing the peculiar, high caps of French officers, while in Fiji the policeman presents a very different picture: his face is black; his torso is covered with a British-type police tunic; and from the waist downward he wears the *sulu*, the Fijian skirt (or perhaps one should call it the Fijian version of the sarong or the kilt).

Not that it was so very easy for Fiji to become a British colony. Nowadays it takes much less effort for any small island to become independent than it was for Fiji to become a British colony. Cakobau, King of Fiji, made an application to Britain in 1871 to be accepted as a colony: but his application was turned down. Then he asked the United States but he was no luckier. Feeling downhearted ("nobody wants me" is as depressing a feeling for a would-be colony as for a child) Fiji re-applied to Britain in 1874. This time Victoria's maternal heart took pity on the unwanted island and the small jewel of Fiji was added to her crown.

AND YET, NEARLY A hundred years of British rule did not make Fiji as British in atmosphere and appearance as a shorter period has made many other colonies. In Tahiti you are unmistakably in the South Pacific and you could not possibly be anywhere else. But walk around in certain areas of Suva or Nadi in Fiji, and you will find yourself in the Middle East or India. You find the bazaars, with all their riches and filth, with all their colour and noise; you start *smelling* people; you see mothers carrying their children on their backs; you see women in *sari* and men with *fez*; you are pestered by beggars (you had not seen one of them in Tahiti); and the faces around you are neither Polynesian nor Melanesian but Indian.

In fact, you have come across the grave—and unique—problem of Fiji. Here, the natives of the island are outnumbered by the immigrants. Fiji 89 years ago had not seen one single Indian. After their arrival the British slowly discovered that the Fijians—charming and lovable people though they may have been—were no devotees of working on the sugar plantations. Why anyone should *like* to work on sugar plantations —hard, back-breaking, degrading, and dehumanising work—is another question which does not concern me here. (Or why should anyone, for that matter, *like* coal-mining, garbage-collecting, and brick-carrying?) Whatever the answer, the Fijians hated and avoided work on the sugar plantations, and the new masters—five years after signing the Deed of Cession (in 1879)—

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

imported indentured Indian workers. The Indians did the work they were supposed to do, but they did two other things: they soon became the predominant race in the economy of the island; and they also multiplied so fast that today they outnumber the Fijians. (In 1965 there were 235,000 Indians on these islands and only 195,000 Fijians, a ratio of 100 to 82).

This situation has made the Fijians feel that they are not masters of their own country and has led to tension. But these people only look fierce and awe-inspiring; in fact, they are gentle and warm-hearted. The fire-walkers of Beqa Island are symbolic: they walk on glowing embers but they do not get burnt. Similarly, even in the old days of internecine, tribal warfare, pitched battles were fought for days, with more than a thousand warriors taking part on each side, using poisoned spears and arrows, and the noise of the battle reverberated throughout vast regions of the mountains and the valleys; and the result was something like 8 killed and 13 wounded. They were, as is well known, some of the best fighters; but war is also a game, and they like playing. They also radiate general warmth: even their war-songs have a quality of friendliness. I watched their warlike dances and discovered that those terrifying warriors, shaking their spears and uttering deadly war-cries, were smiling sweetly. Their threats sound like loving threats; their war-cries are endearing war-cries. This gentleness is one of the reasons for their lack of success as a race; their very niceness is the cause of their tragedy.

THE BASIC PROBLEM—or so it seems at first sight—is the relationship between Fijians and Indians. The Fijians, not unnaturally, feel that this is "their country," and that they should be the dominant race. There is a doctrine in Fiji according to which each race used to make its own contribution: the Fijians owned the land, the Indians provided the labour, and the Europeans the managerial skill and the capital. Soon after the arrival of the British, the Indians started buying up the land from the Fijians and the British put a stop to this: Fijian land (about 85 per cent of all land on the island) is inalienable now and must remain the property of Fijians. So if Indians want to buy land, they must buy it from Europeans. Or else, they must rent it from Fijians. This still does not make the Fijians very happy. They enjoy the security of the land-tenure, no doubt about that. There are a few reasonably rich Fijians in Suva. But even these so-called rich Fijians have only a fraction of what European managers or Indian businessmen and industrialists may possess. They can have jobs, often high jobs, but what can an official earn compared to a successful financier or industrialist? They can make some money on their land but not much: they cannot *sell* (the law, as noted, forbids selling in their own interest). Small-scale agriculture is no source of great fortunes and they do not participate in the benefit of land-speculation, building operations, etc. They only get the agricultural rent and while rents are increasing, one cannot get rich on that. In any case, Fijian land-owners are not the Fijian nation: the masses cannot rise any easier either because they, too, refuse to take part in business operations and prefer to stick to their villages. Consequently, Fijians feel that they are doomed to remain the third race—after the Europeans and Indians—on their own island.

The Indians are not much happier either. They are shown as the villains of the piece: "intruders" who grabbed finance and industry, who try to deprive poor Fijians of their land and who are, in any case, "an alien race" who have nothing to do in the Pacific. This is, they point out with indignation, an entirely false and biased picture. They did not come here as tourists who, afterwards, sneaked in stealthily, but they were brought here by force as indentured labourers to do the jobs the Fijians had refused to do. This happened almost a hundred years ago, and thus the overwhelming

STOP-TIME

FRANK CONROY

a memoir of boyhood and adolescence

'*Stop-Time* is unique, an autobiography with the intimate unprotected candour of a novel. What makes it special, however, is the style, dry as an etching, sparse, elegant, modest, cheerful. Conroy has that subtle sense of the proportion of things which one usually finds only in established writers just after the mellowing of their career. It is a remarkable book for a young writer.' *Norman Mailer* 25s

Bodley Head

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Search of Light
The Broadcasts of Edward R. Murrow 1938-1961
Edited and introduced by Edward Bliss Jnr.

This volume contains some of the best-known and more lasting broadcasts made by Edward R. Murrow and brings history alive with startling immediacy.
Illustrated 36s

Byron and Shelley
John Buxton

This major new work is the first account of the relationship between Byron and Shelley, and provides the background against which some of the finest Romantic poetry was written.
Illustrated 50s

Asian Nationalism in the Twentieth Century
J. Kennedy

A detailed study of the origins and effects of modern Asian nationalism, including selected readings from contemporary observers and nationalist leaders.
Illustrated 42s

A Critique of British Empiricism
Fraser Cowley

From the viewpoint of a phenomenologist, Fraser Cowley criticises the empiricists in British philosophy – Hume, Russell, Ryle and Ayer. 42s

MACMILLAN

majority of the Indians were born on the island (indeed, many of them are third- or fourth-generation Fijians). The Fijians have equal opportunities in business and industry; it is not the Indians' fault if they do not take them but remain in their villages. Why keep up this race division? Why not develop a Fijian national conscience, an ideal of common aspirations instead? Isn't a Fijian a Fijian, irrespective of the colour of his skin? It is also unjust, they continue, that the Indians must rent all the land they need; 80 per cent of them are landless farmers. They improve the land they rent and then—when the lease is up—they are turned out.[1]

ALL THE DEMANDS of the Indians (the Fijians and the British reply) sound fair and reasonable on paper. But what would they mean in practice? "Fijian national conscience" and talk of "common aspirations and destiny" sound fine but if the Indians were allowed to buy up the land, they would do so in a short time and the Fijians would remain poor *and* would become landless as well. Would not such a situation lead to riots and disastrous race relations?

The Indians, however, continuing the dialogue, reject these counter-arguments. The only serious race-riots in Fiji (in 1958, during the time of a strike of oil-workers) were not between Fijians and Indians but between Fijians and Europeans. Besides, observe (they go on) to what ludicrous results these definitions of race lead! To be able to speak of "Indians" and "Fijians," don't these notions have to be defined? An Indian is a person who is the descendant of an Indian immigrant. Further, an Indian immigrant is a person who belongs to the aboriginal races of the Indian subcontinent. Fijians, on the other hand, are the natives of Fiji *and the South Pacific Area*. The result of this definition is that any Tahitian, Samoan, or Solomon Islander who cares to come to Fiji is regarded as "Fijian" in the first five minutes of his stay. But an Indian, whose great-grandfather was already born here? No Fijian, he.

AS ALWAYS, a large number of people blame the British for all the troubles and, as always, they are right to some extent. There is little doubt that the British, by securing the

[1] There are some new laws now, protecting Indian tenants and giving them, provided they pay the rent and keep other stipulations of the contract, very reasonable security of tenure. They get a ten-year lease and they may insist on a second ten-year period. After twenty years they must leave the land —should the Fijian landlord so desire—but the tenants are entitled to compensation for the improvements.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

property of the land for the Fijians, were doing a great service to the natives of these islands. There is still smaller doubt that the British enjoyed and exploited the racial tensions which made a divide-and-rule policy feasible, indeed easy. They hold the press and radio firmly in their hands and these organs are in the services of the establishment, and fight to preserve the *status quo*. The press and radio wish to maintain European economic power and "European" in this sense means *Australian* because banking, gold, copra, and above all the all-powerful sugar refineries are in Australian hands, are in fact Australian monopolies. (The alternative would be Indian economic power—not Fijian.) Even the so-called protection of Fijian land—the opposition point out—benefited Europeans just as much as, or more than, Fijians. In the late 1870s (and early '80s), before the Indians appeared on the scene as an economic power, the British bought Fijian land for a song. They obtained some 400,000 acres. Afterwards, the White Settlement League, trying to maintain "white power," meant to encourage European settlers to come in and as a result of their pressure the land-laws were relaxed. Fijians were allowed to sell their land but only to Europeans not to Indians. However, very few Europeans immigrated to Fiji but local Europeans took advantage of the new law and bought a lot of further land from Fijians. Today, Indians can buy land from Europeans but not from Fijians and this arrangement, of course, puts a premium on European land and keeps prices very high.

A reception in Government House looks as if it was held in an old-fashioned white colony or in London itself. Eighty or eighty-five per cent of the people are white, half of the rest are Fijians, half Indians, with one or two Chinese thrown in.[2] The Governor himself is a popular and good man who would like to change this racial mixture for receptions but, he says, he cannot. (In a country where out of 470,000 people only 11,000—less than 2½ per cent—are Europeans. With the 13,000 part-Europeans thrown in, their total amounts to 5 per cent.) There is great dissatisfaction with old-type colonial officials, too, who are regarded as condescending and patronising. They mix with the Fijians and Indians, accept invitations to their houses if they must, but would not dream of inviting an Indian or Fijian back to *their* house. The idea simply does not occur.

The only—and not inconsiderable—bright spot in the British picture is the arrival of a new type of British official. They started coming in the early 1950s and people of all classes and races sing their praises. They are interested and involved; they are friendly but not condescending; they care for the islands; they mix with Fijians and Indians on an equal basis; they even return invitations and, indeed, are delighted to have Fijian and Indian friends in their homes. Some of the modern businessmen—Australians and New Zealanders, mostly, but a few British among them—seem to have the same attitude and treat everybody else as equals. An encouraging sign. But the businessmen are "only" businessmen and the new type of British officials usually occupy junior posts. The tone is still set by their seniors most of whom never heard the news that Palmerston had died.

TENSIONS EXIST but race-relations are far from explosive. The British have a fair—and probably equal—number of sycophants among both races. The opposition is most critical about the hereditary chiefs who, naturally enough, wish to keep their own power, and consequently support the status quo and are in favour of British rule. There are no clashes between the two races —Fijians and Indians—because there is little contact. Until very recently (1966) Fijians could

[2] The 5,000 Chinese of Fiji are—amazingly enough for these parts—left out of the racial game. They are very reserved, politically inactive and inscrutable. They work hard as everywhere and do not even sound their political views.

Jack Lindsay

MEETINGS WITH POETS

Illuminating essays on Dylan Thomas, Edith Sitwell, Louis Aragon, Paul Eluard and Tristan Tzara.

John Pudney on the Dylan Thomas essay, says "*A good experience of understanding and interpretation. Lindsay has written with shrewdness and lucidity.*"

36*s. net*

Muller

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not leave their villages without the chief's permission and—as a result of the Indian indenture system—if *they* left their places of work (prior to 1920) they could be prosecuted. In other words, the two races were kept apart. They even had separate schools. *Apartheid* ruled supreme. By now these rules have been changed, and contacts between the races—mixed schools, for example—are encouraged. But policies change faster than life and the actual change is still very slow. Fijians still live essentially in the villages and it takes a great deal to persuade a Fijian to leave his native abode. He might do so temporarily but—having made some money in the town—he will return to the village. Indians, on the other hand, live mostly in towns. Social contacts are few between Fijians and Indians—religious rules make it difficult for them to eat together—and inter-marriages are extremely rare, almost unheard of. All that can be claimed is that in Indian districts many Fijian speaks Hindi and eat curry; in copra country, the Indians eat Fijian food and like it. Nevertheless, voting is not strictly on racial lines. The Indians complain that as they live mostly in towns, their larger numbers do not secure political advantages for them: they can elect their members with vast majorities but they cannot elect more members. Yet, only 75 per cent of the Indians vote for the opposition and one-quarter votes for Ratu Mara's Alliance Party—*i.e.*, the Government and some Fijians vote for Indians.

The political tension is well below boiling-point. The Queen is represented by the Governor who is advised by an Executive Council which has a majority of unofficial members. The Executive Council is the government, the Legislative Council is Parliament. The Legislative Council has eighteen unofficial and may have up to nineteen official members—in other words, a majority for the official view can always be secured. According to the new Constitution, it has six Fijian, six Indian, and six European members. Everything works towards self-government but rather slowly: "when the time comes," "when the situation is ripe," etc. There are gentle rumblings and some people talk of independence but even they wish independent Fiji to remain a member of the Commonwealth.

Whether small islands like Fiji should or should not become independent states, is quite another problem. But independence is in the air and I was told that people even at Pitcairn Island talk of independence. As Pitcairn is a small island, far away from practically everything, and the total number of its inhabitants is 89, few people encourage these aspirations. A pity. Isn't size relative? Just as Switzerland is a giant compared to Liechtenstein, wouldn't the appearance of an independent Pitcairn Island at the United Nations help to give status and stature to quite a few states whose present status is somewhat doubtful?[8]

FIJIAN VILLAGES are still run by the hereditary chiefs whose prestige is slowly declining but remains still high enough. Indeed, if he is rich, he is respected; if he is poor, he is not. (Which clearly proves that Fiji is fast approaching, indeed has already reached, the high level of European and American moral standards.) In the old days—to mention only one example—the chief could command free labour from villagers to do various chores (building, repairing, domestic duties in the house). Today these rights no longer exist. The chief has to pay the villagers—but few people know about their rights and if the chief commands, they obey. The truth is, of course, that few people *want* to get rid of the chief's protecting, paternal powers. Freedom means responsibility and I suspect that people prefer

[8] If I may add this, Pitcairn Island has graver problems than independence. Its population has fallen from 152 to 89 in the last ten years and this makes—as I read in the *Pitcairn Miscellany*—the playing of cricket very difficult indeed. The truth is that there are no cricket matches, except occasional games between islanders and visitors. "How can we become an independent nation," a Pitcairn Islander, visiting Fiji, asked me, "when we can't even put two cricket elevens on the field?" I told him that, according to the Charter of the United Nations this was no essential requirement. I doubt if the Soviet Union could put two cricket elevens on the field.

TRISTAN

by HANNAH CLOSS

"The greatest admiration. . . . It is a beautiful book, both in itself and in the way it is produced"
(L. P. HARTLEY)

"The whole book moves to the rhythm of the sea"
(BARBARA BARCLAY CARTER)

"Lyrical passages reaching at times a sensibility approaching that of music" (*The Irish Times*)

"Brilliant . . . truly poetical" (J. B. LEISHMAN)

American edition just out, $5.95

THE VANGUARD PRESS
424 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

leaving responsibility to the chief. For many "colonialism" was a disaster but "freedom" was worse. So, many Fijian villagers are anxious not to learn anything about their newly-won rights and go on obeying the chief.

Village life is a hand-to-mouth existence but no one has to starve and life is reasonably easy; and certainly very quiet. So it flows on. If you visit a Fijian village and you are lucky, they will throw a *ḳava*-ceremony in your honour. *Kava* (also called *yaqona*—pronounced YANG-GONA) is the national drink of Fiji. You will sit in front of a *tanoa* (which is a wooden bowl with legs—in case your Fijian is not quite as good as mine) and you will get a *bilo* (cup) in a coconut shell. You sit cross-legged and clap twice. The chief will cry *maca*! You do not say *maca* yourself. You say nothing, just drink your *ḳava*.

The Fijians allege that *ḳava* is made from huge pepper-roots and is slightly intoxicating. The truth is that it is not intoxicating at all and it is made from mud. It also tastes like mud, which is not surprising in the circumstances. Fijians tell you with a modest smile that *ḳava*—or *yaqona*—is an acquired taste. But this is a mistake and there is no need for them to be so reticent and modest about it. It is not an acquired taste at all. If you like mud, you will like *ḳava* instantaneously.

THE YEAR of 1968 will be important. It will be the hundredth anniversary of the last missionary being eaten on the island, in the village of Nabutautau. He was the Rev. Thomas Baker and after so many years this tragedy has become a funny story in Fiji. But there is more to it than meets the eye. The Rev. Baker was cooked and the chief wanted to eat a leg. He found it very tough and sent it back to the kitchen. But no amount of boiling softened it sufficiently. Then another missionary arrived and suggested modestly that perhaps it might help if the Rev. Baker's shoes were removed. Today, the villagers of Nabutautau are not ashamed at all of their ancestors' cannibalism but they are very touchy about the culinary blunder their chief committed. You may talk of Baker, but not of his shoes.

One may ask, if the Rev. Baker was eaten, why was the other missionary received in such a friendly manner and given a chance to draw attention to the chief's mistake? The answer is that cannibalism was very much on the decline in Fiji even a hundred years ago and the Rev. Baker had rather bad luck. He was first well received by the chief, offered hospitality and put up in a *bure* (a Fijian hut) for the night. The Rev. Baker, however, possessed a beautiful tortoise-shell comb and it was this possession

Winner of the Prix Goncourt

Jacques Borel

THE BOND

'One of the most important novels —and in some passages one of the most beautiful—that we have come across in a long time' LE MONDE

Out April 30s

Boris Balter

GOODBYE BOYS

From a brilliant disciple of Paustovsky comes a story of the loves and hopes of a group of teenagers. 'A fine novel...he finds the significant in the everyday' THE TIMES

With Harvill 25s

COLLINS

Johnson

THE THIRD WORLD

DR. FRANCO NOGUEIRA

Portugal's Foreign Minister and Delegate to the United Nations assesses 'The Third World' of the undeveloped Nations.

"I hope that this remarkable book . . . a political essay of the first importance . . . will be widely read." THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY.

"In his new book Dr. Franco Nogueira confirms his reputation as one of the most penetrating—and also most readable—analysts of the world situation." GEORGE MARTELLI, author of *Experiment in World Government.*

Demy 8vo ***25s net***

MAN FACES HIS DESTINY

CHARLES LEOPOLD MAYER

The development of man's thought and politics considered in the light of the author's biochemical studies.

"This book is an attempt to provide a philosophical foundation for liberalism—a very creditable and much needed objective." T. E. UTLEY

Demy 8vo ***30s net***

Johnson Publications

11/14 Stanhope Mews West, London, SW7

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that sealed his fate. The chief came to his hut in the morning, accompanied by two bodyguards, armed with clubs. The chief's eyes fell upon the comb. He picked it up and began to comb his hair but could not do it properly because his hair was too thick. So the Rev. Baker, politely and helpfully, meant to show him how to do it and started combing the chief's hair. Upon which the two bodyguards fell upon him and clubbed him to death. Once he was dead, they thought they might as well eat him.

One of the strongest taboos of old Fiji was that a chief's head must not be touched. It was a heinous and unforgivable crime and the punishment for it could not be less than death. And even death was not enough. The Rev. Baker was not simply eaten because he was dead; it was one of the laws—based, of course, on deep moral conviction—that such a grave crime could only be expurgated if its perpetrator was devoured and had thus been completely annihilated. The Rev. Baker committed a fatal error, but all that followed was strictly within the rules. The Rev. Baker had his set of dogmas, and the Fijians had theirs.

But the days when Fiji was known as "Cannibal Island" are gone. Civilisation, as usual, started with turning the spoken language into a written one. Missionaries, as is often the case, did a much better and more useful job in the cultural field than by saving souls. In Fiji, however, their job met with an unique difficulty—and the results survive to this day. The language was so full of *mb, ng* and *nd* sounds that the primitive printing sets available on the islands just did not have enough *m*'s and *n*'s. So these letters were simply left out and the rule declared that *b* read as *mb, d* as *nd, g* as *ng* and *q* as *ng-g*. We have already met the word *yaqona* (pronounced, I repeat: YANGGONA); *Beqa*—the fire-walkers' island—is pronounced MBENGGA and *Sigatoka* is SINGATOKA. Today, this shortage of *m*'s and *n*'s is not so acute any more, yet the rule survives. The French spell Nadi—the airport town—*Nandi*; the British still stick to *Nadi*; but both pronounce the name of the town—with allowances to native twists—*Nandi*. One hoped that there was at least one single issue on which the British and the French could agree; but this was not to be.

By the way, I found myself in one of the gravest linguistic embarrassments of my life in that town of Nadi. I wanted to spend a penny (and a real penny, because the currency is exactly like ours) and strolled into the right direction in a restaurant. But what do you do when you see the word TUROGA on a door? I admit, there was a skirt painted on the other door and that would be of some indication in any other country. But which door, I repeat, which door would you choose in a land where men wear skirts?

TODAY FIJI is a superb holiday resort, the two largest islands, Viti Levu and Vanua Levu, holding as much attraction for the visitor as the enchanting smaller islands. Yes, the place is magnificent with one serious drawback. Fiji is a free port and almost everything is ridiculously cheap. You see scores of Americans—and some people of other nationalities, but mostly Americans—roaming Suva's Indian shops, hunting for hidden treasures. This they do because they are sportsman-like: otherwise, not much hunting is needed and the treasures far from being hidden, are displayed only too conspicuously. Prices are staggeringly low; nay, irresistible. And this very cheapness makes Fiji one of the most expensive countries in the world. By the time you have bought an unnecessary camera with two even more unnecessary extra telescopic lenses, two tape-recorders, five bottles of perfume (*really* dirt cheap), half-a-dozen lighters, a cashmere stole with traditional embroidery, three agate necklaces and four amethyst pendants, you will find, as I did, that the bill is bankrupting.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

"O Jerusalem"

JOURNALISTS who covered the Middle East war and its aftermath will be surprised by John Mander's remarks in the February issue of ENCOUNTER.

The allegation that correspondents based on the Arab side eschewed visiting Israel because they believed that "the food is execrable in Tel Aviv" is untrue and absurd. I can't imagine who the journalists were at the Saint-Georges bar who talked to Mr. Mander about visa troubles and duplicated passports. Any fool who spends five minutes skimming an airline schedule can make himself aware of the triangle route from Beirut to Tel Aviv via Cyprus, and the means of accomplishing the journey can scarcely be a secret. Tens of thousands of tourists have arranged to get second passports or have taken the simple expedient of asking Israeli immigration not to record entry into the country.

The point is that Western correspondents permanently based on the Arab side—and this includes not only "*Time-Life* men"—are acutely aware of Arab sensitivities which Mr. Mander declares they ignore. Far from not seeing "Arabs as people at all," they take into account Arab belief that Westerners who frequently cross from the Arab side and come back again are "breaking faith" and are playing a double game. Single-time visitors do not risk this liability, and while it is easy enough to cross frontiers physically, experienced journalists in the area know that Arab governments are not hoodwinked by the mere absence of Israeli visas in passports. Most newspaper men, after all, carry by-lines on their work in papers readily available in Arab capitals. Thus it is—without exception that I know of—that the American press and Fleet Street post their permanent men on one side or the other instead of asking a single correspondent to cover the Middle East area as a whole.

As for Mr. Mander's specific allegations that "*Time-Life* men" reported from only one side (and we had numerous people on either), I should record that *Time* Inc. had at least three journalists who visited both sides during the war and in the weeks ensuing.

GAVIN SCOTT

Time-Life News Service,
London

"A Day in Berlin"

PERHAPS Colin Welch should have spent a little more than a day in East Berlin [ENCOUNTER, September]. Had he taken the trouble he might have talked with the courteous and dedicated City Architect—an elderly man, who has lived and suffered in Berlin. He might have seen the magnificent plan of the new Berlin, much of which has already been built and is there to be seen by those who look with honest and sympathetic eyes. I am sure that he did travel in his bus around Alexanderplatz, which is being entirely reconstructed and where there stands already the tall centre for teachers with its fully equipped concert hall, its lecture hall with facilities for film showing and for simultaneous translations in six languages, its library and seminar rooms and three restaurants, which provide good food and drink at varying prices. He might have found time to drive out to the new suburbs with their tall blocks of flats, similar to those to be found in any city in the West, except that these have rather more open space around them than most and play areas for children and in every residential centre schools, kindergardens and at least one polyclinic.

No one in Berlin praises the flats in Karl Marx Allee, but people had to be housed quickly and the flats themselves are centrally heated and very cheap. The people who live in them are those whose grandparents lived in Berlin's "Mietskasernen mit Hinterhäusern," where daylight rarely penetrated—they and their friends and relations, who now live in the bright new centres on the outskirts probably feel less nostalgic than Colin Welch about the old Berlin. Even Karl Marx Allee leads to the fountain and the flowers of the roundabout at Frankfurter Tor and many a Western city would be the better had it the Allee's broad roadways and spacious tree-lined pavements. Perhaps the East Germans should count themselves fortunate that they have received so little help—for them the tinsel glitter of the Kurfürstendamm was not possible. Instead they were forced to take desperate measures to prevent their labour force from being tempted away. The result of their tremendous efforts over the last six years in particular have given them a pride in achievement, which is surely justified by the fact that with a population of under eighteen million they yet stand sixth among the industrial nations of the world.

Despite its lakes and open spaces Berlin was never a beautiful city—it is already clear that given the opportunity for continued development East Berlin will be a dignified and very well planned capital. Already there are many who have discovered that it is possible to eat as well and more cheaply there than in the West, that superb opera and magnificent theatre costs less, that the political cabaret has lost none of its bitingly acid flavour and that every weekend the young dance in pleasant restaurants until the early hours of morning. East Berlin has no pseudo-English pubs nor indecent cabarets—for those Colin Welch must stay in West Berlin.

CATHERINE ADLER

Oxford

CERTAINLY I would like to have spent longer in East Berlin. Yet even if I were to spend a lifetime there, I doubt if I should see it exactly as Miss Adler does. From her letter one must suppose her to be one of those people—never uncommon in Germany, alas, unless history errs—for whom central heating, "polyclinics," adequate food, cheap opera, etc. are sufficient compensation for the almost total suppression of freedom. Perhaps I am too; but I don't think so and, if I were, I would keep rather quiet about it.

COLIN WELCH

London

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Steinerian Agony

REGARDING Burgessian Bravura: When the cavalier strolls along the Rialto, gay and brilliant in his finery—the touch of Kafka black on the sleeve subtly lets you know that the enemy territory has been explored and vanquished—one cannot but cheer that language has found so joyous a champion. His dagger may be Venetian glass; his attack on George Steiner [ENCOUNTER, December] is touched with a bit of spite and some misdirection; but doesn't it add a sparkle to the scene? Our Anthony Burgess cannot destroy the sombre figure which has stepped into his death; but he can send it back to its circumscribed darkness.

But if language is rescued for art, and art is rescued from morality, there still remains the question of morality within the field of criticism. I suppose that it is an accepted critical ploy to profess the greatest respect and admiration for a colleague who can then be dismissed as "frequently wrong-headed" when not "dangerously seductive... intemperate... unscholarly." And a book can be dismissed as a cunning "submission of tentative ideas ... unbacked by little except the personal hunch, the small arrogance of conviction." And yet I feel that a protest is needed in this case where thesis, book, and author are excessively attacked with a view towards destruction.

What is Steiner's sin, according to Mr. Burgess? He starts things, he does not finish them... he is an irritant. Perhaps, even, a conscience He takes language seriously, and tastes the black bile of Belsen in today's speech which seems to him corrupted. But doesn't the fellow understand that words are not *quantitative*? Death means death whether modified by six million or by one! The kites of Shakespeare are as adequate for the symbolisation of evil as the chimneys of Auschwitz seen by Nelly Sachs. We live among absolutes: "The amount of evil in the world has not increased since the days of the Inquisition: this is self-evident."

Past

LET US HOPE *and pray, then, for a great deal more nonsense, for fecund, poetical, vulnerable theories about such long-forbidden topics as the purpose of life on earth, the nature of man's spirit, and of right and wrong. Let us remember and envy those writers who were so richly fertilised by Plato and Epicurus, by Rousseau, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche and Kierkegaard. Let the logical positivists make their savage and legitimate fun of our new pundits whenever it is pretended that their great top-heavy constructions are logically coherent. But let us, for the health and freedom of our imagination, have our rash metaphysicians as well as our dynamiters and sanitary inspectors. The piano-tuners have been in the house for a long time now, and the hour has come for a sonata to be played or even a concerto.* PHILIP TOYNBEE

ALMOST ANY RANDOM *study of the debates on foreign affairs in the House of Commons or the French Assembly, or even casual eavesdropping on conversations in a London or Parisian bus, reveals a fundamental difference in the standards that European opinion demands from the United States and those it exacts from others. From some reason, Europe accepts the idea that America is a country with a difference, from whom it is reasonable to demand an exceptionally altruistic standard of behaviour; it feels perfectly justified in pouring obloquy on shortcomings from this ideal; and also, perhaps, inevitably, it seems to enjoy every example of a fall from grace which contemporary America provides. Such a reaction, it may be argued, is inevitable among close friends, who always tend both to exaggerate each other's virtues and feel undue sorrow about each other's faults. But this only brings us back to the original query—why does Europe, in its relations with America, indulge in this quirk of friendship in a way which individual European countries, however close their links, would never think of emulating among themselves?*

Criticism, irritation, doubt, disagreement, all such sentiments towards America are fully justified. But the mounting tide of bitterness, despairing disillusion, and even, in some quarters, hatred, is totally misplaced, and springs from illusions about America that never had any real justification.

PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE

I THINK THERE'S AN INVERTED *snobbery—and a suggestion of bad logic—in being proud of the fact that one's poems sell very badly.* Of course, *nearly* every *poet wants his poems to be read by as many people as possible. Craftsmen don't put their products in the attic. And contempt for the public, which is composed of potential readers, is contempt for the profound usefulness of your own craft. Go on thinking that you don't* need *to be read, and you'll find that it may become quite true: no one* will *feel the need to read it, because it is written for yourself alone; and the public won't feel any impulse to gate-crash such a private party. Moreover, to take no notice of the work of your contemporaries is to disregard a whole* vital *part of the world you live in, and necessarily to devitalise your own work: to narrow its scope and possibilities: to be half dead as you write.*

What's more, a poet is a poet for such a very tiny bit of his life; for the rest, he is a human being, one of whose responsibilities is to know and feel, as much as he can, all that is moving around and within him, so that his poetry, when he comes to write it, can be his attempt at an expression of the summit of man's experience on this very peculiar, this apparently hell-bent earth. DYLAN THOMAS

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Self-evident? I concede the great courage in that remark; it contains a vision and an acceptance of either paradise or hell. As such, it can be respected and then understood. A theology of art as "outside human history, as a god or an animal" is derived from this: it rises out of heaven or out of hell. In either case, it is secure from the maelstrom of historical existence. Art becomes the Elysian Fields where games are free from moral passions.

But is this frozen pattern universal? Steiner cannot divorce morality from life; and letters and language are part of that life. He notes moral decay in a language and adduces German language and literature as proof. A laughing disclaimer by Mr. Burgess shows itself ignorant of the whole literature in that field. "Words are as much beyond good and evil as the pigeons roosting on the Berlin Wall"? Dictators do not train pigeons but words. Words, phrases, expressions can imprison minds—or hasn't Mr. Burgess visited the world of TV conformity lately? Pigeons have limited resources; words carry glory and death. Are words really only the "limited exploration of our sensibilities"? They carry us into the enterprise of life. They are part of that life. They live.

Mr. Burgess warns us not to rage against the charming Pelagianism of *Under Milk Wood* because of Dachau. I thank him. One more pitfall has been avoided for me. And I do wish that I could join him in his stroll along the Rialto. But I must warn him that Dachau lies beyond the sunlight. And he must be prepared: once in a while, a "sort of survivor" will blunder into the light and ask that the perfect play come to a stop, that the players transcend the script, and that a moral moment of silence might shatter the stilted immorality of speech. The players will combine against the intruder; they will soon drive him back into darkness. And yet: it is the intrusion which makes the play.

ALBERT H. FRIEDLANDER
The Leo Baeck College, London

ENCOUNTERS

IF SOMEBODY WERE TO ASK ME *whose quarters I would prefer to take over, those of French convicts or Belgian soldiers, I would find it hard to say. Belgian soldiers, though purer in their moral outlook and not so prone to draw improper pictures on the walls, make lots of work for their successors. It took us days to get Liège barracks spotless. And without wishing to be indelicate, I may say that until you have helped to clean out a Belgian soldiers' latrine, you ain't seen* NUTTIN'.

If someone comes to me a few years from now and asks me what I did in the great war, I shall say "I helped to clean out the latrine at Liège barracks." And it is extremely probable that my interlocutor's reply will be: "I thought as much," for even now you can still get an occasional whiff, if the wind is in the right direction.

As the fellow said, You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will, but the scent of the roses will cling to it still. P. G. WODEHOUSE

I CALLED ON *Yeats one day: he was in a bad temper. He pointed to a pile of books and explained that he wasn't going to read them, or do anything about them. He waved his arms. "People think," he complained, "that I love poetry, and that I must be very glad to get some. I don't love poetry," he went on: "Why should I? It's the hardest work in the world, the most exacting, and the least rewarding that any intelligent person can undertake. Moreover," he went on, "I'm not interested in the least in other men's verse, I've trouble enough with my own. It's like those love stories in novels: as if we all didn't get misery enough out of our own love-lunacies without having to weep and wail about the fictitious love-yowling of people that never existed. I can't conceive," said Yeats, "how any working poet can take the smallest interest in anyone else's verse, and, besides, out of any hundred poets ninety nine-and-a-half of them are no good, and the whole hundred of them despise, and even loathe, every other poet that lives."* JAMES STEPHENS

ENGLAND GAVE THE OPPONENTS *of the European community their two strongest arguments:* (1) *Great Britain unbalanced the European edifice by refusing to help provide the necessary counterweight to Germany;* (2)*—and this second argument has an emotional force infinitely greater than the first—Great Britain was going to keep the sovereignty that France was going to lose; it would remain distinct while we were melted into something else; it would remain a nation while we became an administrative district; it was going to take its final revenge for the Hundred Years War. Whence, bitterness and resentment.*

There is aroused in certain French souls an echo of Agincourt and Waterloo. Nationalism requires adversaries, not necessarily in order to fight them, but in order to define itself against them; and for French nationalism the anti-English tradition is older than the anti-German one. It was endemic until the Entente Cordiale and persisted through the Entente Cordiale itself, especially in the overseas territories; it still exists, though in a more subdued form. The Englishman—the English tourist—is not greeted in France with unmixed sympathy. England, it was felt, after having exploited the divisions of the continent, now wished to exploit its union.

The national pride of the French, based on ten centuries of a glorious history, has been transformed by its recent trials into a persecution mania. THIERRY MAULNIER

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Authors & Viet Nam

IN HIS REVIEW of *Authors Take Sides on Viet Nam* [ENCOUNTER, December] Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., is doubtless right to focus on the muddle and hyperbole of many Viet Nam critics. Unfortunately, as much cannot be said of his bristling rebuff to Marghanita Laski's claim that the American level of maturity ("culture, sensitivity, intelligence") is incommensurate to the roles that America assumes. Schlesinger dismisses Miss Laski's extravagant conclusion, that U.S. intervention "anywhere" is deplorable, with curt irony, but this is not enough to put her premise to flight. This summary manoeuvre should not be allowed to pass, for it is really yet another example of the national vanity and the resistance to harsh fact which, in more brazen forms, Schlesinger might well deplore in President Johnson and his advisers. Surely present-day events in Asia demonstrate that some charge of this kind is both true and important, 1942–1945 notwithstanding.

How can one avoid something like Miss Laski's view if one contemplates the hypocritical sentimentality of the "justification by good intentions," the "cream schoolhouse" syndrome and other grotesque manifestations that Mary McCarthy recorded among American soldiers and officials in Viet Nam? That a war so excruciating to the population on whose behalf it is supposedly being conducted, should be indefinitely continued, let alone extended, even when its aims and methods are gravely doubted in many responsible quarters, has an air of unreality about it. The need and willingness of many Americans concerned in the war to carry self-deception to the heights found here suggests a naïveté which could not perceive the complexities and moral ambivalences which it confronted until it had deeply compromised itself, and then would not see them for fear of what would happen to its self-image.

Questions such as how bad life in North Viet Nam really was (before the war!)—whether it was so relentless a nightmare that this war is preferable to its possible extension to the South—are fundamental to the rationality of the whole undertaking. And yet no serious, careful public efforts were made to answer or even ask them. The North and the N.L.F. were simply Communist, and that was enough for a consensus of Americans, leaders and led, until recently, when a drop in support for the war has been correlated notably with the prospect of a tax-increase, which "brings the war home" to everyone. All this would seem to reveal the faulty sense of proportion, the lack of sophistication and sensitivity that Schlesinger will not hear of. And even if Asian Communism in whatever form is a monster that must be contained, are one's billions and one's reputation most, or least, rationally expended on war as a means? Is it so hard to answer the question?

INDEED, HOW COULD Americans, by and large, help but suffer from some of the limitations that Schlesinger does not acknowledge? The American population has long enjoyed considerable security and unrivalled material well-being. For geographical reasons it has never been at the business end of a sanguinary modern war; it has never learned what it means to be massively brutalised and decimated, and it is therefore ill-equipped (imagination is frail and goes unused) to grasp the import of U.S. policies, for which in a democracy it is nonetheless responsible. If the American people did have a grip on the realities of war more than a minority might have insisted on honest contemplation of the alternatives, however unsettling and whatever the damage to traditional assumptions, as the Administration drifted into the policy of "bombing them back to the Stone Age." Instead, the last obstacles to this policy are being allowed to fall away.

To be sure, a charge of national immaturity does gross injustice to many, and it could, if it gained currency, quickly degenerate into a cheap and unwarrantedly patronising anti-American jibe. Moreover, plenty of other peoples have made blundering, gruesome mistakes, some worse than Viet Nam. But this should have given the U.S. the advantage of hindsight.

DAVID PUGMIRE

London

I AM NOT SURE that I understand what Mr. Pugmire is trying to say. If he is suggesting that some Americans are terrible and should stay at home, I agree; but the point is hardly novel. I hope he is not making the genocidal point that something about American values or institutions makes *all* Americans by definition terrible. As for Miss Laski, she wrote—quite deliberately, I suppose—that "American intervention anywhere is largely harmful." One must therefore assume that she regrets American intervention in Europe during the Second World War. This would seem to carry anti-Americanism to a masochistic extreme.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

City University,
New York

Temptations of Pornography

MR. VAN DEN HAAG'S article, "Is Pornography a Cause of Crime? [ENCOUNTER, December] is so sensible and to the point, there is little needs adding. But I thought some direct experience of the subject might prove interesting.

I have had sado-masochistic desires since I was very young. I believe this is not uncommon in children but that, given a normal upbringing, they easily grow out of it. I had a very happy childhood but it was deficient in certain respects, with the result that I am still, in middle age, troubled by my sexual oddities—which, I hasten to add, are not criminal.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I have a theory that liberal advocates of all-in sexual permissiveness are in the main perfectly normal in their own sexuality: they are advocates on behalf of other people's aberrations. It never seems to occur to them that our aberrations can be as repellent and as ludicrous to us as they doubtless are to them. They insist that we should be "free" to indulge ourselves. Well, God preserve us from our would-be friends; they don't know what freedom is. There is nothing free about an obsessive, fantasy need for gratifications that the other and more real (yes, definitely) part of the mind finds shameful, degenerate and desperately wearying. Shakespeare's words—I quote from memory "The expense of Spirit in a waste of shame is Lust in action" are made doubly true if one changes them to "Perversion in action" (or fantasy). It is not freedom, it is slavery. Of course, there is some compulsiveness in normal sex, but the old belief that it can be largely redeemed by love has yet to be refuted. In fact, it is never even discussed nowadays.

On the question of pornography: that books and other pornographic material encourage perverted dispositions is so obvious to me that it is almost laughable that anybody can be so naïve (or stubborn) as to believe otherwise. There are films I don't go to see after reading about them (unless I give way to temptation), books I do not read, bookshops that I go out of my way to avoid lest I am lured to their shelves—with the all too familiar time-, energy-, and spirit-wasting results, to say nothing of misery and self-disgust. It is also true that pornography easily tempts one into all sorts of byways: encourage one fetish and you start getting intrigued by others; feed one perversion and you can create an appetite for the rest.

Censorship is abhorrent to me too, but it would be a service to me if pornographic books were banned. And I agree with Mr. van den Haag that it requires very little imagination or sublety to select those to be banned, and that there need be no danger to Literature generally if they were. Rather the reverse. Needless to say, these permissive times make life more difficult for the likes of me than in the past when one felt one had the ethos of Society backing one's healthy side; nowadays one feels encouragement for one's dark side. When psychiatrists say I should be free to indulge my fantasies so long as I don't harm anybody else, I feel as though a doctor was saying that I should encourage a tendency to infection so long as I don't spread it!

One last point. Sexual perversion is really masturbatory. It is common nowadays to pooh-pooh any suggestions that masturbation is harmful—which is probably a healthy reaction to the exaggeratedly opposite views held in the past. But does anyone believe it to be *beneficial*? Or completely harmless to the psyche, especially when indulged in regularly and compulsively?

I am sorry that, for obvious reasons, this letter has to be anonymous.

Yours faithfully,

D.A.

London

Kavanagh

RONALD HAYMAN in his explanation of one mistake makes another. He says he "was assuming the Patrick Kavanagh who wrote *On the Way to the Depot* was the same Patrick Kavanagh who wrote *The Great Hunger*." But Patrick Kavanagh didn't write that first book he mentions. P. J. Kavanagh did. And nowhere on the book will he find any indication that the P. does not stand for Porphyry, or Plotinus, or Pooh. He does himself an injustice in suggesting his mistake was an easy one. It required a degree of unassisted invention.

P. J. KAVANAGH

London

I CAN UNDERSTAND why Mr. Kavanagh should feel upset by the mistake but I'm disappointed that he should still feel it necessary, after my apology, to compose such a quibbling letter, carefully implying that the P does not stand for Patrick without, of course, actually saying that it doesn't, because it does. When I was reviewing the books, I knew this (because I know someone who knows him) but I hadn't read any of his work and it never occurred to me that he wasn't the same person as the other Patrick Kavanagh. I'm surprised he wants to contend that this wasn't an easy mistake to make, but I'm glad to repeat my apologies.

RONALD HAYMAN

London

THE ARTS COUNCIL OF GREAT BRITAIN

1968
BURSARIES FOR WRITERS

The Arts Council of Great Britain is awarding bursaries to British subjects who have had published at least one volume of prose (i.e. novels, short stories, biographies, etc.) or poetry in English. The intention is to enable these writers, who may be of any age, to concentrate on their craft for a period.

No submissions from writers themselves or from their agents or publishers will be entertained. A candidate must be recommended to the Arts Council by a responsible member of the literary profession who knows his (or her) work and circumstances. Sponsorship forms are available from the Literature Department, Arts Council of Great Britain, 4 St James's Square, London, SW1.

These bursaries will be awarded by the Arts Council on the advice of its Literature Panel. Submissions should be made by 30 April 1968.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Death of God

MR. JOHN WEIGHTMAN is mistaken in saying [ENCOUNTER, September] that the notion "God is dead" means that "God never existed and, if so, nothing has changed in the external universe." On the contrary, it is clear that "God is dead" means that "God was once alive and, if so, something has changed in the external universe."

One of the implications is that the values formerly justified by a belief in His Living Presence now must find some other justification, if they are not to become mere matters of habit or individual taste.

Dostoevsky and Nietzsche recognise, as Mr. Weightman apparently does not, how profoundly Christian our ideas as to what is "permissible" really are. The dead God being primarily a Christian God, the situation described by the phrase is not so undramatic as Mr. Weightman would have us think.

LEO WONG

Columbia University

I MUST HAVE failed to make it clear that I was talking about the statement "God is dead," as used dramatically by non-believers. It is no more than a metaphor. If a non-believer thinks that God is dead *now*, then God was always dead (except in the imagination of believers), since God, if He ever existed, could not die, being outside time.

It follows that the so-called "death of God" cannot be used to give dramatic edge to the assumption that objective rules or morality existed up to the Renaissance, say, and have since been placed in jeopardy through the collapse of religious belief. A present-day non-believer is automatically committed to the view that God-sanctioned, objective rules *never* existed; therefore, it is sheer emotionalism to claim that there has been a dramatic change in things as they are. If there is a drama—and I am willing to believe that there is—it was present, or at any rate could have been present, at the dawn of human consciousness.

JOHN WEIGHTMAN

London

Russian Prose

JOHN MORGAN'S Soviet friends [ENCOUNTER, February] are mistaken in their belief that "not one line of Varlam Sharlamov's [it is, correctly, Shalomov] prose has been printed." His vignettes of concentration camp life—very cool and very chilling—have appeared in *Novy Zhurnal* in New York.

But then young Soviet intellectuals could not have known about them since *Novy Zhurnal* is available only in a few libraries in Moscow by special permit issued by the authorities to selected researchers, mostly of professorial status. The position is the same in regard to all Russian-language publications appearing outside the Soviet Union.

DAVID BURG

London

AUTHORS

Hugh Trevor-Roper is Regius Professor of History at Oxford. His latest book is *Religion, the Reformation and Social Change*, Macmillan (1967). He is a regular contributor to ENCOUNTER, his most recent article being the two-part essay on "The Witch Craze" (May-June 1967). . . .

Leslie Fiedler, American critic and novelist, is Visiting Professor of Literature at Sussex University this year. Among his books are *An End to Innocence* (1955), *Love and Death in the American Novel*, and *Nol in Thunder* (1960), *Pull Down Vanity* (1962) and *Waiting for the End* (1964). . . .

Ignazio Silone has published revised editions of both his novel *Bread and Wine* and his study of totalitarianism, *The School for Dictators* (both re-issued by Gollancz). . . .

George Mikes' latest book about Jamaica, *Not by Sun Alone*, was published by André Deutsch (1967). He is now working on an account of his recent visit to Australia, *Boomerang*, which they will publish this autumn. . . .

Vernon Scannell's latest book of poetry was *Walking Wounded* published by Eyre & Spottiswoode (1965). He is now working on his autobiography. . . .

Frank Field's *The Last Days of Mankind*, which is discussed by *R* in his column this month, has just been published by Macmillan, 50s. . . .

Cover design by **Colin Banks** and **John Miles.**

ENCOUNTER Magazine is published in London by Encounter Ltd. (25 Haymarket S.W.1), in association with the International Publishing Corporation (33 Holborn, E.C.1).

ENCOUNTER BOOKS are published in association with Weidenfeld & Nicolson (5 Winsley Street, W.1).

MANUSCRIPTS for ENCOUNTER should be sent to 25 Haymarket, London, S.W.1, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope (English stamp) or international reply coupons, otherwise they cannot be returned. For subscription details see page 1.

MADE AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED, LONDON AND BECCLES

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Encounter BINDER

The ENCOUNTER Easibinder enables readers, for half the cost of full binding, to preserve their copies in an attractive and durable format. Each copy of the magazine, as received, can be quickly inserted in the case and secured there. Copies can just as easily be removed.

The binder holds six copies. It is strongly made with stiff covers, bound in maroon and grey cloth, with the title of the magazine blocked in gold on the spine. Full assembly instructions are included with each binder.

The ENCOUNTER Easibinder cost 13/- or $2.00, including the cost of packing and posting by surface mail to any address in the world. There is no trade discount.

ORDER BY COUPON OR SIMILAR LETTER

To **ENCOUNTER (Binder), 25 HAYMARKET, LONDON S.W.1.**

Please send ..... ENCOUNTER Easibinder(s). I enclose cheque/P.O. for.....(13/- or $2.00 per binder).

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

THE RUNNING MAN

YOU are about to witness the birth of a crusading new bimonthly. **The Running Man Magazine** will report on every aspect of the ebullient new lifestyle now emerging in Britain, exercising the right of Free Speech on politics, literature, the avant garde and the new Morality, down to the very last syllable.

The editors hope to give this country its first completely uninhibited magazine, providing a forum for the most exciting new writing of this generation.

A wild new magazine is happening

Indecent Exposure — A damning indictment of the unscrupulous methods used by sensation-seeking newspapers to probe the intimate details of people's lives.

President Bobby Kennedy: The First 100 Days—The most intimate and informed appraisal of Kennedy ever to appear in print.

The Permissive Society is in Fact Hypocritical and Furtive — Peter Fryer demonstrates how censorship is a bigger potential danger than pornography.

Preparing for the Worst—Mordecai Richler's scathing send-up of U.S. anti-brainwashing courses for Vietnam.

IN summation, **The Running Man** is a fearless magazine of uncompromising independence, edited for open-minded readers. Begin your subscription with Volume 1, Number 1, simply by sending in the coupon (or a plain sheet of paper) together with 35s. ($4.50) and you will receive your copy of the inaugural issue *free* . . . but please act at once, since first issues of high-quality magazines invariably become collectors items.

Eros and the Mechanical Brides—Raymond Durgnat's Report on the wildly hedonistic cinema of the Sixties.

Vengeance, Baby—The Black Power pow-wow as observed by William Rushton.

The most lubricious Englishman who ever lived.

Beatle Power—An inside look at the growing financial empire maintained by the Four Lads from Liverpool.

Thoughts After Prosecution—John Calder, publisher of the banned *Last Exit to Brooklyn* reports on the dangerous erosions of our freedoms.

Will Brecht's Theatre Survive Socialism?

Leather Pants—Fiction. **Contributors include:** Paul Ableman, J. G. Ballard, Saul Bellow, John Bird, Barry Fantoni, Paul Foot, Allen Ginsberg, B. S. Johnson, Norman Mailer, Spike Milligan, Jack Newfield, Dennis Norden, Ralph Steadman. *Literary Editor:* Leslie Fiedler. *Edited by:* **Christopher Kypreos** and **Charles Marowitz.**

The Running Man, 28 Rocks Lane, London S.W.13

I enclose 35s. ($4.50) for a one-year subscription to **The Running Man Magazine.** I understand that I will receive *free* a copy of **The Running Man's** inaugural issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....ENC.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Government and Revolution in Vietnam

DENNIS J. DUNCANSON

This comprehensive study analyses the traditions of government and revolution in Vietnam and the impact on them of French colonial rule. In trying to explain the failure of the American formula for stemming Communist expansion, the author presents the dispassionate facts against which to measure future proposals for peace-making.
Chatham House *Folding map* 63*s net*

Non-Violence and Aggression

A Study of Gandhi's Moral Equivalent of War

H. J. N. HORSBURGH

Starting from familiar premisses about the ineffectiveness of war as an instrument of policy in a nuclear age, the author examines the claims of Gandhian satyagraha as a morally preferable and comparably efficient method of achieving the ends to be obtained by warfare. 35*s net*

Punishment and Responsibility

Essays in the Philosophy of Law

H. L. A. HART

'No more pleasurably lucid example exists of how profitably the techniques and distinctions of recent philosophy may be used to illuminate the areas of serious legal and moral contention. . . . This is not only a book about responsibility; it is a book that could make us behave more responsibly.' **The Observer.** 28*s net* (*paper covers* 14*s net*)

The Poems of Arthur Hugh Clough

Edited by A. L. P. NORRINGTON

This new selection of Clough's poetry, for which Sir Arthur Norrington has prepared notes and written an Introduction, is based on the Oxford English Texts edition. It contains the *Ambarvalia* poems, *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*, *Amours de Voyage*, and *Dipsychus*, as well as a number of Clough's shorter poems arranged in chronological order. 21*s net*
Oxford Standard Authors

Oxford Paperbacks

Law, Liberty, and Morality

The Harry Camp Lectures at Stanford University 1962

H. L. A. HART

'His analyses of the arguments of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen and Lord Devlin are necessary reading for all whose belief in freedom is founded on reason and not merely on habit or preference.' **New Society** 6*s net*

Ivanov, The Seagull, and Three Sisters

A. CHEKHOV

A new translation by
RONALD HINGLEY

'. . . a genuinely Russian interpretation and by far the most fluent of current versions of the text.' **The Times** 7*s* 6*d net*

Elizabethan Poetry

Modern Essays in Criticism

PAUL J. ALPERS

Twenty-one essays which centre first on rhetoric and poetic style, and then turn to individual poets, poems, and genres.
12 *text illustrations* 17*s* 6*d net*

The Crowd in the French Revolution

GEORGE RUDÉ

'This is in every respect an excellent book, and an important contribution to the history of the Revolution.' *E. J. Hobsbawm* in **New Statesman** 1 *map* 8*s* 6*d net*

England in the Reign of Charles II

DAVID OGG

This well-known work is now issued in one volume. 21*s net*

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED